

THE THEATER: OF: COMPLEMENTS



F. H. Van. Hove sculp.

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THE
THEATRE
OF
COMPLEMENTS:

Or, a Compleat

New Academy.

Containing, *viz.*

First, Elegant Expressions of Love and Friendship, with variety of Courtly and Civil Complements in the whole Art of Wooing; Fitted to the Humours of both Sexes.

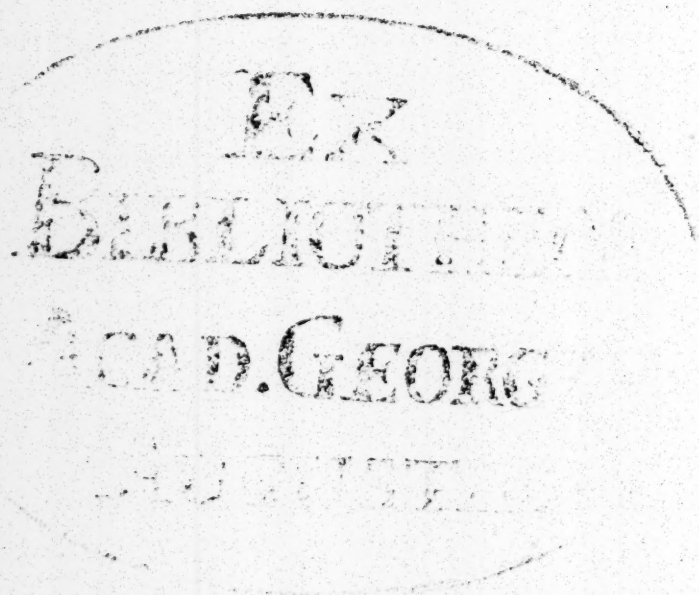
Secondly, Letters both moral and amorous; with their several Answers.

Thirdly, An Exact and Compleat Collection of all the Best New Songs and Catches, used both at the Court and Theatres:

Composed by the most Refined
Wits of the Age.

Licensed, Aug. 7. 1688.

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the Middle Temple-Gate, near Temple-Bar, 1689.*



THE
THEATRE
OF
COMPLEMENTS.

Part I.

*Expressions of Love and Friendship
of Men towards Men.*

Sir, **T**Hus far hath your Command and my Duty led me, and if your occasions can make any further use of my best endeavours, the Employment shall be a favour.

Sir, I with as much confidence as necessity, fly to you who have always had your determinations bounded with Equity.

Sir, I will not leave a mark in my self of an unredeemable Trespas.

B

Sir,

2 *The Theatre of Complements.*

Sir, The Promise is great, but the Performance shall be no less.

Sir, My heart by some extraordinary Motions is prophetically inclin'd to serve you.

Sir, My best wishes always attend you, and hope your desires may be crown'd with Success.

Sir, I should be as unjust as you are generous, did I not with joy embrace your friendship.

Sir, Be pleas'd to inform me, how I may express my gratitude to you for all your favours.

Sir, I will summon all my wits together, and put 'em upon the Rack of invention to serve you.

Sir, Goodness blooms so much in your Eyes; that it foretels the blossoming in your heart.

Sir, I wish to see some sparkles of Hope glimmer in my Affair.

Sir, O what may not depraved Love do, since sincere Amity cannot avoid Suspicion.

Sir, It was as innocently spoken, as it is treacherously interpreted.

Sir, You cannot be a stranger to my purposes, that are the Treasurer of my Secrets.

Sir, May patience conduct you out of this stormy Sea of Business, into a more quiet Port of Profit and Pleasure.

Sir, I am happy in my self, because happy in you.

Sir, I saw the Cloud afar off, before the Storm fell.

Sir, I am happy in wanting little, being not desirous of much.

Sir, Your actions are worthy to be registred in the Rolls of Fame.

Sir, To you I will repair, because as my Fortune either ebbs or flows, amends or impairs, I may declare it to you.

Sir,

The Theatre of Complements.

3

Sir, Your desire is with me an absolute Command.

Sir, I have left nothing unsaid, which Enquiry could make me know, or your Command require of my Duty.

Sir, I offer my weak and imperfect Lines at the Altar of your Favour.

Sir, I am rapt with the wonder of your Vertues.

Sir, I hope I shall ever remain under the shadow of your favour.

Sir, How much those Lines I receiv'd from you have transported me, my endearest thoughts cannot impart unto you.

Sir, I will even hold my self unworthy of that Life which shall not be employed in your Service.

Sir, No line can limit my Love, nor no distance divide my heart.

Sir, No longer may I enjoy what I now possess, if you find not my promises laden with rich performances.

Sir, If you will raise me to that height of Happiness.

Sir, Vouchsafe me your Pardon, for committing this presumption, and your patience in accepting this small trifle.

Sir, At your presence, the clouds of my thoughts quite vanish'd.

Sir, Your words to me are Acts, and your promises are Deeds.

Sir, I beseech you hide my faults in your mercy.

Sir, I'll centinel your Safety.

Sir, I have not Language sufficient to fathom the depth of your Vertues.

4 *The Theatre of Complements.*

Sir, My want of power to satisfie so great a Debt, makes me accuse my fortunes.

Sir, The greatness of the benefit, goes beyond all manner of thanks.

Sir, All things lye level to your wishes.

Sir, I'll bosome what I think.

Sir, You are the life and being of what I only esteem happy.

Sir, Pardon my rude Expressions, extorted from me by the nature of the matter.

Sir, Your bounty (like a new Spring) has reviv'd the Autumn of my years.

Sir, It took me up a day and night, a little more time than nature uses to bestow in the production of a Mushroom.

Sir, When I receiv'd no success, I travelled in my mind.

Sir, What a world of inavoidable inconveniences, did presently throng into my understanding?

Sir, I plead guilty to unworthiness, and all the imperfection you can throw upon youth or haste.

Sir, None can think so ill of me as I do of my self, the rather that your Pardon may flow freely, and work a kind of Miracle upon me, in raising my dead thoughts to life.

Sir, I'll rather chuse any misfortune, than be deprived of your presence.

Sir, Let me thrive as my intents are honest.

Sir, You are not carried away with the Whirlwind of Ambition.

Sir, I cannot cloath my thoughts in better Language.

Sir, A little Leven of new distast doth commonly sowr the whole lump of former Merits.

Sir, Give me leave to disclose the secrets of my thoughts to you.

Sir,

The Theatre of Complements.

5

Sir, Sooner shall the Seas ebbing and flowing forsake the Moons course, than I deprive my self of your sweet Conversation.

Sir, It's a matter so far above my merits, that I cannot think upon it without presumption.

Sir, Since your absence, Melancholy hath been my Concomitant, and your remembrance my greatest comfort.

Sir, My acknowledgments of your favours shall appear in my willingness to do you service.

Sir, Good Offices, are the marks and limits of true affection.

Sir, Friendship is a pleasant sawce to any temporal happiness.

Sir, The worst solitude is to be destitute of sincere friendship.

Sir, Please to respect the large heart of the giver more than the quality of the gift; since the meanness of this, can only serve to express the well meaning of the other.

Sir, Nothing shall have power to estrange my love from you.

Sir, My love shall never end but with my life.

Sir, Since then I cannot retaliate your love, or retribute your favours, yet I will receive them with a desire to pay.

Sir, I'll repay your love with usury.

Sir, I hope I shall find your ears faithful treasurers.

Sir, The silence of the Tongue, is the peace of the heart.

Sir, My very thoughts I hope are wing'd with Innocency.

Sir, He that will now a days live in the World, must have a Veil over his Eyes, a Key on his Ears, and a Compass on his Lips.

Sir, The World's a Theatre of Theft; great Ri-

vers rob smaller Brooks, and them the Ocean.

Sir, Though I have no Rhetorick to perswade you, yet there's a power in your acceptance, to make plainness fashionable.

Sir, That which we call Vertue in others, we find in your self to be a natural habit.

Sir, Your speech appears in such costly robes, and is adorn'd with such lofty and glorious Language, that my poor Cabinet affords no such Treasure.

Sir, Your Virtues commend you above the reach of Envy it self.

Sir, I rejoyce in the happy Election I have made of so honourable a Friend.

Sir, When I contemplate your perfections, I begin to abhor my self for my deficiencies.

Sir, The honour of your Friendship so obligeth me to make some worthy acknowledgment, that I am most resolute to serve you.

Sir, Your great Virtues conquer all hearts as irresistably, as *Alexander* the Great conquer'd Kingdoms.

Sir, I hope your Candour is sufficient to dispel all Clouds of Suspicion, that might any ways seem to eclipse my reality.

Sir, I prefer before all other interests, the happiness of your affection and the new assurance of your friendship.

Sir, Your favours have too much oblig'd me ever to forget you.

Sir, From the first minute of our acquaintance, I accounted it my highest ambition to acknowledge my self your humble Servant.

Sir, Your Actions speak you to be truly generous, and well worthy that noble Stock from whence you are descended.

Sir, Your deserts draw admiration from your Enemies.

Sir,

Sir, Give me leave to gain that from your experience, which otherwise all the Treasures of the Earth cannot purchase.

Sir, My house is so much grac'd by your learned Company, that I account it an *Academy* whilst you are in it.

Sir, It is out of your generous disposition that you wish me well, as it is of duty that I honour you.

Sir, Your inward Worth and outward Excellences, challenge the highest respect and veneration.

Sir, I am now convinc'd your deserts soar as high as Fame has reported 'em.

Sir, Whatever Fate doth attend your Life, the same governs mine.

Sir, You are qualified with all the Excellencies, Art and Nature can bestow.

Sir, You alone can conduct me to the highest pitch of accidental perfection.

Sir, It is my profession to appear at all times a Servant to your merits.

Sir, You have deserv'd more Services from me, than I am ever able to perform.

Sir, Your goodness hath forced me to a silence, that I am not able to render you sufficient thanks for so great a favour.

Sir, You are so highly generous, that I am altogether senseless.

Sir, You have so engaged me in your Service that I can claim nothing, but what is at your command.

Sir, When I forget to confess my self yours, you may justly suppose I suffer a perpetual Silence, since while I have a tongue, I protest my self to be your affectionate Servant.

Sir, I will make use of all occasions, to testifie how passionately I am yours.

Sir, I am most infinitely bound to you, for this great favour.

Sir, Worthy *Sir*, you know your self too well to suspect me of Flattery.

Sir, I have an interest in your prosperity, so far that I will not complain of Fortune, so you have occasion to commend her.

Sir, I could not have the ambition to suppose, that there could be any room left for you to entertain a man of so many imperfections as my self.

Sir, There is no happiness on Earth, but is included in your self, or in what concerns you.

Sir, Your favours create me again, and give me a new Being.

Sir, You must give me leave to admire your judgment, which appears to be far more excellent than your Fortune.

Sir, Your innocent Actions carry their Warrant with them.

Sir, I prostrate all my presumption at your feet, and shall despair of being happy, if not reputed yours.

Sir, In you alone I must commend the Commencements of all Virtue.

Sir, All the Water in the Sea can never purifie me from this offence.

Sir, Instead of a requital of this Vow you offer me, I am put to a stand what to answer you.

Sir, I have quitted all Complacency, and there is no means shall make me silent.

Sir, You have anticipated me of all Rhetorick, either of being Complemental, or returning you Commendations for your worthy favours.

Sir,

Sir, I profess my self yours, with all those protestations which are able to make the truth appear inviolable.

*Complemental Expressions of Ladies
to each other.*

Madam, **T**He weakness of our Sex will plead an excuse.

Madam, Our Understanding is the Steel, and our Will the Flint-stone; as soon as they touch one another, the Sparks of Affection flie out.

Madam, We often gnaw the Bridle of our own impatience.

Madam, A Lover may feel fiery Darts fly from your Eyes so sharp, that they even transfix his heart into compassion.

Madam, Virginity is as redolent Balm, which ascends upwards in a perpetual Sacrifice.

Madam, She had not so much Honey but without a sting.

Madam, She sent it as an Earnest of her Command.

Madam, I had rather your Vertue should blush, than my unthankfulness make me be out of countenance.

Madam, Pray finish the Sacrifice of your intemperate cruelty.

Madam, It is as delightful to me, as the delays of parting Lovers.

Madam, Heaven has made your Memory too humble: thus to record your Creatures service.

Madam, It hath turn'd my Cordials into Corrosives.

Madam, You alone, are the Centre of my Felicity.

Madam, I am content so much of my heart should be discovered to the World, without any of those Dresses or popular Captations, which some men use in their Speeches and Expresses.

Madam, I list'ned for that String, and you have touch'd it.

Madam, We'll strive to make the Examples of Love an easie Law.

Madam, A faint Lovers wish cannot re-call the hours.

Madam, You are as white as Truth, and innocent as Vertue.

Madam, Take all your Vows again, you are as free as the Air.

Madam, Were I troubled with travel as I am not, your good Company would very much refresh me.

Madam, I will embrace thee as all Wealth and Honour.

Madam, When I compared that kind of descant with my plain Song, I found it other ways.

Madam, I am forcibly carried away, (I know not by what fate, against the bent of my own Genius.)

Madam, Your Eyes (though now perhaps dimm'd with ignorance, or blood-shotten with passion) shall plainly discern that you judge amiss, and put a false construction upon things.

Madam, As not by my assent, so neither by my silence, must I have any hand in the Midwifery of so monstrous productions.

Madam,

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Madam, I will out-toyl the day for your content.

Madam, Be not too indulgent to your folly.

Madam, Driven too too hastily on by the impulse of a kind of inordinate humility.

Madam, He was always wetting his tender Wit upon the Sandy Stone of her edging importunity.

Madam, From a window he sent his Soul unto me by his Eyes.

Madam, He went like a torrent, whither passion transported him, and where the Blast of Ambition breath'd.

Madam, Then (as after a Tempest) the Skie of her Countenance cleared.

Madam, As in a clear mirour of sincere good will, he saw a lively picture of his own gladness.

Madam, Your Will is to me a Law, yea an Oracle.

Madam, Never did Pen more quakingly perform his office, never was Paper more doubly moist'ned with Ink and Tears, and never were Words so slowly married together.

Madam, Perceiving the flood of her Fury began to ebb, he thought it policy to take the first of the Tide.

Madam, His Sports were such as carried Riches of Knowledge upon the streams of Delight.

Madam, He humbly besought her to keep her Speech for a while, within the Paradise of her Mind.

Madam, I writ to him with all the conjuring words which Desire could indict, and Authority utter.

Madam, The angry Ocean swell'd not, as he seem'd to storm.

Madam,

Madam, But alas! how can Speech produce belief in him, whom sight cannot perswade?

Madam, While there is hope left, let not the weakness of Sorrow make the strength of it languish.

Madam, Restraint of Liberty, causeth more encrease of that Evil, for which they are so kept under, than otherwise: for a Dog the more he's kept ty'd up, the fiercer he grows.

Madam, His countenance with silent Eloquence desired it modestly.

Madam, Reverence and Desire did so divide him, that he did at one instant, both blush and tremble.

Madam, His unwish'd presence gave my Story a Conclusion before it was half ended.

Madam, He craved pardon till the Infancy of his weak merit was grown stronger in better deserts.

Madam, I gave Fuel to his enraged Will, and blew up the Coals of his Displeasure.

Madam, His wasted words died in their own sound, and all his hopes are utterly shipwreck'd.

Madam, He set up the main Sail of his obscure Glory, in the Wind of her Mill.

Madam, I cannot use many Words, where every Word wounds me, with a new lawful conceit, and every conceit kills me with a fearful doubt.

Madam, I will not adventure my fortune upon the rock of this hazard.

Madam, 'Tis in vain to water the Plant, the Root being perished.

Madam, Seest not thou these Trophies erected in his Honour, and his Honour shining in these Trophies!

Madam, His muddy clouded affection eclips'd

clips'd the Sun-shine of her far more glorious worth.

Madam, My heart shall acknowledge no other love but this.

Madam, Upon my Virgin heart, i'll build a flaming Altar to offer up a thankful Sacrifice for his return.

Madam, Love, Anger, Jealousie and Suspicion were the four Horses which drew him.

Madam, Tell him my love burns like vestal fire, which (with his memory richer than all Spices) disperse odours round about my Soul, and did refresh it when it was dull and sad with thinking of his absence.

Madam, Live I beseech you in repose as much as you may, during this absence; and if by being away, augments any sorrow in you, let the assurance of my affection diminish it.

Madam, It is the flaming Agony of Affection, that works the chilling access of your Fever.

Madam, My affections no less loves the light and witness, than they have conscience of your vertue.

Madam, The tender ~~tinder~~ of his affection began to take fire.

Madam, Beauty consists in affection, lineaments and harmony.

Madam, You are esteem'd the most excellent Star that shines in the bright Element of Beauty.

Madam, Some became Petitioners and Prisoners to her Beauty, others did homage to her Vertues.

Madam, Beauty is to be reckoned but as an outward fading benefit, that nature hath bestowed.

Madam,

Madam, Vertue is nothing else but an inward Beauty ; and Beauty nothing else but an outward Vertue.

Madam, Beauty which hath no grace, is a Bait floating on the water without a hook, to be taken and ketch nothing.

Madam, I must accuse my self of presumption, for daring to consider any Moles in that face, which you had marked for a Beauty.

Madam, What a fair vestment is to a deformed body, the same is a comely body to a deformed mind.

Madam, A fair Soul in a fair Body, is a River that windingly creepeth with many weary turnings, within the ennamel of a beautiful Meadow, and ravisheth the whole world with the admiration of its excellency.

Madam, Beauty is the wit of nature put into the Frontispiece.

Madam, She has the modest sweetness of a lilyed face.

Madam, As the wonder strove to make her pale, warm love fortified her cheeks with guilty blushes.

Madam, Why will you give me, with so sparing a hand, the riches of your presence ?

Madam, Constancy is the foundation of Vertue.

Madam, His mind was all the while so fix'd upon another devotion, that he no more mark'd his friends discourse, than the child that has leave to play, marks the last part of his Lesson, or the diligent Pilot in a Tempest, attends the unskilful word of a Passenger.

Madam, My expression is but like a Picture drawn with a Cole, wanting those lively colours, which

which a more skilful Pencil might give it.

Madam, It is the Decree of Heaven, that every Composition here beneath, as well fram'd by hand of Art, as fashioned by the help of Nature, should sustain some imperfection; for Glass hath its Lead, Gold its Dross, Corn its Chaff, *Helen* her Mole, the Moon her Spots, and the Sun its Shade.

Madam, Love wanting desire makes the mind desperate, and fixed fancy bereft of love, turns into fury.

Madam, It is no small Dominion the imagination hath in perswasions, insinuated by the power of Eloquence.

Madam, You have truly found out the Philosopher's Stone, for every gross matter you can convert into the Gold of fine Language.

Madam, You have blasted the harvest of my hopes.

Madam, All his actions began to be translated into the Language of Suspicion.

Madam, Ingratitude deserves, that all the Elements with their best forces, should conspire in its avengement.

Madam, O! what a source of joy did then overflow her breast, that treasury of chaste thoughts!

Madam, Words are the images of cogitations, Letters are the images of words.

Madam, Letters are the sweet Communication of Fancy, which have been always esteemed the best fuel of Affection, and the very marrow of friendship.

Madam, To be in love, is the most intensive appropriation of all the powers of our mind to one design.

Madam,

Madam, Love in humane nature is both the source and centre of all passions; for not only hope, fear and joy, but even anger and hatred rise first out of the Spring of Love.

Madam, He loved her, with a love mingled with respect of merit and compassion of her persecuted innocency.

Madam, To love is natural, not to love is monstrous.

Madam, Humanity enjoyns you to love me, seeing I hold my life an easie sacrifice to enjoy you.

Madam, A silent expression, gives the pregnantest testimony of a deep-grounded affection, where every look darts forth love.

Madam, Nothing shall have power to alien my love from you.

Madam, Let me become abject in the eyes of Fame, and an object of Contempt to the World; if my faithful devotion and observance, supply not all my defects.

Madam, So perfect a thing my love is to you, as it suffers no question, so it seems to receive injury by addition of any words unto it.

Madam, His bosome was the Cell, wherein I hid my secrets; his mouth the Oracle whereby I directed my actions; as I could not be without his presence, so I never would do any thing without his counsel.

Madam, In the intercourse of affection my love surmounts your's.

Madam, Two neighbouring Lillies, whom rude winds disperse amongst restless dust, may sooner meet upon their stalks again, and kiss each other in a second growth, than we our loves renew.

Madam

Madam, Love is the good, which by being diffused, is corrupted; She that loves one, another, and a third, takes in men at the Coyle, and loves only for her pleasure.

Madam, The object of true love is but one: from the infancy of time to her decrepitude, the love between two hath been held most honourable.

Amorous Expressions of Gentlemen to Ladies, Gentlewomen and Maidens, &c.

Madam, **T**He force of your beauty hath overpowred the weakness of my fancy, since the exquisiteness of your virtues is characterised in my heart.

Madam, There is no object can allure my wavering eye as your *Venus*-like beauty.

Madam, By those killing smiles of your beauty.

Madam, Let the showers of your pity mitigate the fires of my fancy.

Madam, There's a civil assault within me, by which I feel a certain restraint of my own liberty and affections.

Madam, They that do undervalue the comeliness of your person, dare rob nature and bereave Lillies of their beauty, as the chrysal of its clearness.

Madam, Be no longer so great an enemy to my desires, as to imprison them in silence.

Madam, It is a sin to suspect so much virtue, which glories to arm it self against all deceits.

Madam

Madam, You have a wit which delights not to judge it self, and a beauty that glories to condemn others; reconcile your beauty to your wit, that the use of the one may restrain the abuse of the other, whilst we your servants live to admire your perfections, and you your self survive to perfect your vertues.

Madam, What unremoveable Suitor eclipses your affections from shining on your devoted and most constant servant?

Madam, By the memory of our fore-past affections, by the oaths of our yet continued love, by whatsoever is vertuous, credit me.

Madam, That my passionate desires to enjoy you are more than to live, proceeds from the effects of my affection, the efficient cause being your excessive beauty.

Madam, The very image of your countenance, and outward expressions of your behaviour, are suitable to the vertuous resolutions of your mind.

Madam, Grant me this happiness, to have my poor affections raised to the honour of waiting upon your commands.

Madam, Vertue and Eloquence are bestowed upon you, to make you be amongst men as immortal.

Madam, Opportunities would wear old, should I neglect this present to serve you.

Madam, Your generous disposition hath permitted me a longer audience than your affairs could well permit.

Madam, I cannot allot more moderate limits to my ambition, or wish my self a greater happiness than to do you service.

Madam,

Madam, I desire to pass my life in the pleasing dreams of your perfection.

Madam, Your courtly voice is like an Oracle, either to approve or condemn me.

Madam, All my thoughts are your real inspirations.

Madam, From the first minute of my acquaintance, I made haste, as I shall ever, to acknowledge my self your most humble servant.

Madam, If you still persevere thus to dote on your beauty, the time will come when your face will scare you more than a Judge doth a Criminal.

Madam, There is no part of the World so remote, whither my curiosity in your search shall not carry me.

Madam, The moral of my affection is to instruct you to make use of your youth, and to gather Nosegays before the Roses wither: for be confident when you have no further attractions than an eloquent tongue, no man will seek for 'em in the furrows of your face; and you shall only be left to bewail the ruine of your beauty.

Madam, You have no more beauty than will serve to excuse you from being extreamly ugly.

Madam, In all shapes, and under the most dreadful aspects that can appear, I am yours.

Madam, My passions cannot so far transport me, but that I shall remain, as I have ever been, yours.

Madam, Painters and Tragedians are not guilty of those murders, which the darts of your eyes do most cruelly commit.

Madam, I am not so curious as to condemn the whole multitude, which have lost themselves in the admiration of your vertues.

Madam,

Madam, I will give a check to my expressions, lest I dishonour your goodness with my undervaluing praises.

Madam, I never gave you a visit, but it cured me of some passion.

Madam, You alone can conduct me to the highest pitch of accidental perfection.

Madam, Continue to express your self what you are, that your vertue may be its own Recorder.

Madam, My thoughts are not so often any where, as where you are.

Madam, Time which prescribes limits to all things, preserve your beauty to the Worlds end.

Madam, Put on those rays of your beauty, that it may bud again with the next Roses.

Madam, I confess I was more astonished, to find such an equipage of Sorrow about you.

Madam, You draw the eyes of all to admire you, since you are as a fair prospect, adorn'd with all pleasures to allure the beholders.

Madam, You are the Cabinet, in which Nature hath lock'd up all her Miracles.

Madam, Let me ravish a kiss from that fair hand.

Madam, You have a power to infuse love and fidelity into the hearts of Barbarians.

Madam, All who have either eyes or spirits, must place them in so deserving an object.

Madam, Cast one glance of pity on me, lest you deprive me of all mercy, with the aspect of your murdering eyes, which are to me the Ambassadors of life or death.

Madam, Lift me not so high with your favours, lest you do but fit me for a precipice; and I behold my descent with a greater terror.

Madam

Madam, Since I am the pattern of all ill fortunes, by the force of your affection free me from all the miseries that oppress me.

Madam, Can I prevent the powers of the Planets, or resist the force of the Stars? you may then conclude I cannot repell these affections.

Madam, If the wishes of a poor mortal may be heard above, I question not but Heav'n with felicities will crown you.

Madam, The parching heat of Summer, makes the cool shades more pleasant, and the frowns of Lovers make their smiles more delightful, and chearful.

Madam, As a pledge of my protestation, you shall have both my hand and heart to be yours in dust and ashes.

Madam, The beams of your Sun-like beauty, with their lively lustre, and sparkling flames, dazle the eyes of your amazed Lovers.

Madam, In the shady darkness of this Arbour you seem like an Heaven ennamel'd with an infinite number of Stars.

Madam, Whilst Mortals enjoy your heavenly beauty, the lustre of your resplendent eyes, shall as the day-light serve them for the dispatch of their affairs.

Madam, Ladies of honour to express the sincerity of their affections, have breath'd forth their lives on the Tombs of their deceased Lovers.

Madam, If I am consumed by the fires of *Cupid*, blame me not, since your eyes kindled the flames of my affection.

Madam, Exercise not the extremity of your rigour upon him that suffers such miseries, under the false title and quality of an offender.

Madam, These eyes of mine are but emblems of tears mixt with love.

Madam,

Madam, Shut not up these eyes from the light of your beauty, lest they be perpetually opened to tears.

Madam, It is impossible you should ever draw to your self a reputation of honour, sign'd with the effusion of my blood.

Madam, There are those will deplore my ashes, and strew some silly flowers on the place impress'd with the prints of your punishments.

Madam, When my soul shall be separated from my body, it shall every where wait on your purified spirit, as the shadow of it.

Madam, If you should please to condemn me to darkness, by the eclipsing of the Divine Light of your Beauty, yet I despair not, but that at last from the sphere of your splendors, due to my merits, you will vouchsafe the rays of your clemency, to enlighten the dusky nights of my miseries and misfortunes.

Madam, Though death may separate our lives, yet love shall unite our ashes, and we shall preserve the immortality of our affections, by the immortality of our Souls.

Madam, Seated thus on your fair Pavillion, you appear like a resplendent day, in the attires of a Majesty, absolutely royal.

Madam, Your good nature, well proportion'd body, the bright colour of your Aspect, the lively deportment, and grave carriage of your person, all these bespeak you to be a real branch sprung from some noble stem.

Madam, Your hair negligently dishevell'd, and careless attire, grace forth your beauty; which shines in the midst of so many obstacles, as the Sun in a winter day.

Madam, Cast not your eyes down, neither colour
your

your face with those modest blushes, since it would appear most admirable, that your vertues should find Fetters in a place where they expect a Conquest.

Madam, Heaven hath created me such an one, as you see of good will, though of a slender fortune.

Madam, Our breasts shall be interchangably transparent.

Madam, Dissimulation or Contradiction cannot approach the sincerity of our Loves.

Madam, Let me embrace you with the openness of my heart, and perfusion of my love, that our Souls may evaporate themselves into one another.

Madam, The grace of your speech dwells on your fair lips,

Madam, Spread not that Cypress Veil over your fair face, lest you beight your beauty, and darken the bright rays of that which makes our day.

Madam, Your beauty is a divinity left on Earth to be known and belov'd of Mortals.

Madam, It is as impossible for me not to love you, as it is for the Sun to forget his ordinary course.

Madam, Vanquish'd by your beauty, I have yielded up the arms of my liberty and freedom under your obedience.

Madam, The goodness of your soul is so clear and bright, that sin dares not approach too near, for fear of discovering its own deformity.

Madam, I must depart from you, yet shall not your service be deprived of my obedience.

Madam, My constancy may easily shew you, that I have as good a heart to dye for you, as I have a mind and desire to live and love you.

Madam,

Madam, My desires make me as careful to please you, as I am bound by duty and compell'd by inclination to serve you.

Madam, I wish Heaven that gave me the boldness of desire, had likewise graced me with desert.

Madam, To live with you, is to live with all the graces; for nature hath made you the example of all her liberalities.

Madam, You are the Sun of my Life, I leave you for the present; but be always assured, that my mind and my desires shall never depart from you.

Expressions of Ladies and Gentlemen to Gentlemen.

Sir, **Y**OU honour me so much, that I imagine my self to be what I am not, above the pitch of being your obliged servant.

Sir, I do repute my self happy to be valued by a person who is able to give a true estimate of me.

Sir, If you proceed to be so profuse of your Treasure, Mines of Gold will not maintain your prodigal expence.

Sir, I am so taken with you that I am even sick at the relation of your indisposition.

Sir, I will endeavour hereafter to encounter your graces and courtesies, with an unwearied constancy in the ways of vertue.

Sir, Whosoever reads the Records of the faithless protestations of men, their perjured promises, and feign'd loves, cannot but view a poor *Ariadne* abus'd,

abus'd, a *Medea* mock'd, and a *Dido* receiv-
ed.

Sir, Can you wear a *mans* heart in a *Cupids* body, since the eyes of all Spectators, judge you fitter for the pleasures of the Court, than for the Tents of War?

Sir, It is a degree above humanity, and therefore requires the admiration of your friends, that your wit should so far outgo your rage.

Sir, Your imagination cannot but move me to believe great improbabilities.

Sir, I could not have the ambition to suppose there could be any room left for you, to entertain a woman of so many imperfections as my self.

Sir, I am reserv'd for your sake, that nothing may be wanting to your glory.

Sir, For your sake I will undergo the infelicit-
ties of cruel fortune.

Sir, Of all men, I dare free you from this crime of violating the chastity of language.

Sir, I must beg of you hereafter to have a greater care of my modesty.

Sir, I intend not to commence any real War against you, for I acknowledge my colour to be artificial, which I am ready to lay down at your pleasure.

Sir, I can no longer conceal my thoughts since you have an interest both in me and them.

Sir, You mistake my disposition, if you suppose I affect praises, with the like intemperance, as I do perfumes.

Sir, It is not in my power to dispose of one single hair, since I am wholly yours.

Sir, My conceptions are popular, and to be intelligible among women.

Sir, You are the emblem of terror, and your furious looks are able to consume a woman.

Sir, I have learn'd by experience that it is the Religion of Lovers to swear and forswear.

Sir, She that builds her fancy upon fading Subjects, ties her honour to the unconstant Wheel of Fortune.

Sir, Strive not to bereave me of the reputation of my honour, lest those that shall succeed me hereafter, read my infamy upon my Tomb.

Sir, I cannot but admire, the delight and life of your wit, the light of your wisdom, and the Mercury of your Eloquence.

Sir, If you would be more thrifty of your breath, you may spend it to better purpose; for you may intimate your desires, and make tedious discourses, but in a word I shall never love you.

Sir, I am sorry that you have made me the object of your love, I know your birth and person may deserve one of greater fortune, and therefore I am amazed at the unexpected novelty of your motion, not imagining but your bosome had been free from any flame; let your wisdom then suppress it, lest your love become fruitless in the Event.

Sir, I would not have you cherish any uncertain hope, nor build any assurance where you have but a sandy foundation.

Sir, Love cannot be compelled, but must flow from the spring of natural desire.

Sir, I find in my self no inclination to entertain your affection; therefore you must pardon me if I deny your suit, which is not in my power to grant.

Sir, I am confident your affection is right and perfect, not seeking under a fair and colourable pretence to betray me.

Sir,

Sir, I cannot force my self, to consent to your motion, being utterly ignorant in love matters :

Sir, Excuse me till time and consideration shall enforce me to answer your desire.

Sir, I am sorry that I have not the honour to know you, and I wonder you will offer your service to me who am of all most unworthy.

Sir, Pardon me, I speak nothing but what I know to be most clear truth.

Sir, If there were any graces in me, they proceed from you, and with such expressions you honour your self.

Sir, So far as your intentions shall continue good and your suits lawful, you shall always find the doors open.

Sir, You speak strong lines, but it may be you are not so passionate as your words pretend, so farewell till our next meeting.

Sir, It may be you are in love, for you seem very passionate in your expressions.

Sir, It would appear boldness in me to accept of Strangers company ; for it is not for me to entertain all shews and offers of kindness, I can but thank you for your good will.

Sir, Though it be no manners to answer one question with demanding another, yet will I presume to ask you, if you were never in love?

Sir, I am ignorant of your meaning, pray speak in plain terms.

Sir, Pray expound this riddle to me.

Sir, This is a doubtful case, and at the present I cannot give you a satisfactory answer.

Sir, I hope you'll give me time to consider your motion.

Sir, Do not hold me any longer in discourse, at this time, but this is my fathers house, where

if you please to come you shall be well-come.

Sir, There are many jealous eyes that do watch an occasion to expose me to censures, for maintaining with you such an unusual familiarity.

Sir, You speak unhappily, but pray be satisfied that I intend not to marry, yet I respect your good will, and in other matters, will remain ready to requite your love.

Sir, You speak mysteries: but I desire if you love me, shew it in ceasing to prosecute your Suit; for I must tell you plainly it will prove fruitless and of none effect.

Sir, Your hope is built upon a false foundation; and had I known your intent, I would not have held discourse so long with you.

Sir, You may enjoy that kiss you forc'd from me, but never expect any more.

Sir, I beseech you not to take notice of my words, which if they have been over passionate, yet they are the more to be born withal, because they proceed from affection much more vehement.

Sir, An ounce of *give me*, is better than a pound of *hear me*.

Sir, It is better to love with severity, than to deceive with sweetness.

Sir, Honesty is the best policy.

Sir, I enter more into the mind of the giver, than the worth of the gift.

Sir, Men speak of women as they find, and by the knowledge of one, pass judgment upon the rest.

Sir, The vulgar multitude have ears to hear, and eyes to see, but not discretion to judge.

Sir, *Daphnes* hue, caused *Apollo's* rue.

Sir, Love is above reason, but not contrary to it.

Sir,

Sir, Love and Suretiship are easie to enter into, but hard to get off.

Sir, Frugality is the nurse of hospitality.

Sir, Virtue is like the clear Heaven without Clouds.

Sir, You are as false as *Æneas* that deceived *Dido*.

Sir, Your Speech is as amorous as the lines of *Ovid*.

Sir, Musick is the sweet recreation of a wearied mind.

Sir, I am not like the Shepherds wife, that never dressed her self, but at the approach of her Husband.

Sir, I am like a bed of Roses where flowers are mixt with prickles.

Sir, I am not like the *Dolphin* whom the sound of Musick bringeth to the shore.

Sir, You are like a falling man, ready to catch at any thing to support you.

Sir, There's nothing will kill an Afs but cold.

Sir, It is impossible to extinguish Fire with Oyl.

Sir, You fetch your conceits too far, they transcend the Subject on which you do bestow 'em.

Sir, You mistake my disposition if you judge I affect praises, Heaven never made me so intemperate.

Sir, Your Vows have so amaz'd me, I know not what to answer.

Sir, Whatsoever your designs are, let your reputation continue fair.

Sir, My appetite is sick, for want of a capacity to digest your favours.

Sir, I am proud when a kind opportunity makes me yours.

Sir, I flatter my own discretion in nothing more than in loving you.

Sir, I would beg a favour of you, but my modesty commands me to stay.

Sir, I should sin, should I suspect your vertue, whose glory it is to vanquish all deceits.

Sir, I hate your base desires, you and your Lust continue, till shame work an amendment.

Sir, Farewel, you'r grown rude, I dare not hear you farther.

Sir, Let this suffice, I am satisfied, your innocency hath clear'd my jealousy.

Sir, I would advise you to be careful of your honour, but I doubt you were never yet right worshipful.

Sir, Your suit is an impertinent trouble to us both, for be assured, it is as possible for the Stars to forget their course, as for me to love you.

Sir, Your reality hath gain'd my affection, and I want nothing more, then an occasion to testifie my acknowledgments.

Sir, If you love as you say you do, you will have patience; for true love they say will last a Siege.

Sir, Be wise, and as the Proverb says, *look before you leap*; he is happy that can withstand a temptation with a noble resolution.

Part II.

Letters upon several Occasions, ordinary and extraordinary.

An Address to a great Lord.

My Lord,

IN regard of those many favours which your Honour have heaped on me, I am bound not only to acknowledge my happiness therein, but also desire that you would always reckon me in the number of your most obliged Servants.

A Letter of Complement to a Gentleman.

SIR,

A Learned and great man complain'd, that the frame of mans body was defective, for (said he) nature should have made a window in the Stomach, by which we might inspect into the bottom of his heart, to see when he speaks whether his words be conformable to the dictates of his heart, and whether that which we see without, have an uniform relation to that within. Trust me (Sir) though I quarrel not with nature in this kind, yet I wish my breast transparent, that you might see in what deep characters your affection is ingraven in my heart, and how really I am what you have made me. Sir, *Your most faithful Servant.*

SIR,

I Have been very studious for acknowledgment in some sort answerable to your many favours, but fortune has dealt so sparingly with me, that I, who have most desire, am least able to shew my acknowledgements, otherwise than by a course Paper-Present: yet I wish I could erect some lasting Monument, that might speak your worth and my engagements, whereby after ages might report, that though I had not ability to requite, yet I had a heart to express my thankfulness, which shall always pronounce me,
Sir,

Your most obliged Friend and Servant.

Answer.

SIR,

The great measure of content I received at your being here, and since that, the favour to be the unworthy object of your remembrance, makes me even proud of my own happiness. The truth is, I wish no other Heaven here, than always to enjoy your presence, that the influence of your many virtues, may create in me some kind of goodness: but since there must needs be a separation, excuse it I beseech you, if in this homely manner, I present you with the service and best affection of him that is,

Most happy in your acknowledgment.

A Son to his Father.

I Have great reason to be sensible of your care of me in my minority, let these few lines serve to acquaint you, that having now acquired these requisite qualifications, which at my first arrival I was something wanting in; I hope London may prove the place

place of my preferment, as hath been to many others, though I must expect it with much difficulty; your powerful prayers to Heaven I hope will have that effect, as to make me double my industry; as time and farther Converse with Citizens shall enable me, I shall give you larger informations, I having not attained any thing worth your knowledge, or that may be serviceable to you in your diversion in the Country. Sir,

I am your most dutiful Son.

SIR, Complaint of long silence.

I Can endure no longer that you should forget a person who honours you so extremely as I do; these three months of your silence, I have kept my mind in the continual fetters of grief, that I should lose the honour of your remembrance; I beseech you do me justice, and let not all the World complain with me, of the little esteem you make of, Sir,

Your most humble Servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

I Could wish I were left-handed that I might acquit my self of the service I am indebted to you, being through misfortune lame of my right hand: which has obliged me to make use of a strange pen, to excuse my so long silence, and to assure you, that though I serve my self of anothers writing of this Letter, yet 'tis my Soul that conceiv'd it, and my heart that gave the dictamen, being very glad to witness unto you the truth of my thoughts, touching the resolution which I have taken to make my self remarked in all places, Sir,

Your most humble Servant.

A

A Letter of Thanks.

SIR,

I Know not in what terms to return you thanks for the many favours your generous disposition hath bestowed upon me; I am so unfortunate an Orator, that I am out of all hope to acquit my self that way. It sufficeth me to put you in mind of the passion which I have to your service; perswading my self, that the remembrance it will excite in you, shall supplicate for the default of my capacity, and that considering the ardour of my Zeal, rather than the beauty of my discourse, you will content your self with my disability, and that I assure you once again, how perfectly I am, Sir,

*Your very humble Servant.**The Answer.*

SIR,

I Complain much of the excess of your civility and Courtship, since our reciprocal friendship is ther greatly interess'd: you give me thanks for the service which you desired of me, as though I were not obliged to it of necessity: leave off that custom if you please, and know, that the language of complement is unknown to true friends, whereof I am one, and which is more, Sir,

*Your most humble Servant.**A Letter of intreaty.*

SIR,

THough I am the most unprofitable of all your friends, yet I shall never fail to prove my self one of the most passionate to your service; the violence whereof causes me at this present to oblige me in such, or such an encounter. All that I
can

can say to you for the first acknowledgment is, that I shall conserve eternally the memory of this favour, and if I be not able to meet with an occasion to revenge my self, that I shall carry the sorrow of it unto my Grave, together with the quality of, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

Answer.

SIR,

I Find so much facility in the execution of the Command which you were pleased to impose upon me, that I am ashamed to reckon it in the number of services which I desire to render you: it being an encounter of so little importance, for my satisfaction and your interest, that I beseech you give me some other employment, where in I may witness according to your merit and my affection, how unfeignedly I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

A congratulatory Letter to a Friend upon his preferment.

SIR,

THe news of your advancement into that charge which you wished for so long, hath added such contentment and satisfaction to my thoughts, that I am able to express but one part of the joy which reigns in me. I trouble not my self to persuade you to it by a long discourse: your own merit, and our reciprocal friendship (supplying the defect of my Eloquence) will give a far better testimony than my Pen is able, which has in charge at this present only to put you in mind, that I am always according to inclination, Sir,

Your very humble servant.

The

The Answer.

SIR,

Since you take part in the good fortune which has be-
fallen me, you must also participate in the advantage
of the new credit which it has brought me into. This I
advertise you of, to the end that you let no occasion slip,
wherein you may procure new proofs of my passion, nor
forget this advice which I give you; since I shall die of
impatience, if I expect long the opportunity to witness un-
to you, how deeply I am, Sir,

Your servant and friend.

To ask pardon for a fault committed.

SIR,

I Have too great an opinion of your piety to make
doubt of the pardon which I crave for my fault
committed last night: 'tis not that I fear the inno-
cence of my intentions is not able to justify me,
but because I would set my mind in quiet, as I have
already my Conscience. This act of acknowlege-
ment should serve you for a satisfaction, as it does
me for a penance: putting you in mind of the pas-
sion which always heretofore I have had to do you
service, and of the profession which I have made, to
bear in all places, the quality of, Sir,

*Your most humble and most obedient servant.**A Letter of Complaint, for backbiting.*

SIR,

I Understand that when you have nothing else to
do, you take upon you to backbite a person very
near allied to me: 'Tis the worst trade and most
dangerous that you can imploy your self in: but if
your wine be the cause of these extravagancies, I
advise

advise you to mingle it water as soon as you can, otherwise I shall be constrained to force you to such a long silence, that no one shall ever hear you speak hereafter; 'tis the charitable advice, if you follow it, of Sir,

Your servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

THose that told you I abused your Kinswoman, abused me; I know, (without any mans intimation,) the respect I owe that Sex: and what subject soever she had given me, my reason should always have forced me to hold my peace: as for the rest, know that wine never made me speak, and if you be so foolish as to believe it, I know a way to punish your folly. I tell you what I mean to do, that you may have no pretence to say I surprise you unawares at our next meeting, where I have good hope to make you feel how worthily I can chastise those, that will not be contented with reason. 'Tis the resolution of, Sir,

Your servant as much as you please.

A Letter of Justification.

SIR,

I Wonder greatly at the injustice you have done me, being otherwise so reasonable as you are: you have condemn'd me upon the first report of my enemies, without observing any other formality than what your passion suggested. I must tell you, you appear something too violent in this encounter, and the more because you never seem'd to make doubt of the passion I had to serve you; I complain'd then with reason, because your reproaches are without reason; and I beseech you take the pains hereafter

hereafter to ponder the information which shall be made you of a business so important as this, and particularly when it touches the intrest of, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

I So highly approve of your judgment, that I begin to question my innocence since it hath declared me culpable: yet I must assure you, with your permission, that my thoughts did never contribute any thing to the fault whereof you accuse me, and likewise condemn me without hearing me speak: but though my misfortune were always such that you should never incline to do me reason, yet my conscience should always, that I may rest in quiet, and peaceably possess the quality of, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

Protestation of Friendship.

SIR,

DO not wonder if I importune you so often with my Letters; I have no greater pleasure in the World than to assure you of the esteem I make of your friendship and the eternity of mine; 'tis true, these are but words; but being they are dictated by my heart, I am satisfied in acquitting my self of that which I owe you. If occasions to do you service would offer themselves as often as they do to write to you, I would give testimony by my actions rather than my discourse, that I was never in complement, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

The

The Answer.

SIR,

I Will never refuse the honour which you do me in professing to love me extreamly : but since I have no merit to oblige you thereto, I dare not publish my good fortune, justly fearing to be deprived of it every moment, not because I believe you will prove fickle, but reasonable ; and that therefore your reason may oblige you, to make me lose this good fortune, which mine only, and your courtesie acquired me : but whatsoever happens, I shall never be other than, Sir,

Your most humble and most obedient servant.

To a friend in favour of another.

SIR,

Your merits and deserved kindness, have made me so considerable and necessary, that your friends are always subject to importune you, and amongst the rest I crowd my self into the number at this time, in favour of this Gentleman who is the bearer of this Letter ; beseeching you to support him with your credit, in a business of which he will inform you. I shall account his obligations into the number of mine, and testify to you in my own particular, the resentment which I shall conceive in quality of, Sir,

Your most humble and most obedient servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

I Esteem my self happy to have met with this little occasion, to do you service by making your friends business, to be determin'd to his advantage. I employed in it equally both my care and industry, not losing one moment

ment of time, to the end that I might thereby witness in what esteem I have the honour of your commands: you may give me new ones when you please: if you desire new proofs of the obedience of, Sir,

Your most humble and most faithful servant.

Complaint of a friends absence.

SIR,

THough true friendship be in the proof of absence, yet yours is of so long continuance, that I imagine you purpose to cast me off, since you seem to retire your affection by little and little. I speak confidently because I fear extreamly; and you ought to pardon this boldness and fear, since they equally proceed from the good inclination I have to your service, and the great esteem I have of your friendship. Return then quickly, if you will free from sorrow and disquiet, Sir,

The most humble of all your servants.

SIR,

The Answer.

YOU are pleased to chide me with such a good grace, that I could wish to see you oftner in that humour, since it obliges me to believe that they are not altogether indifferent to you; 'tis true my absence hath been something long, but being my presence is unprofitable to my friends, by the disability I am in to serve them, I make the less account of my absence from the Court; yet the only means to occasion my return, will be, if you testifie unto me, that I can be useful to you when I am there, which shall precipitate my hast, being in a firm resolution to render you all manner of service, in quality, Sir,

Of your most humble and most obedient servant.

Vindi-

Vindication of our selves from a false report.

SIR,

IT is an easie matter for any man to accuse me; but I defie all the world together, to convince me in the least respect. 'Tis true, I could not speak in that Company but some must hear me, but be pleas'd to let me know my Adversary; and i'll engage my self to make him sign me an Acquittance of my innocency with his own blood. I boast of nothing contrary to my intentions; for let me but know the broachers of that imposture, and I will easily acquaint you with their malice, which shall enforce you to that credulity, (as I most humbly intreat you) that I will sooner part with my life, than the honour and style of being, Sir,

Your most humble and obedient servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

BEfore I can declare you guilty; you must confess your self faulty with your own mouth; for the testimonies of all the world cannot convince the good opinion I have of your integrity. Men may calumniate your reputation as much as they please, but I shall always hold your accusers to be in the fault, since it is impossible I should lose the esteem, which I conceive of your desert, being, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

To a sick Friend,

SIR,

I Will not acquaint you how extremely sensible the sorrowful news of your sickness was to me; only I must put you in mind that your disease cannot chuse but be very contagious, having received
the

the infection my self, though at so great a distance. I could wish, for your service and my own contentment, I were near you, but my misfortune is such, that it ties me to certain affairs in this Town, which by no means I am able to abandon: yet all these obstacles shall not hinder me from acquitting my self of my duty, if you esteem me useful to render me any manner of service of which I give you most faithful assurance, as protesting to be all my life,
Sir,

Your most humble servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

NO sooner was I able to put pen to paper, but I served my self of the opportunity to render you thanks, for the consolation which you gave me, in the delightful entertainment of your Letters: yet I beseech you Sir deprive me not of this happiness, if you any ways tender my health; for I can assure you, 'tis the greatest satisfaction to me in this World, to see my self honoured with the favour of your remembrance, in quality of, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

To a friend certifying his willingness to serve him.

SIR,

I Never esteem'd my self happy till the day wherein you were pleas'd to give me an employment for your service, as being the only thing in the world I aspired to with most passion. I would you were always in the humour to honour me with your commands, as I am always to obey them, which you will do me a great favour to believe, and besides that I am unfeignedly and without reservation, Sir,

Your most humble and most faithful servant.

The

The Answer.

SIR,

I*t is not enough to oblige continually your friends ; Friendship commands that you should serve your self of them in all manner of encounters : to which I conjure you, if you desire I should believe that you love me extremely. I will never importune you with other things, in the grief I remain, to bear unprofitably, the quality of, Sir,*

Your most humble, and obedient servant.

SIR, *From a Gentleman going a Journey.*

H*AVING resolv'd for some time to breath in some Foreign Air, I reckon my self obliged to kiss your hand before I depart, lest my silent departure might move you to take the obligations to be forfeited, I long since made an acknowledgment of, and also render my self incapable of renewing our friendship ; I have therefore adventured this ill compos'd Epistle to be my Peace maker for all past neglects ; though I fear the arrival of Papers in this kind may deprive you of much tranquility, yet what Historical accounts in foreign parts arrive to my understanding, I shall adventure to transmit to you, but for any thing worth your observation I dare not pretend to ; my departure is so suddenly, I have only time to assure you I am, Sir,*

Your most humble servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

A*LL my best wishes attend you throughout your whole Pilgrimage ; but I am more ambitious of enjoying your presence and am much troubled by this outward separation ;*

Paration ; I hope you will attain your wishes in some other region, which you have in vain sought after here ; I shall expect with great impatience, till I hear of your fortunate success : I seriously believe it high time that fortune should have some remorse, for having so meanly treated you, and that the world may at last be sensible of those virtues which have lain so long in obscurity ; if in your absence you shall command me any thing, I shall endeavour to perform it with such care as may give you a testimony of my affection ; and those that know us both, shall judge only by my sedulity that I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

Returning thanks for a Visit.

SIR,

THe enjoyment of your late Society, was very pleasing to my thoughts, and continues still fresh in my memory, and summons all my resentments to attend you ; your unexpected arrival surpriz'd me with a joy able to vanquish the most malignant distemper: I should esteem it a great happiness to be fully satisfied with an account of your adventures, which makes me impatient for a second Visit, but should commit rudeness with too much greediness, should I not admit others to participate of the benefit of your good company. I could wish my self in a Pages habit, to become your constant Attendant, and remain still in quality of being, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

YOur acceptance of my company is too much an honour to me, and amidst the many throngs of friends
and

and acquaintance I daily struggle through; I cannot be unmindful of my promise to revisit you; the anxious expressions of your Letter are more profitable and commendable concernments, than meerly to languish for my sorry Company; I dare not mistrust your reality or expressions, but conclude my self very happy in that you have chosen me for the subject of your friendship: pray mistrust not my desires of my own tranquility, who am, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

Thanks for a Token.

SIR,

THe greatness of your present, considering my own indeseerts, was no less than a surprizal to me; it was much commended by all the participaters, and you have obliged many you never saw; they style themselves securities in the obligations due to you: in the discharge thereof they will be faithful Pay-masters; considering the magnificence of the present, they will involve all their interest with that of mine, as being moved by natural principles to resolve, such favours must not go unrequited, until we agree upon some suitable Present for a further acknowledgmen^t. Sir, *Your most obliged servant.*

The Answer.

SIR,

THe small token was certainly more than ordinarily seasonable to create so much acknowledgmen^t; however you are pleased to complement it; the delight which the Company took in the Present, impute it to your good wine which prepared their palate for so course a dish; I was not at all ambitious of such eloquent thanks, only to tender my respects to you; if you had the opportunity of gratifying some friends, I am glad it was acceptable;

6 *The Theatre of Complements.*

table; I pray take their acknowledgments as due to your self, while I study to continue, Sir,

Your most devoted servant.

From one Lady to another.

Madam,

I Have not so much vanity to think my self able to make a return worthy the Honour I have received, nor do I bear so little justice to my own gratitude as not to witness my resentment, though great, yet as large disposition to your merit, whose virtues and goodness I hold in equal value with those of Demi-gods: I receive the new assurance of your Ladyships favour, as a blessing sent me from Heaven, which bids me cherish it and live, since I can relish no felicity without it. Indeed (Madam) I know what Sacrifice to offer for such a bounty; all hearts are made tributary to your commands; yet none with so much obligation as that of, Madam,

Your servant.

The Answer.

Madam,

I Have been long in answering yours, and now at the last my dull Genius produces this ill shap'd Letter. Madam, if the faculty of my pen were correspondent to the devotion of my heart, I could say much, when as now I must be silent; yet not silent neither, for every cast of my eye upon your lines begets a wonder, and wonder makes me break silence. I have always had your sweet person and virtues in a reverential esteem, and now the charms of your pen have hurld me into new admirations; yet not so as to forget the old, nor at any time to be less than, Madam,

The most humble of your devotes.

A

A request to borrow Mony.

SIR,

L Et me not be banish'd from your friendship, for sending these few lines unto you upon this errand, of borrowing of mony ; but Sir if you shall think fit to pardon my boldness, I desire your assistance, since this urgent occasion puts me on this strange adventure ; the sum I want is ten pound, which shall be paid you again within a Month, if you dare take my credit for assurance, and for interest you shall have my thanful acknowledgments. Thus not doubting your civility in this case to, Sir,
Your humble servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

O Ur friendship would be held by a very slender thred, if a ten pound weight could snap it ; I have not thought fit to pardon any boldness, but do esteem myself happy in that I have a purse, and any thing in it to serve you ; your credit is sufficient, for the desired sum I have sent you, and shall expect no other interest, than the like courtesie, (if you think it one) when you shall be troubled by

Your real friend to serve you.

To a Landlord in behalf of his Tenants.

Most honoured Sir,

TO move you to justice, were in some measure to conclude you guilty of injustice, and to request your pity in behalf of your poor and long oppressed Tenants, were to proclaim you hard harted against them ; but experience tells me you are free from both, and your own works pronounce your worth ; only thus much I am bold to beg of you, that the
false

false informations of those men of broken Credit as well as Estates, may not take place against these bearers, men of honour and fortunes, and such as I dare presume will inform you of nothing but truth. In confidence whereof I assume the liberty to subscribe my self, Sir,

Your very humble servant.

To a Mother.

Madam,

THIS short time of absence makes me sensible of that great good which nature bestowed upon me, when she ordain'd you to be the Parent, and me the Child; for now I feel my self deprived of those joys, which your presence was wont to afford me, now I want those loving Aspects, wherewith your indulgent eye was wont to solace me. In a word I want all things, which an affectionate Mother did ever bestow upon an undeserving, yet dutiful Child; for such is, Madam,

Your obedient Son.

To a Lady upon her leaving the City.

Madam,

EVER since you left *London*, all joys and good fortune are fled from us; the Heavens have not ceased to shed continual tears for *Being a time of great rain.* you absence, and *Mars* has frown'd upon all our undertakings; nor can we hope to receive good news or fair weather, till the bright rays and vertue of your presence return hither, to uncloud the watry Element and uncharm the fortune of War. Whilst in this sadness, I was studying what might render my lines worthy your acceptance, the enclos'd arrives with

with the much wish'd for news of compleat^{ing} your happiness ; and if these prove in any measure an Antidote to prevent the contagion of sadder thoughts, which these times are apt to administer, I shall enjoy the height of my ambition, which holds no Title in competition with that of, Madam,

Your humble servant.

To a Lady in a Town, that had been besieged.

Madam,

After the disquiet of your late alarms, I am bold to congratulate the re-enjoyment of your wonted repose, which (had I been General) no cause nor quarrel should have made me hazard ; since in all things I value your content above my own : My regard to your safety had been in such a case motive enough with me, to have suspended the chastisement of that mutinous City : *Madam*, if (as I hope and pray) you are now both free from disquietude and from fear, I have my hearts wish ; desiring (as you know) nothing more, than by continued devotion to your self and service, to purchase at length the esteem of, *Madam*,

Your most faithful servant.

To excuse not answering a Letter.

SIR,

That I have committed so great a Solecism in good manners, as to receive two Letters from you, without giving you humble thanks for either ; I beseech you ascribe not to any want of zeal to your service, for in earnest you cannot make me more happy than in vouchsafing me the honour of your commands, which shall always find as ready an

D

obedience

obedience in me, as any thing that most concerns my own interest; in the assurance whereof I give you the humble respects of, Sir,

Your humble servant.

A conceited Letter of thanks for favours.

SIR,

YOU know that I (with friendship and affection my sureties) stand already bound to you in an *Obligation*, for requital of a larger *Sum* of favours, than my poor abilities can any way satistie; yet now you make a large addition to the principal *Debt* by heaping upon me another *Obligation*: Till fortune better enable me, I must beg your acceptance of *thankfulness*, which I design in lieu of *interest*, and (for your better *security*) my *Bond* renewed for the rest, with the addition of another *Surety*, my service seal'd with the *Privy Signet* of my Love, attested by two *Witnesses*, *gratitude* and *acknowledgment*, and subscribed by, Sir,

Your faithful servant.

Upon a promise to write.

SIR,

THE inconsiderate promise I made to render you my thoughts in writing during this absence, was grounded upon a just sense of my *Obligations*, without the least reflection upon my disabilities for any such performances; and in this respect I might justly have been disobliged without breach of Faith, but that (seriously) I had rather discover my imperfections in this kind, than be any ways wanting in my remerciements, which are much indebted to your many favours: and therefore I send this small tribute, as an earnest of the much greater affection of, Sir, *Your Cofin and servant.* The

The Answer.

Dear Cofin,

AMong the various contentments which the Country yields in this Season, I have met with none equal to that, which the receipt of your Letter affords me; for (trust me) I am so ravish'd with the Contents, that whensoever I perceive that sadness to invade me, which the want of your sweet presence often begets, I have instantly recourse to your Letter for cure. Thus do I honour the lines for your dear sake that sent them, nor shall I ever cease to acknowledge your numberless favours, whilst I have breath but to pronounce me, Dear Cofin,
Your most affectionate servant.

To a Brother.

Dear Brother,

YOurs equally full of love, and good counsel, came to my hands with no small contentment, since I perceive you interests your self (as a very kind friend) in all things that concern my good, which as I can never forget, so do I ever account my self most happy, when I hear of your progress in all perfections and good qualities; wherewith to see you accomplished is the passionate desire of,

Your most affectionate Brother.

A Letter of Thanks

S I R,

THIS is only to give you my humble and hearty thanks for the favour you did me to the party you wot of: If I live not to be able to strike talleys with you, yet I shall always record your kindness with a thankful reminiscence: And though I am something odd in my expressions, yet believe it, I shall most willingly

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lingly engage my self, in any service that may improve me, Sir,

Your faithful servant.

To a Friend in Fustian, Bantring, and Raillery.

S I R,

MY last was from *Taunton*, and (though I am in person removed thence, yet) I fear the matter of this may come from thence too, being not as yet sufficiently *rudimented* in your *Academy* for such *susceptions*. I must tell you (with some regret) that I find not an *accademick* (except the noble *Philosopher*) in all our *voisinage*; so that if we converse at all, it must be with *Labradores*, and such out of whose *hebetudinous cerebrofity*, we may as soon extract *aurum potabile*, as the *Elixir* of any knowledge, their querelous out-cry is that the continual *Siccity* of this Season, has *insted* all their *herbiferous* grounds, which may happily breed a dearth of *Aliment*, as there is already of *literature* in these parts. Thus much *ex obliquo*; now to the purpose; I hope your *obstreperous* alarms, have not *interturb'd* the procedure of our noble Authors *Miscellany*, which is a principal point in my *Card*. Sir, believe it, without some *missive* of *Consolation* from you, the Country will soon put me into a *chagrin*; therefore be no longer *costive*, as you love

*In the full of the
Moon.*

*Your servant,
Hudibras.*

Answer,

S I R,

HAVING by the inclosed given you some few serious lines, let me now answer your facetious Letter, (writ when the Moon was at the full) with a *joculatory*

latory line or two ; and first by allauding your acuminous Exordium, but withal of shewing, you immediately mistake the word *Susception*, if you think it can stand in a sober sense for understanding ; however in a way of *Railery* it may pass. Again, rudimented for taught is harsh ; so is hebetudinous cerebrofity. Documented for taught may pass in a serious line ; and plumbious better than hebetudinous ; for inusted you should say exusted ; so for herbiferous frugiferous, because herbs and plants are the less principal Children of the Earth ; whereas Corn and all sorts of grain are the most principal for mans use ; for so you must mean by the word (*aliment*) that follows in the Text of your Letter. And by this you see there is a kind of elegance to be observed in a fustian or bantring Phrase ; nay, I say more, the lepid lines of Fustian are lost, when 'tis not genuine but strain'd ; and trust me (Sir) I hold it a piece of greater art to line a Letter with proper Fustian, than with Silken Language, especially when friends resolve to be merry by distantial salutes : Your French Chagrin and Spanish Labrados may pass as apposite, because proper to the sense and nothing strained ; so the missive of Consolation you desire, by way of an amicable observation upon the Text of yours ; and this is what I can sport away, who must rest, Sir,

Your fustianizing friend,

Ralpho.

Reply.

SIR,

THIS brings you humble thanks both for your news and your criticisms ; and though mine were but panis speusticus, a dough bak'd piece of Fustian, wherein I intended nothing *ad amussim*, yet you must give me leave to make some defence. For

Asception I have *Littleton* or *Gouldman* for my warrant in that sense; *rudimented* I hold to be good, and (according to the new mode of converting *Nouns* into *Verbs*) I purposely avoid *plumbeous cerebrosity* (not *plumbious* as you write it) as trite and thred-bare; but for your exception to *herbiferous*, in that you mistake the sense, for the Season hath been of late very good for *Corn* and *grain*, which *frugiferous* includes, and as bad for *grass*, the *Sun* having in some places not only burnt the very roots of it, but has also made strange clefts and impressions on the Earth, therefore I used *inusted*, a word which though not so usual, as *exusted* or *adusted*; yet in this sense I think no less proper, if not in a genuine, at least in a *metaphorical* way; and *Cattle* that are fed by *Grass* and *Hay*, are a considerable part of our *aliment*, &c. *Sed me reprimo*, not at all presuming to enter the *Risque* with you in *Logomachy* or the pugnacity of such disputes, but with submission in all things to your greater judgment, whence I must confess to have received in these my junior years, a great increment to my smaller portion of knowledge, both by these and other your *documental redarguations*, which I always receive with a reverential respect, answerable to your merit, and the obligation of, Sir,

Your very humble servant.

Rejoynder.

S I R,

I Do mightily *allaud* your endeavour to *abonar* what I had *vitiated* in my last; for it is a sign you are Master of what you do, when you can avow it *ab ipsis primis principiis*, and thereby shew you are as far from being *Conscious* of Error, as you are from being *inscious* how far you may use the *Latitude*

itude of *fastianizing*, without exceeding the limits of modest avowment, *per modum inculpatæ tutelæ*: *ma-*
He animo mi Thoma, & perge eo que cepisti pede, &c.
 Trust me Sir, I shall (without a blush) easily yield you the advantage in *Logomachy*, as oftentimes Divines do to Logicians in point of reducing *Syllogisms* to all their possible variations into several *Moods* and *Figures*; because the one is actually conversant in that particular, whereas the other depends only upon the habitual use of such *Figures*, without retaining the Rule that leads to the rectitude thereof; so men speak true *Latin* without being able to give rule for it, and by this means sometimes are peccant against the rule, which every School-boy can correct them in, and truly in this particular of *Logomachy* you may and will be able to read Lectures to the deepest of men, because you laudably make it your profess'd study, and consequently will make a world of men obliged to you as well as,
 Sir, Your servant.

An Answer to a Complement.

SIR,

THAT I live (though absent) thus fresh in your memory, I count my glory; and that you write to me, my happiness; which favours that I may seem in some measure to deserve, I address these not as satisfactory acquittances (for such my weak merit does not aim at) but as respectful acknowledgments, which your greater goodness commands from me. I have now thoroughly both seen and felt the Bath; as I find my self nothing ameliorated in complexion of face, or temperature of body; so is the disposition of my mind to serve you nothing lessened, but does adequately increase, with the obligations of, Sir, Your unalterable servant.

*A Gentleman to a Lady, whom he espied at a window.**Madam,*

Justice and honour kiss your hands, and so far plead my cause as to inform you, you are obliged to shew me favour, since for your sake I have undergone the vehement tortures of an expecting lover; but now being grown impatient, I have taken a resolution to be rather importunate than bashful; for my nature is too high to suffer me to sloop to, or flie from any attempt that hath the countenance of what is noble: Madam, my ambition is to visit you, if my love may prevail with you to afford me so great an honour, and question not, but you will be in condition as in beauty; for if the Divinity of your person lay a charm upon my senses, it is but justice that you endeavour to recover me before my Distemper render me incapable of any remedy; however it shall be my glory, if I cannot live you servant, that I can die, *Lovely Creature,*

*Your devout admirer.**Love Letters upon all sorts of Subjects.**A Lovers first Address to his Mistress.**Madam,*

I Must of necessity, for my own quiet declare the desire, which I have to love and serve you, if you judge me worthy so great an honour. Your merit obliged me, and my inclination constrained me to it. I expect only to know your will, that I may perfect my determination of professing publicly the style, *Madam,*

*Of your most obedient servant.**The*

The Answer.

SIR,

YOU know the state I am in, I must neither accept nor refuse the offers which you make me, contenting my self to witness unto you the resentment which they left in me, with assurance that I honour so much the merit of your Mistress, that I shall always prefer it before the condition of, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

To demand an Answer.

Madam,

ID you know with what impatience I expect the favour of your reply, I assure my self your charity would oblige you and prompt you on to set my mind at quiet: but as that is an honour which I must expect from your goodness, rather than the passion I have to your service, I must have recourse to prayers, beseeching you very humbly to vouchsafe an answer, which may authorise the quality I bear of, Madam,

Your most humble and most obedient servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

I Am obliged to you for two Letters: but I must tell you for answer, that you are to expect no more from me, having no other liberty but this only which I take to assure you of it. I speak not this to reject the honour you are pleased to do me; but because being extremely sensible as I am, the quality of daughter affords me no more power to publish the style of, Sir,

Your humble servant.

On his Mistresses absence.

Madam,

I Have led so sorrowful a life, since the day of your departure, that if I should recount it to the most insensible Souls in the world, 'tis credible they would be moved to compassion; yet I do not desire to stir up that passion in you, sufficing my self that you take notice of it, to the end that you may make no doubt of my love, and less of my constancy. I must tell you then, that having lost both my appetite and repose, I pass over whole nights without sleep. I may seek contentment to a fair purpose in the conversation of my friends; but I can find it only in solitude, where my friends as ingenious as your self to increase my affliction represent nothing to me but your cruelty. Judge now if I be not one of the most wretched lovers in the world: yet my consolation is in this, that I suffer all these afflictions for the most worthy subject living, and for whom I would lose a thousand lives, as being,

Madam,

Your most humble servant, and most faithful lover.

The Answer.

SIR,

I Believe you suffer less pain, than you have taken care to describe; for that which you say my absence hath produced in you; my beauty I am sure cannot cause either affliction or sorrow in any man, so that if you continue your complaints, I shall be forced to begin my reproaches; and to tell you that I believe all my servants pine in my absence, as Madam B. hath describ'd 'em in the Song; the two last verses,

No more they sigh, no more complain;
But like unconstant wretches live again:

Cease

Cease then your Discourse of sorrows and griefs and sighs,
and lamentations, burning and dying, 'tis a language
that molests me extreamly, and which makes me speak
thus freely to you, in quality of, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

A more obliging Answer.

SIR,

I Am very sensible of the afflictions my absence produ-
ceth in you; but as it is unavoidable in the condition
I am in, so you must of necessity resolve to be patient;
Since it is the only remedy of your Malady. Do not under-
take a Journey to see me, but expect some occasion or
other, which will soon offer it self. Comfort your thoughts
with this hope, and the rather, because I will partake
in the sweetness of it. What need you fear? know you
not that if you love me extreamly, I will revenge my
self with the same weapon? and if you be constant, I
will lose my life rather than my resolution to die, Sir,

Your most humble and
most faithful servant.

A Protestation of Love and Fidelity.

Madam,

THOUGH I should say that you are the only ob-
ject of my respect and affections, I should re-
present but one part of the esteem which I make of
your desert; for I find you reigning so absolutely
in my soul, that I have no liberty left me, but only
to publish in all places where I come, that I am,
Madam, Your most humble and most obedient servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

YOU are too Eloquent to be Amorous; a passion so
extream, as that which you feign in my behalf,
conic

could never be able to express but in feeble terms, which forces me to a belief that you employed more time in composing that pretty Letter, than ever you did in the sufferings of Love. But however, your deceit is not so unpleasing to me, that I cease to be obliged to your care in turning it to my advantage, which I shall always receive, when you are pleased to reckon me in the number of, Sir,

Your most humble servants.

Complaining of a neglect.

Madam,

I Should never have conceived, that since you are publicly honoured by all the world, and perfectly by me, you would have recompenc'd my respects with contempt, and my love with hatred. 'Tis true the slavery wherein I am tyed, forbids me to demand a reason for what you do; yet my Prison allows me this liberty, to tell you that you are too vigorous to be so beautiful: and that except you change this severe humour, wherewith you tyrannize over me, you will run the hazard to lose, Madam,

The most humble, and most obedient of all your servants.

The Answer.

SIR,

YOU have no pretence to divulge me the most cruel and disdainful woman alive: for when you maintain such discourjes, those that know my disposition, will easily know you are in anger; otherwise neither could they excuse your humour, nor I your misbelief. If my actions had merited the proof of your study, you would have had a better opinion of my inclination, since the first time that I have had the honour to practise you;

but

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but such is my misfortune, that all my endeavours are not able to nourish in you a good conceit of, ~~Madam,~~

Sir Your most humble servant.

Complaining of inconstancy.

Madam,

I Cannot avoid telling of you that your inconstancy has provok'd in me more pity, than it has procured me ill, being willing to lose the possession of that to day, which I could not maintain till to morrow. I say pity, because I have some respect to your honour, which is more interess'd in that action than my contentment. I wish to Heaven this lightness may give you as much satisfaction, as it caused you blame, in the eye of the world. I shall always be glad of good fortune that shall happen to you, as making profession to be still, *Madam.*

Your most humble and most obedient servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

IF you knew with what violence I was constrain'd to this mutation, I make no doubt but you would esteem me far more worthy praise than reproach; imagine the power of a tyrannical Father towards his Daughter under his obedience, she may weep her fill, he bathes himself with joy in her tears; her sorrows and lamentations do but increase his fury. This is the case I am in at this present. I leave it to your self to consider what I am able to do against so strong an enemy; the only consideration which remains to me, is that I have lost the quality of your Mistress, yet I will conserve everlastingly, that of, *Sir,*

Your most humble servant.

*To demand his Mistress's Picture.**Madam,*

I Hope you will not deny me this humble request of giving me your picture, being well assured that I value the original above all the things in the world; that beautiful substance whose features and graces you animate with so much sweetness, appeard in my sight so adorable, that I long extreemly after the shadow. You may give comfort to this impatience of mine when you please, by granting me the expectation of that favour; which I will place in the rank of the greatest felicities which ever can happen to me, since it gives me the noblest means of testifying the resentment which I have, in quality of, Madam,

*Your most humble servant.**The Answer.**SIR,*

Your request is so obliging that I am forc'd to grant it, being glad you will have often before your eyes, the image of her that honours you extreemly; you will do me a favour to believe it, and likewise that I am, Sir,

*Your most humble servant.**To demand her Hair.**Madam,*

I Hope it will not create in you a wonder, if after having enjoyed so sweet a servitude, I seek after new chains, by desiring a Bracelet of your Hair. To tell you how highly I shall esteem this favour, I must have recourse either to your merit, or my own love for expression; and being you have perfect knowledge of them both, I leave the consideration to your self; together with that of the passion which

which I have to your service, as being more than
ever, Madam,

Your most humble and obedient servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

Your merit is of so powerful a perswasion that I am
forc'd to grant you your request: I will not oblige
you to silence, knowing that your discretion has already
prevented my desires. 'Tis sufficient to put you in mind,
that as these favours are not vulgar, so they require a
secrecy of fidelity in the receivers. I hope you will keep
inviolably, while you remember that I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

To express love to a Lady.

Madam,

Such and so extream, are Lov's fiery passions,
that the more they are quenched by disdain,
greater flames are increas'd by desires; and the
more they are repuls'd with scorn, the more greedily
they pursue Love's charms. My heart long since
has been scorched with the beams of your Beauty,
and my mind inflam'd with your singular vertues;
bitter looks cannot abate my love, nor extream un-
kindness diminish my affection; I am not that per-
son that will leave a Rose, for pricking of my fin-
gers, or forsake Gold because it burnt my hand;
for the mind of a faithful Lover, is neither to be
daunted with despight, nor frightened with danger,
which is the case of, Madam,

Your most humble admirer.

Another

*Another.**Madam,*

HAd I dim eyes I could not perceive so great a Beauty, and if not a competency of wit, I could never have entertain'd the thoughts of loving you ; for the transcendent brightness of your Beauty is not for weak eyes to gaze on, nor the worth of your Vertues for any weak brains to entertain ; if you think I flatter you, look into your self and be convinc'd, and if I do you Justice, chide not affection for a discovery, where truth is honourable ; pardon my presumption if it exceed your pleasure, and commend his service, who will make an honour of your favours ; I wait with patience for your answer, which I hope will not prove cruel to, Madam,

*Your devoted servant.**The Answer.**SIR,*

IF your wit and your eyes are of a company, your brains may be on the outside of your head ; then if you deceive your self, I hope you will not blame me : colours are but shadows, and may be full of illusions, and the worthiness of vertue may be a reach above the worlds reason, yet the discovery of affection may be more in words than in deeds, especially when discretion sounds the depth of desert, though the honour of truth be worth regard : where there is no fault, there needs no pardon, and therefore without trouble of patience, finding no cause of displeasure, I thus conclude Love hath a priviledge to be at the command of kindness, in which I rest to wish you much happiness, and continue to be, Sir,

Your humble servant.

A Love-Letter.

Divineſt Creature,

TO acquaint you I love you, were too courſe a Phraſe; and yet when truth is the beſt Eloquence, affection needs no invention to expreſs the care of her content, which being but three Letters makes the word ſoon to be read, which being *X O U*, nothing doubting your ſpelling, I hope you will ſo kindly put together, that a Conjunction of Love may admit of no Separation during life: and thus beſeeching you to learn this Leſſon by heart, without a croſs in conceit, to hinder the courſe of Love's happineſs, till I hear from you in that nature, which may compleat my joys and crown my wiſhes, I ſhall wait with impatience, but never ceaſe to be, Madam,

Your only admirer.

The Answer.

SIR,

TO tell you I love you, were to croſs an answer with a comfortable request; and yet when diſſimulation is the fruit of invention, diſcretion may be pardoned in concealing of love. Touching your Letters they are ſooner read than underſtood; while imaginative, hopes may be deceived in their happineſs; and yet to avoid all ingratitude in that nature of kindneſs that may give honour no content, as a ſimple Scholar in the Art of Love, loth to have more by heart that may trouble more than his head, when ſeparations of Conjunctions may indanger the death of Comfort, wiſhing nothing amiſs to them, that mean all well, I am,

Yours, as I may be my own.

*A Letter of Love to an honourable Lady.**Honoured Madam,*

IF Love were not above reason, it would not be so high in esteem; who dwelleth only in the spirits of the best understanding, feeds the heart only with the fruits of an infallible resolution: what it is in its own nature hath been diversly described, but I think never known; but unto them that inwardly know it, some hold it a riddle that none can interpret but he that made it: *A Child and Beauty begot it*; I hope nature will be her self, and not unkind to her own breed, how to prove truth, the honour in your eyes, that have wrought my heart to your service, shall make known to your favour in the happiness of your employment. So craving pardon for my presumption in my devoted duty, to the honour of your command, I humbly take my leave, Madam,

*Your Ladyships in all humbleness, &c.**The Answer.**Worthy Sir,*

IF love be above reason, it must be either Divine or devilish, and so regarded accordingly: what it is, I think it is best known by the effect of it. however, idle brains have beaten about the description of it: riddles are but jests of wit, and miracles are ceas'd from being seen in our age; but if it be a child, though of a strange parentage, surely nature will not suffer the Mother to be cruel to her own breed; but if it fall out to be an ungracious Father, what then will be thought of the Children? yet, lest in construing a conceit, I may mistake a content, since the secret of nature may be a sense of strange understanding, I will suspend my judgment, till I have made proof of my opinion: when eyes and hearts meet together in discourse, I hope the business will

will be soon ended that is referr'd to indifferent judgment. So till occasion be offered of the performance of Employment, hoping that vertue and honour will soon agree upon sure grounds, till I see you, I remain, Sir,

Your loving friend.

A letter of passionate affection.

Madam,

SINCE that very hour, wherein fortune made me happy in your knowledge, next after God, I neither have, care, love, hope, nor contentment, but for you : the day yields up all my thoughts as a tribute to your memory, and the night (which was made to arrest the agitations of the spirits,) never removes the remembrance of you from my heart ; over which, as you have already gain'd an absolute Dominion, so shall it yield you a constant sacrifice of an affection, which shall be permanent, as the being of, Madam,

Your most devoted servant.

From a Commander to his Mistress.

Madam,

THOUGH I have been lately brought even to the Confines of Death's Kingdom, yet I retain so much strength as to tell you that I am alive ; and must crave leave to renew that protestation which I heretofore so often made, not to be willing to live but for your service : the Scars of War in some sort resemble the wounds of Love, since those which I received, have not at all diminished the desire I had to serve my Religion, and these which you gave, have increas'd that passion to honour you, which reigns within my soul : My hand has not strength enough to write more, and its weakness may serve as a proof of my affection, which shall
be

be always greater than my power, as the effects of my obedience shall ever be less than my devotion to serve you, all the days of my life, in quality of, Madam,

The dearest Lover to your best self.

To his Mistress.

Madam,

IN a Cause whereon the felicity of my whole life depends, and wherein I have most will, I find least power to unbosom the secrets of my heart; such force has love to captivate my faculties. Hence 'tis I rather chose this, than that other way of verbal delivery; for though in either I should discover my own imperfections; yet in these lines my guiltless blushes will pass unseen; hitherto I have only appear'd a servant to your affairs, and in that quality had continued if the excellency of your personal endowments had not (by some kind of heavenly impulse) driven me on to more aspiring thoughts; which (with truth I speak it) were engendred by the object of your goodness, without any adulterate commixture of Estate, which (however valued by others) is not of weight sufficient to turn the balance of my Scale, if not otherwise well laden with pure and unbiassed affection, which I promise to owe to none but you; and to you all things, even the being of, Madam,

Your most faithful and devoted servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

That upon so small acquaintance, you should make me such friendly and passionate expressions, I cannot but take as a civility, being apt to make the best construction of every ones actions; yet (Sir) that so many

many Months should pass in silence since I saw you, is enough to make me believe your Letter merely complementary ; these times affording many of your Sex, whose Pens or Tongues can speak one Language, and their Hearts another. When I find cause to believe your professions real, I shall set a greater value upon your respect : In the mean time civility invites me to subscribe my self, Sir,

Your humble servant.

To his Mistress complaining of her cruelty.

Madam,

TYranny, as ill becomes a Subject as a Prince, and cruelty is the natural issue of that Monster ; to say your Ladyship is guilty of both in some kind, is a truth undeniable : for ever since fortune made me happy in your knowledge, my affection hath had no centre, but your breast, my faith no fellow, and my constancy such as never admits a change ; yet my sighs are unpitied, my love unregarded, my faith and constancy answered with nothing, but your disproportionate denials ; nor can I without wonder, consider that your Ladyship should be to all the world so perfectly charitable, and to me so cruel, unless 'twere ordain'd by fate, that the first fruits of my love (which should be the first step to Happiness) must be made abortive by your incompassion. *Madam*, the more you deny, the more Fuel you add to those Flames, which (if not suddenly allay'd by your pity) will consume my very Being into ashes of Mortality. These are *Madam*, the real dictates of a heart, that's wholly devoted,

To serve you.

Madam,

THat fear is an individual Companion to sincere affection, and that the heartiest devotions are brokenly exprest, are maxims in morality; and however Errors, yet venial: the discreetest love is seldom without some annexed passion, which oft-times fetters the faculties and leads understanding captive; that which did and justly might deter, doth now animate; the Moon in her farthest distance from the Sun, and opposition, receives most light; the poorer they be to whom charity is extended, the greater the merit; to express my devoted affections by deep protests and multiplied vows, will not please, my *Motto* is, *rather in Deed than in Word*; Till matters be maturely discussed, and the advice of friends on both sides had, I aim no higher than to be enstiled your servant; deliberation (if in any case) in this is most necessary. I honour you too much to wish you the smallest amiss, though the some of my Earthly felicity depended thereon: My affection is not frenzy; if my stars intend me not the enjoying of such a happiness, I must frame a Content. For conclusion, I will only add, that though you may have your choice of many in all points more accomplished, yet none that shall so truly love you: My lines are confused like my thoughts. Your milder censure he presumes on who truly honours your worth, and rests,

Solely devoted to your Vertues.

Tha Answer.

SIR,

THe receipt of yours brought with it some amazement to see my self almost Shipwrackt in your good opinion, when my own Vessel was full fraught with respect,
which

which I intended to disimbarque at your Haven. I am first to thank you, for my plainness and ingenuity in my charge, and shall assume the same freedom in my own acquittal. I must tell you that I had Commission to make some inquisition in the Country upon a pure neglect in you, and other rumours; but do assure you, what I said was with such modesty, and so short of what common fame delivered, as may hereafter appear. Sir, if this give you not satisfaction, I shall be to know what may, because I profess to owe you much service, and the more in order to that approaching happiness your stars have assigned you, whereto no wishes of a happy confirmation, shall more readily concur than those of, Sir,

Your very humble servant.

The second Address.

Madam,

Till I was blessed with the happy sight of yours, I labour'd in a strange perplexity, believing that either the attempt of mine had purchas'd your disavour, or otherwise (by some harder fate) I had suffered in your good opinion, than which the *Indies* is to me of less value; these Letters I must confess with held me till now from a second Address of service, though not from offering continual thoughts of respect to your merit, and of perfect obedience to your commands; nor shall I longer live, than breath the air of such devotion, being professedly, Madam,

Yours in firm affection.

Her Answer.

SIR,

I Am indeed always pleas'd to accept, what time permits you to write. Your Lines please, and cannot other way chuse being full of erudition, full of love, and
guided

guided by a judgment not vulgar ; and whatever your time is, your mental store fails not : we see many things carry price, not from innate worth, but the esteemers fancy : whilst I am jejune and empty, you are polite, and even upon my deficiencies, raise Trophies to your own Genius ; thus what I am not my self, I make you by accident ; so increases a black spot the candor of a blanch'd vesture ; so gloomy shades seem to augment the Phebean radiances, and so are your perfections set off by the foils of, Sir,

Your servant.

To his Mistress after a Journey.

Madam,

I Have been a long and sad Journey ; which seem'd so much the longer, and so much the sadder, by reason I was the farther distanced from your sweet Company ; nor had the sadness of this forc'd vagary any solace at all, saving that of near a hundred Miles, that I passed not one, without making a relique of your Memory which had still the vertue to renew all joys in me, and expel the Mists of Melancholy, almost with equal force (so strong was my imagination) as if I had been really in your presence ; if you have but bestowed one thought upon me for every hundred I have dedicated to you, I am satisfied, believing that no love can come within the degrees of mine, nor that there's any state so happy, as that of being,

Your devoted servant.

Another.

Dear Heart,

THat you may see, I forgot you not at any time, nor in any place, I present you these ; and if I seem importune by my frequent Addresses, you must

must pardon me, since I profess to receive no solace in this absence, but what the comfortable entertainments of thoughts on you affords me, and should I but as often put such thoughts in writing, as my heart presents them to my memory, I should be no day, even no hour without a Pen in my hand; and I may well hope, from the excellency of your nature, that you will not leave such faith, such affection without a just resolution; nor can I despair of your remembrance of me in some proportion answerable to mine of you; so may happiness in the end crown both, and I live eternally

Yours as at first unalterable.

To his Mistress, upon entrance upon an Estate.

Madam,

WHEN the management of a troublesome Estate left me by my dearest Father, occasion'd my silence, and my absence, you would wonder with what terror my spirits were invaded, each sinew trembled as if anatomized, and each part being disjoynted, ruined the fabrick of this little Cell that I was Master of: now and then, yea, every moment I sent warm wishes, but by the malignant gusts of adverse fortune they were retarded and never reach'd the design'd Haven. I sent them with the greatest zeal, and ardentest affection to your fair hands, and if any had been privy to the enclosure, they would have sworn by *Jove* I had been distracted. Love was in a Phrensie, and quite infatuated, such extasies are occasioned by the sense of some extraordinary respect, and such unnatural heats are raised by delays or preventions of enjoyments. Hence arises the great Melancholy that we

E.

see

see in separated Lovers, having but one Soul; in such a state I wonder how it can breath one moment being divided, Madam,

Yours in all true affection.

The Answer.

SIR,

IN yours I read your passion and your windfal, the one lightned my respects, the other my spirits; love will wax cold if fuel fail that maintains its flames. It is a miracle to me that in the midst of the noise of your congratulation, Love could whisper in your ear, or so much as steal a sigh from you: it is leisure that occasions love, business and affairs prevent it: Love Sears highest and loses its strongest influence when the word of business prevents its suits. The only way to stifle amorous passions is to engage the fancy in a worldly Labyrinth, that if it would find a cranny to exert and steal out, it cannot; and when it can, by tumultuary access of business rightly timed, prevent it. Forbear then to perswade, or rather delude your friend, by saying love was by outward respects heightned, and in your next breath your real wishes, not your feigned,

To yours.

To a Maid to interceed with her Mistress in the way of Love.

Sweet Heart,

I Know your place, and that credit which you have with your Mistress, gives you a priviledge sometimes to speak with freedom to her; be pleased therefore to take some fit opportunity to intercede for me, and to cast in some words that might stir up affection in my behalf, and move her to take some pity and compassion on her unworthy servant, and I will account it the greatest kindness

nels you can do a distressed Lover. I need not give you instruction what Arguments to use to perswade her, since your own invention is the best Art in Love Affairs ; if she gives a cold Answer, it will be a sufficient proof she has no inclination of love for me ; if ever you hope to thrive in your own fortunate marriage, take upon you this task of being my Sollicitress ; intreat her to look upon me with favour, and you shall not be rewarded with bare thanks, but with that which shall be to your satisfaction : In the mean time honour me so far as to wear this Diamond Ring, and be so mindful of me, that at our next meeting I may receive such comfort as may revive the much discontented mind of a true affectionate Lover, and,

Your humble servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

YOU may promise your self all the assistance which lies in my power : I know not what critical minute womens affections are most inclinable, I will endeavour to put your desires in suit, with all the speed imaginable, the first fair opportunity I have ; be assured what my weak understanding can invent shall be express'd, to incline my Lady to place her affections on you, and there the remainder I make no question but you may finish your self : wherein I hope we shall be both fortunate.

Your humble servant.

A Comical Love Letter.

Madam,

Could you view my heart, you there might behold your self enthroned, and all my faculties paying their homage to your memory. Propose but a Method how I may win your belief, were the way

The Theatre of Complements.

to it as deep as danger, or from hence to the Centre, I will search it out. For by all my hopes, by all those Rites that crown a happy Union, by the rosie Tincture of your Cheeks, and by your all-subduing Eyes, I prize you above all the world. O! then my fair *Venus* can you be afraid of Love? his brow is smooth, and his face beset with banks full of delights; about his neck hangs a golden Chain of wanton smiles; let us tast the pleasures that *Cupid* commands who is no niggard to those that are,

Your Beauties admirer.

The Answer.

SIR,

I Am very sorry the Disease of the time hath so prevailed upon you; the perfection of Complements (as it is now thought) is to corrupt honesty and undermine vertue; your cogitations have found such easie entrance that I suspect their truth, they seem to favour of art more than passion; upon my life I cannot frame my self to believe one word of your tragi-comical Letter: these are but things of custom with you, and all your Vows are but a cloud of Wind and emptiness forced on by the Storm of Lust, when that's over and your thoughts calmed, then you will perhaps love that vertue which did withhold you as a tye and Anchor from driving to destruction. So wishing you more temperate thoughts, I leave you, and am

Your humble servant.

To his Sweet-heart in the Country.

Dear heart,

I Have endeavoured with a more than masculine temper to suppress those thoughts that prompted me to write to you in the Country, knowing how

how much it will contribute to your happiness and mine, to carry things for a time with as much secrecy as may be, but I could no longer forbear putting Pen to Paper, to send to you, in whose well-fare my happiness consists. But since I have adventured to epistolize, I hope you will make it no crime to make me your example; were you of my mind we would no longer thus complement in Mists. I am here though in a great and populous City, very lonesome, because wanting your Company; and if you hasten not to make me happy with your presence, I cannot long subsist with my life; thus taking my leave I kiss your hands, and remain,

Your humble servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

YOU are very venturous to send your Letter by the common Carrier; but by good fortune my fingers were the first that broke it open. I am here among my friends, who will by no means bear of my departure, though I earnestly beg their leave. You are sensible of my affection to you, and I can assure you, time and distance has no power to alter it; but as you respect me, cease from sending me any more Letters, for you are sensible to what inconveniency I shall be expos'd in case my Father takes the least notice of our intentions, for he is not reconciled to you, and while he is not, he will be displeas'd with me, if it comes to his knowledge that I entertain any affection for you. I shall be in Town within three weeks; no perswasion shall detain me any longer: in the mean time rest assured that you have the sole command of

Your truly loving friend.

*An Uncle to his Niece perswading her to marry an
Old man.*

Niece,

Yesterday I sent the Gentleman I formerly mentioned to you, to propose a Marriage, which I think would make you both happy; he is a man that is very rich, and very good humour'd; but I never heard of so cross a disposition as you are of thus to stand in your light; have you a mind quite to undo your self; he informs me that you receiv'd him with the highest scorn, and could hardly be brought to look upon him; that your abuses were monstrous, affronting him to his heels; he swears he had rather be under twenty Executions than the lash of your Tongue: now lie upon thee foolish Girl, who wilt not be guided by thy friends, but abuse a man of his gravity; if you take this course you will quite alienate my affection, and I know not who will confer any Portion upon thee if I should cast thee off; so wishing you more discretion, I leave you, being very much desirous, (if you will permit me) to prove my self.

Your truly loving Uncle.

The Answer.

SIR,

I Wonder you would put such a man upon me; alas he is old enough to be my Father for years: he is very feeble and I verily believe there is not so much as one masculine grain in that sapless trunk; he is a fellow as bold as a Looking-glass, and whose Diseases would puzzle an able Arithmetician to cast them up; is he a fit Match for me? there is not a joynt of him that is free from the Gout, which hath seiz'd not only upon his feet, but his fingers, which is all the stiffness he can boast off; were I married to him I must spend my whole time

in rubbing him with hot Woollen cloaths and applying Plaisters, Trenchers and Cataplasms to his Body, so I should exercise to him the office of a Chyrurgeon, and not of a Wife. Good Sir, consider the inequality of the Match, and prodigious difference between us, and command me to do that which will ruine both myself and him: in all things, (this excepted) my obedience shall wait upon your commands, as becomes,

Your obedient Niece.

An affectionate Letter.

Madam,

Your looks have taken me Prisoner, I am quite captivated and bound with the golden Chains of your loose Hair, so that my destiny hath its dependance upon your frowns or smiles. I here present you with a fond oblation, a heart that brings its own fire with it, and burns before your Beauties Deity, offered up with as zealous devotion, as ever yet true love sacrific'd any, by that Shrine to whom I pay my orizons, that fair *Idea* that cools all my thoughts: thy self I mean, that Seat of Pleasures, this Spring of Love that flows from my Soul runs in as pure a Stream as thy matchless Vertues, being full fraught with Zeal, and free from all adulterate mixtures, therefore (dear Madam) let me not fall a Victim to your rigour, since I cannot live longer than you shall permit me to call my self,

Your only servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

HE that is accustomed to deceive gains this experience and reward by it, that when he speaks truth he is not credited; you think not that your love and lust

together are so cunningly interwoven, and with such subtle threads that I cannot distinguish them. Alas Sir! I have your Character already, for the most perfidious and Love abusing Creature in the World, that all your Vows are treacherous, your smiles, words and actions, like small rivulets through a thousand turnings of loose passions, are at last hurried to the dead Sea of Sin; should you therefore dissolve your Eyes to tears, were every accent a sigh in your speech, had you the several Spells and Magick charms of Love, I should seal up my Ears, that I might not hear your dissimulations: this you may make your faith. From, None of yours.

To his Mistress.

Madam,

YOU are the first to whom I ever became bound in the bonds of Love, and esteem it as well my duty as my interest no longer to conceal how much I honour and admire you. I had thoughts Madam, divers times to acquaint you with this sooner, since it hath been my great happiness to be admitted into your fair presence, but durst not take the confidence till now. If my affections have been too powerful for my discretion, and so compell'd me to commit an error, I doubt not your goodness will excuse it, since it was purely out of a sincere zeal to do you service: nor could I dissemble my ambition any longer. Let it suffice dear Madam, that I am now a Prisoner to your Beauty, and from the Ear of Love do make it my Suit, that you please to honour me with a favourable answer to these Lines, that you may enable me to make a free reply, or otherwise such a one as may be too late esteem'd unhappy, as hearing the doleful tidings of his fate, that vows to be,

Yours, though in death.

The

The Answer.

SIR,

I Received your amorous Epistle, and cannot as I am a woman, and a Christian, but have so much charity, as I pity, though I cannot love you, since it is a duty I confess to be due to all persons either sick or lunatick; but I confess my nature is of another constitution, for you are the first to my remembrance that I ever hated; which now I thought good to let you understand, because indeed I do not apprehend how you deserve my dissimulation; let it suffice, I shall study to revenge this insolency, but yet so, as not to honour you with the knowledge of how, or which way: and as for the felicity, which you think you have, in being able to make a reply, either happy or unhappy, you may chuse whether it shall be made or not; but if it comes to my hands it shall then be at my choice, whether to be burned or read for the sake of a little laughter: but my advice is that you spare the pains, for it will be but lost labour upon

Your friend, if you will be your own.

Supercriptions.

TO the King's most Excellent Majesty.

To the Queens most Excellent Majesty.

To His Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales*.

To the most illustrious Prince of *Orange* or *Denmark*.

To the most illustrious Princess of *Orange* or *Denmark*.

To the most Reverend Father in God, the Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

To His Grace the Duke of *Grafton*.

To the Right Honourable Marquess or Earl.

To the Right Reverend Father in God, the Bishop of *Oxon*, &c.

To the Honourable Sir *T. G.* Knight and Baronet.

To the Right Worshipful Sir *A. B.* Knight.

To the Worshipful *H. M.* Esq;

To his Honoured Father.

To his Honoured Mother.

To his loving Brother.

To his affectionate Sister.

To her dear Husband.

To his loving Wife.

To his most respected Uncle.

To his Cousin or Niece.

To the Honourable Colonel.

To his Honoured or much esteemed Friend.

To his respected or loving Nephew.

To Mr. or Goodman *A. B.*

Part III.

*An Exact Collection of all the choise
new Songs by the most refin'd
Wits of the Age.*

Song I.

AS *Cloris* full of harmless thoughts
Beneath a *Willow* lay,
Kind *Love* a youthful *Shepherd* brought
To pass the time away.

She blush'd to be encounter'd so,
And chid the amorous Swain ;
But as she strove to rise and go,
He pull'd her back again.

A sudden passion seiz'd her heart,
In spite of her disdain,
She found a Pulse in ev'ry part,
And Love in ev'ry Vein.

Ah youth (said she) what *Charms* are these
That conquer and surprize ;
Ah let me— for unless you please
I have no power to rise.

She fainting spoke and trembling lay'd,
For fear she should comply ;
Her lovely *Eyes* her *Heart* betray,
And give her *Tongue* the lie.

Thus

Thus she whom *Princes* had deny'd
 With all their *Pomp* and *Train*,
 Was in the lucky *Minute* try'd,
 And yielded to the *Swain*.

Song 2.

WHilst on those lovely looks I gaze.
 To see a wretch pursuing,
 In raptures of a blest amaze,
 This pleasing happy ruine;
 'Tis not for pity that I move,
 His Fate is too aspiring,
 Whose *Heart*, broke with a load of *Love*,
 Dies wishing and admiring.
 But if this murder you'd forgo,
 Your Slave from death removing,
 Let me your Art of Charming know
 Or learn you mine of loving.
 But whether life or death betide,
 In Love 'tis equal measure
 The Victor lives with empty pride,
 The vanquish'd die with pleasure.

Song 3.

I Cannot change as others do
 Though you unjustly scorn,
 Since that poor *Swain* that sighs for you;
 For you alone was born.
 No *Phillis* no, your heart to move,
 A surer way i'll try;
 And to revenge my slighted love,
 Will still love on, will still love and dye.
 When kill'd with grief *Amyntas* lyes
 And you to mind shall call,
 The sighs that now unpitied rise
 The tears that vainly fall;

That

That welcome hour that ends this smart
Will then begin your pain,
For such a faithful tender heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

Song 4.

ALl my past life is mine no more
The flying hours are gone,
Like transitory Dream given o're,
Whose Images are kept in store
By Memory alone.

Whatever is to come, is not,
How can it then be mine?
The present moment's all my lot,
And that as fast as it is got,
Phillis is wholly thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy
False hearts and broken Vows,
If I by Miracle can be,
This live-long minute true to thee
'Tis all that Heav'n allows.

Song 5.

HOW blest was the created State,
Of man and woman e're they fell,
Compar'd to our unhappy fate;
We need not fear another Hell.

Naked beneath cool shades they lay
Enjoyment waited on desire;
Each member did their wills obey,
Nor could a wish set pleasure higher.

But we poor Slaves to hope and fear
Are never of our joys secure,
They lessen still as they draw near
And none but dull delights endure.

Then

Then *Cloris* while I duty pay,
 The noble tribute of my heart,
 Be not you so severe to say,
 You love me for a frailer part.

Song 6.

Give me leave to rail at you,
 I ask nothing but my due ;
 To call you false and then to say,
 You shall not keep my heart a day :
 But alas ! against my will,
 I must be your captive still :
 Ah ! be kinder then, for I
 Cannot change, and would not die.
 Kindness has resistless charms,
 All besides but weakly move,
 Fiercest anger it disarms,
 And clips the wings of flying Love.
 Beauty does the heart invade,
 Kindness only can persuade ;
 It guilds the Lovers servile Chain,
 And makes the Saint grow pleas'd again.

The Answer. Song 7.

Nothing adds to your fond fire
 More than scorn, and cold disdain ;
 I to cherish your desire,
 Kindness us'd, but 'twas in vain.
 You insulted on your Slave,
 Humble love you soon refus'd,
 Hope not then a power to have
 Which ingloriously you us'd.
 Think not *Thirs's*, I will e're
 By my Love my Empire lose ;
 You grow constant by despair,
 Love return'd you wou'd abuse.

Though

Though you still possess my heart,
Scorn and rigour I must feign :
Ah ! forgive that only art
Love has left your Love to gain.

You that cou'd my heart subdue,
To new Conquest near pretend, ?
Let your examples make me true,
And of a conquer'd Foe a Friend.
Then if e're I shou'd complain
Of your Empire, or my Chain,
Summon all your pow'rful charms,
And sell the Rebel in your arms.

Song 8.

TO this moment, a Rebel, I throw down my Arms
Great love, at first sight of *Olinda's* bright charms,
Make proud, and secure by such Forces as these
You may now play the Tyrant as soon as you please,
When Innocence, Beauty and Wit do conspire,
To betray, and engage, and inflame my desire ;
Why should I decline, what I cannot avoid,
A let pleasing hope, by base fear be destroy'd ?
Her Innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
Her beauties inclin'd, or why should it pursue me ?
And wit has to pleasure, been ever a friend (end ?
Then what room for despair, since delight is loves
There can be no danger in sweetness and youth,
Where love is secur'd by good nature and truth :
On her Beauty I'll gaze, and of pleasure complain,
While every kind look adds a link to my chain.
'Tis more to maintain, than it was to surprize,
But her Wit leads in triumph the Slave of her eyes :
I beheld with the loss of my freedom before,
But hearing for ever must serve and adore.

Too bright is my Goddess, her Temple too weak;
 Retire Divine Image, I feel my heart break:
 Help Love! I dissolve in a rapture of charms. (arms.
 At the thought of those Joys, I should meet in her

Song 9.

AS on his Death-bed gasping *Strephon* lay,
Strephon the wonder of the Plains,
 The noblest of the *Arcadians* Swains,
Strephon the noblest, wittiest, and the gay:
 With many a sigh, and many a tear he said,
 Remember me ye Shepherds when I'm dead.
 Ye trifling glories of the World adieu
 And vain applauses of the Age
 For when we quit this Earthly Stage,
 Believe me Shepherds, for I tell you true;
 Those pleasures which from vertuous deeds we have,
 Procure the sweetest slumbers in the Grave.
 Then since this fatal hour will surely come,
 Surely your heads lie low as mine,
 Your bright Meridian Sun decline,
 Beseech the mighty *Pan* to guide you home:
 If to *Elizium* you would happy fly,
 Live not like *Strephon*, but like *Strephon* dye.

An Epitaph.

AS careful Mothers that to sleeping lay (play,
 Their Babes which would too long the wanton
 So to prevent my youth's approaching Crimes
 Nature my Nurse had me to Bed betimes.

Song 10.

ADieu to the pleasures and follies of Love,
 For a passion more noble my fancy doth move:
 My Shepherd is dead and I live to proclaim
 With sorrowful notes my *Amyntas* his name;

The Wood Nymphs reply'd when they heard me
Thou never shalt see thy *Amyntas* again: (complain

For death hath befriended him,

Fate hath defended him,

None, none alive is so happy a *Swain*.

You *Shepherds* and *Nymphs* that have danc'd to his
Come help me to sing forth *Amyntas's* praise. (lays

No *Swain* for the Garland durst with him dispute,

So sweet were his Notes whilst he sung to his Lute,

Then come to his Grave and your kindness pursue

To weave him a Garland of *Cypress* and *Yew* :

For life hath forsaken him

Death hath o're taken him

No *Swain* again will be ever so true.

Then leave me alone to my wretched Estate :

I lost him too soon, and I lov'd him too late :

You *Ecchoes* and *Fountains* my witnesses prove

How deeply I sigh for the loss of my love ;

And now the God *Pan* whom we chiefly adore,

This favour I never will cease to implore,

That I may go above

And there enjoy my love

And live more happy than ever before.

Song II.

HENCE *Cupid* with your cheating toys,

Your real griefs and painted joys,

Your pleasure which it self destroys :

Love like men in favours burn and rave,

And only what ensures them does deceive :

Man's weakness makes love so severe,

They give him power by their fear,

And make the Shackles which they wear :

Who to another does his heart submit,

Makes his own Idol, and does worship it.

Him whose heart is all his own,
 Peace and liberty does crown,
 He apprehends no killing frown ;
 Feels no raptures which are joys diseas'd
 And is not much transported, but still pleas'd.

Song 12.

Farewel ungrateful Traytor
 Farewel my perjur'd Swain ;
 Let never injur'd creature,
 Believe a man again :
 The pleasure of possessing,
 Surpassing all expressing,
 But joys too short a blessing
 And love too long a pain ;
 'Tis easie to deceive us
 In pity of your pain,
 But when you leave, you leave us,
 To rail at you again ;
 Before we have descry'd it
 There is no blifs beside it,
 But she that once has try'd it
 Will never love again :
 The passion you pretended,
 Was only to obain,
 But when the charm is ended,
 The charmer you disdain.
 Your love by hours was easier
 'Till we have lost our treasure ;
 But dying is a pleasure,
 When living is a pain.

Song 13.

Tell me no more of your love
 Unless you will grant my desire ;
 Every thing else will prove
 But Fuel unto my Fire.

'Tis

'Tis not for kisses alone
So long have I made my Address;
But there's something else to be done,
Which you cannot chuse but guess.

'Tis not a charming smile,
That brings me my perfect joys,
Nor can I be beguil'd,
With sighs or craving eyes.

There is an Essence within
Kind nature has clear'd the doubt
Such bliss cannot prove a Sin
Therefore I will find it out.

Song 14.

WHY should friends and kindred gravely make
Wrongthy self & cruelly forsake me? (thee,
Be still my dearest Mistress, hang relations:
Lov's above their dull consideration:
Let them live, and ever heap up treasure.
Whil'st that thee and I enjoy our pleasure.
He that seeks a Mistress in a portion,
Puts himself to use with damnd extortion;
If he must be sold to copulation,
Pox upon his love, 'tis out of fashion:
Where we like, no matter what th' estate is;
'Tis not love except we shew it gratis.
How to see the Miser have I wondred
Weighing out his passion by the hundred,
Ne're consulting Birth or Education.
Vertue without wealth is out of fashion.
Be she old or ugly 'tis no matter,
So she is but rich, he'll venture at her.
Joynture is a sordid lay invention
Quite besides our nature and intention;

When

When we wou'd agree it makes resistance,
 Finding tricks to keep us at a distance :
 Then who poorly makes a new Election,
 Suffers wealth to hinder his affection.

Song 15.

Make a Bed in the deep
 For me discontented poor Lover to sleep,
 Till the Cannons like Thunder
 Rend the Heavens in sunder
 And frightening the main
 Do force me at last to awaken again.
 When the Storms do arise
 And with their proud Surges encounter the Skies,
 My head finds a pillow
 On the top of a Billow
 And I look for a grave
 Within the cold Tomb of a turbulent Wave.
 The Wind shall convey,
 My prayers unto her I adore ev'ry day.
 It gently shall move
 Her to pity her love,
 And each sigh that she hears
 It shall whisper again into *Phillis's* Ears.
 If the Tempest do roar,
 Then *Phillis* alone is the Saint I implore,
 If she will not appease,
 The rage of the Seas :
 Nor calm the rough weather,
 I'll breath out her name and my life both together.
 So the Ocean to me
 Shall instead of a Tomb and a Sepulchre be,
 And as I do glide
 Too and fro with the Tide,

Thereby

Thereby is exprest
That a Lover may die, but never can rest :
Over *Phillis* shall hover
The wandring Soul of her martyr'd Lover :
And if I do find her
To my memory kinder,
O then I shall never
Abandon her bosom but tarry for ever.

Song 16.

Since we poor slavish women know
Our men we cannot pick and choose,
To him we like why say we no ?
We have no pleasure to refuse :
By our put-offs and fond delays
A Lovers appetite we pall :
And if the Gallant too long stays
His Stomachs gone for good and all.
Or our impatient amorous quest,
Unknown to us away may steal,
And rather than stay for a feast,
Take up with some course ready meal.
When opportunity is kind
Let prudent women be so too,
And if the man be to her mind,
Tell her she must not let him go.
The Match soon made is happiest still,
For Love hath only there to do :
Let no one marry against her will,
But stand off when her Parents woe
And only for their Suit be coy,
For she whom joynture can obtain
To let a fop her bed enjoy,
Is but a lawful Whore for gain.

Song 17.

Since *Celia*'s my foe
To a Desert I'll go,
Where some River for ever
Shall echo my woe;
The Trees will appear
More relenting than her,
In the Morning adorning
Each Leaf with a Tear.
When I make my sad mone
To the Rocks all alone,
From each hollow will follow,
A pitiful groan,
But with silent disdain
She requites all my pain
To my mourning, returning
No answer again.
Then *Calia* adieu,
When I cease to pursue,
You'll discover, no lover
Was ever so true:
Your sad *Shepherd* flies
From those cruel eyes,
Who not seeing, his being
Decays and he dies.
Yet 'tis better to run
To the fate we can't shun,
Than for ever, to endeavour
What cannot be won:
What ye Gods have I done,
That *Amyntas* alone
Is so treated, and hated
For loving but one?

Song 18.

NO, no, 'tis in vain
 Though I sigh and complain
 Yet the Secret I'll never reveal.
 The wrack shall not tear it
 From my heart, but I'll bear it
 To my Grave where it ever shall dwell :
 Oh! would that the Gods had created her low,
 And plac'd me poor *Hylas* above,
 Then, then, I a present might freely bestow
 Of a heart that is all over love.
 Like the damn'd in the Fire
 I may gaze and admire,
 Yet never can hope to be blest :
 Oh the pangs of a lover
 That dares not discover
 The Poyson that's lodg'd in his brest!
 Like a *Deer* that is wounded I bleed and run on,
 And fain I my torture would hide ;
 But oh 'tis in vain, for where ever I run
 The bloody dart sticks in my side.

Song 19.

AS *Amoret* and *Phillis* fate
 One Evening on the Plain,
 And saw the charming *Strephon* wait
 To tell the Nymph his pain.
 The threatening danger to remove
 She whisper'd in his Ear,
 Ah *Phillis* if you cannot love,
 The *Shepherd* doth not hear.
 None ever had so strange an art
 His passion to convey,
 Into a listning Virgins heart
 And steal her Soul away ;

Fly,

Fly, Fly betimes, for fear you give
 Occasion to your fate ;
 In vain quoth she, in vain you strive ;
 Alas ! 'tis now too late.

Song 20.

DO not ask me charming *Phillis*,
 Why I lead you here alone,
 By this Bank of Pinks and Lillies
 And of Roses newly blown :
 'Tis not to behold the Beauty
 Of those Flowers that Crown the Spring
 'Tis too—but I know my duty
 And dare never name the thing.
 'Tis at worst but her denying
 Why should I thus fearful be ?
 Every Minute gently flying
 Smiles and says, make use of me :
 What the Sun does to those Roses
 While the Beams play sweetly in,
 I would—but my fear opposes
 And I dare not name the thing.
 Yet I die if I conceal it
 Ask my Eyes, or ask your own,
 And if neither can reveal it
 Think what Lovers think alone :
 On this Bank of Pinks and Lillies
 Might I speak what I would do,
 I wou'd with my lovely *Phillis*,
 I wou'd, I wou'd, I wou'd, ah ! wou'd you.

Song 21.

THou joy of all hearts, and delight of all Eyes
 Natures chief Treasure, and Beauties chief prize,
 Look down you'll discover
 Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover,

With

With a heart full as true,
 As e're languish'd for you,
 Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover.
 The heart that was once a Monarch in's breast
 Is now your poor Captive, and can have no rest;
 'Twill never give over
 But about your sweet bosom will hover:
 Dear Miss let it in,
 By Heaven 'tis no sin,
 Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover.

Song 22.

L Et Fortune and *Phillis* frown if they please,
 I'll no more on their Deities call,
 Nor trouble the fates, but I'll give my self ease,
 And be happy in spite of 'em all:
 I will have my *Phillis* if I once go about her,
 Or if I have not, I'll live better without her.
 But if she prove vertuous, obliging and kind
 Perhaps I'll vouchsafe for to love her;
 But if pride and inconstancy in her I find
 I'de have her to know I'me above her:
 For at length I have learn'd now my Fetters are
 To love if I please, or let it alone. (gone

Song 23.

Philander and *Silvia*, a gentle soft pair
 Whose business was loving, and kissing their care;
 In a sweet smelling Grove went smiling along,
 'Till the youth gave a vent to his heart with his
 Ah *Silvia* said he, and sigh'd when he spoke, (tongue;
 You cruel resolves will you never revoke?
 No never, she said; how never he cry'd,
 'Tis the damn'd that shall only that Sentence abide.

She turn'd her about to look all around,
 Then blush't, and her pretty eyes cast on the ground ;
 She kist his warm cheeks, then play'd with his neck
 And urg'd that his reason his passion would check :
 Ah *Philander* ! she said, 'tis a dangerous blifs;
 Ah ! never ask more and i'll give thee a kifs!
 How never ? he cry'd ; then shiver'd all o're,
 No never, she said, then tript to a Bower.

She stop't at the wicket ; he cry'd let me in :
 She answer'd, I wou'd if it were not a sin ;
 Heav'n sees, and the Gods will chastise the poor head
 Of *Philander* for this : straight trembling he said
 Heav'n sees I confess, but no tell-tales are there,
 She kist him and cry'd, you'r an Atheist my Dear,
 And shou'd you prove false I should never endure :
 How never ! he cry'd, and straight down he threw her.
 Her delicate Body he clasp'd in his arms,
 He kist her, he prest her, heap'd charms upon charms :
 He cry'd, shall I now ? no never, she said ;
 Your will you shall never enjoy till I'm dead ;
 Then as if she were dead, she slept and lay still ;
 Yet even in Death she bequeath'd him a smile,
 Which embolden'd the Youth his charms to apply,
 Which he bore still about him to cure those that die.

Song 24.

P*hillis* be gentlier, I advise,
 Make up for time mispent ;
 When Beautie on its Death-bed lies
 'Tis high time to repent :
 Such is the malice of your fate
 That makes you old so soon ;
 Your pleasure ever comes too late,
 How early e're begun ?

Think

Think what a wretched thing is she
 Whose Stars contrive in spight,
 The Morning of her Love should be
 Her fading Beauties night.

Then if to make your ruine great
 You'l peevishly be coy.
 Dye with a scandal of a cheat,
 And never know the joy.

Song 25.

IF languishing Eyes without Language can move,
 I long told my *Phillis* I dye for her love:
 O pity that passion that words cannot speak
 Should I tell what I suffer me heart would not break.
 I plead no desert to the beauty I serve;
 'Tis noble to give what there's none can deserve:
 Amongst the Crowd of my Rivals I sigh and adore,
 None merits you less, nor can value you more.
 To purchase one smile or one glance from your eyes,
 My freedom and life were too little a prize;
 But if to deserts you can only be kind,
 Like a secret, you must to your self be confin'd.

Song 26.

A Broad as I was walking upon a Summers day,
 I met a Beggar woman cloathed all in gray,
 Her cloaths they were so torn, you might have seen
 (her skin,
 She was the first that taught me to see the Golin,
 Ah see the Golin my Jo, see the Golin.

You youngsters of delight, pray take it not in scorn,
 She came of *Adams* seed, though she was basely born:
 And though her clothes were torn, yet she had a
 She was the first, &c. (milk-white skin,

She had a pretty little foot, and a moist hand,
 With which she might compare to any Lady in the
 Ruby lips, cherry cheek, and a dimpled chin, (Land;
 She was the first, &c.

When that ay had wooed her and wed her to my will,
 Ay could not then devise a way to keep her Baby still:
 She bid me be at quiet, for she valued it not a pin,
 She was, &c.

Then she takes her Bearn up & wraps it weel in cloths,
 And then she takes a Golin & stuck between her toes,
 And ever as the Lurden cry'd, or made any din,
 She shook her foot and cry'd my Jo, see the Golin.
 Ah see the Golin my Jo, see the Golin.

Song 27.

Vulcan contrive me such a Cup,
 As Nestor us'd of old :

Shew all thy skill to trim it up,
 Damask it round with Gold.

Make it so large that fill'd with Sack
 Up to the swelling brim ;
 Vast Toasts, on the delicious Lake
 Like Ships at Sea may swim.

Engrave not Battel on his Cheek
 With War, I've nought to do ;
 I'me none of those that took *Mastrick*
 Nor shot at Bonnets blew.

Let it no name of *Planets* tell,
 Fixt *Stars* or *Constellations* ;
 For I am no Sir *Sydrophel*,
 Nor none of his Relations.

But carve thereon a spreading Vine,
 Then add two only Boys,
 Their limbs in amorous folds intwine,
 The type of future Joys.

Cupid

Cupid and Bacchus my joys are,
May Drink and Love still reign?
With Wine I wash away my Cares
And then to love again.

Song 28.

TIs not that I'm weary grown,
Of being yours, and yours alone;
But with what face can I incline
To charm you to be only mine?
You whom some kinder power did fashion,
By merit, and by inclination,
The joy at least of one whole Nation.
Let meaner Spirits of your Sex
With humbler aim, their thoughts perplex,
And boast if by their arts they can,
Contrive to make one happy man:
Whilst mov'd by an impartial sense,
Favours like nature you dispence,
With Universal influence.
See the kind Seed receiving Earth,
To every grain affords a birth;
On her no Showr's unwelcome fall,
Her willing Womb retains 'em all,
And shall my *Celia* be confin'd?
No, live up to thy mighty mind,
And be the mistress of Mankind.

Song 29.

Love bad me hope, and I obey'd,
Phillis continued still unkind;
Then you may e'en despair he said,
In vain I strive to change her mind.
Honour's got in, and keeps her heart;
Durst he but venture once abroad,

In my own right I'de take your part,
And shew my self the mightier God.

This huffing honour domineers
In breasts alone where he has place :
But if true generous love appears,
The Hector dares not shew his face.

Let me still languish and complain,
Be most inhumanly deny'd,
I have some pleasure in my pain,
She can have none with all her pride.

I fall a sacrifice to Love,
She lives a wretch for honours sake ;
Whose Tyrant do's most cruel prove,
The difference is not hard to make.

Consider real honour then,
You'll find hers cannot be the same :
'Tis noble confidence in men,
In women mean distrustful shame.

Song 30.

WHat cruel pains *Corinna* takes
To force that harmless frown ;
When not a charm her face forsakes,
Love cannot lose his own.

So sweet a face, so soft a heart,
Such eyes so very kind,
Betray alas ! the silly art
Vertue had ill design'd.

Poor feeble Tyrant, who in vain,
Wou'd proudly take upon her,
Against kind nature to maintain,
Affected rules of honour.

The scorn she bears, so helpless proves,
When I plead passion to her,

That

That much she fears, but more she loves
Her Vassal shou'd undo her.

Song 31.

IN Caves full of Skulls, and rotten old Bones,
There she sighs in the day-time and in the night
Mongst ghosts of the guilty for ever she'l howl, (groans
And in Beds fill'd with Serpents eternally rowl.

But I and *Irene*'l be merry
Amongst happy Lovers wee'l play ;
Ah *Charon* ! make hast with your Ferry,
Row hard and I'le double your pay.

Song 32.

Long days of absence, Dear, could I endure,
Were my divided heart of thine secure ;
Each Minute that I find my self without thee,
Methinks I see my Rivals arms about thee.

But she perhaps her intrest can improve
By all the studied Arts of wealth and love,
Whilst I alas, poor kind and harmless Creature
Am plung'd in patience, trust me it shews good nature.

Song 33.

ILik'd, but never lov'd before
I saw thy charming face ;
Now every feature I adore,
And doat on every grace.

She ne're shall know the kind desire,
Which her cold looks denies,
Unless my heart that's all on Fire,
Should sparkle through my Eyes.

Then if no gentle glance return,
A silent leave to speak,
My heart, which would for ever burn,
Must sigh alas ! and break.

Song 34.

How severe is fate to break a heart,
 That never went a roving?
 To torture it with endless smart,
 For only constant loving?
 I bleed, I bleed, I melt away,
 And wash my watry pillow;
 I walk the woods alone all day,
 And wrap me round in willow.

Song 35.

You Lovers love on,
 Lest the World be undone,
 And mankind be lost by degrees;
 For if all from their Loves
 Should go wander in Groves,
 There soon will be nothing but Trees.

Song 36.

Forgive me *Jove*,
 Or if there be a God above,
 Porgive a Rebel to the power of Love;
 Hear me kind *Cupid*, and accept my Vow;
 Mine, who devoutly at thine Altar bow:

O hear me now,
Dorinda hear, and what I've done amiss,
 Pardon, and seal that with a kiss.
 Stay, methinks the melting Saint,
 Kindly echoes by complaint:
 Look, I fancy I descry,
 Pity dropping from her eye:
 Hark! She says, *Philander* live,
 All thy Errors I forgive.

And now, ah me! to repent I begin,
 That against so much I ever shou'd sin:

But

But never again, oh never will I
Offend my *Dorinda*, for sooner I'll die.

Song 37.

DEarest do, you easily may,
The place agreeing to't,
And none can see us do't,
Then don't delay.

The torment is so great
That I endure,
You must immediately
Kill or Cure.

For time admits of no demur
In such a case as this;
I'de rather dye
Than be so nigh
And not to reap a Bliss.

Song 38.

LEt the Criticks adore,
Their old *Venus* no more,
She's a Gipsie;
Silly Mortals ne're think,
That the Goddess will drink,
And be tipsie.

None but *Vulcan* can abide her,
She's grown so black of late;
In his Coal-hole he doth hide her
To secure her from fate.

All the Gods are stark mad
For a *Venus* more fair;
And swear they'd be glad,
If my *Celia* were there.

Song 39.

Lets drink, dear friends, lets drink;
 The time flies fast away,
 And we no leasure have to think,
 Then lets make use on't while we may.
 When the black Lake we have past,
 Farewel to wine, to love and pleasure;
 To drink, to drink, lets then make hast,
 To drink we always shan't have leisure,
 Lets love, lets drink while we have breath,
 There is no love, nor drinking after death.

Song 40.

A*ugusta* is inclin'd to fears
 Be she full, or be she waining,
 Still *Augusta* is complaining:
 Give her all you can to ease her,
 You can never, never please her.

Song 41.

Ah cruel bloody fate!
 What can'st thou do no more?
 Alas! 'tis now too late
Philander to restore;
 Why should the heavenly powers perswade
 Poor Mortals to believe,
 That they guard us here,
 And reward us there,
 Yet all our joys deceive?
 Her Ponyard then she took,
 And held it in her hand,
 Then with a dying look
 Cry'd! I thus the fates command;
Philander! Ah my Love I come
 To meet the shades below

I come she cry'd
With a wound so wide,
There needs no second blow.
Then purple waves of blood
Ran streaming down the Floor,
Unmov'd she saw the flood
And blest her dying hour.
Philander, oh *Philander* still,
The bleeding *Phillis* cry'd
She wept a while,
And she forc'd a smile
Then clos'd her Eyes and dyed.

Song 42.

Dear *Cloris* awake,
It is all a broad Day,
If you sleep any longer
Our flocks they will stray :
Lye still my dear Shepherd,
And do not rise yet,
It is a cold windy morning,
And besides it is wet.
My *Cloris* make hast
For it is no such thing,
Our time we do wast
For the Lark is on wing :
Besides I do fancy
I hear the young Lambs,
Cry ba, ba, ba, ba,
For the loss of their Dams.

Song 43.

Here's that will challenge all the Fare, (pair,
Come buy my Nuts, my Damzens, my burgamy
Here's the Whore of *Babylon*, the Devil and the Pope,
And here's the little Girl just going on the Rope;
Here's

Here's *Dives* and *Lazarus*, and the Worlds Creation,
 And the *Dutch* woman, the like's not in the Nation:
 Here is the Booth where the high *Dutch* Maid is,
 And here are the *Bears* that dance like any Ladies:
 Ta ta tat, ta ra, says the little penny Trumpet,
 And here is *Jacob Hall* that does jump it, jump it:
 Sound Trumpet sound, for silver Spoon and Fork,
 Then come and buy your dainty Pigg and Pork.

The second part.

Here is the rarity of the whole Fair,
 Pimper-lapimp, and the wise dancing *Mare*;
 Here's valiant *St. George* and the Dragon a farce,
 And a Girl of fifteen with strange Moles on her A.—
 Here is *Vienna* besieg'd, a most delicate rare thing,
 And here is *Punchinello* shewn thrice to the King:
 Then see the Masks to the Oyster repair,
 But there will be no rattling all this Fair.

Song 44.

Sawny was tall, and of noble race,
 He lov'd me better than any e'ne;
 But now he ligs by another Lass,
 And Sawny will never be my love again.

I gave him fine Scotch Sark and Band,
 I gave him House, I gave him Land,
 I let him angle in my Fish-pond,
 But Sawny will never be my love again.

I rob'd the Grove of all their store,
 And Nofegays made to give Sawny e'ne;
 He kist my Breast, and fain would he more,
 Geud faith I thought him a bonny e'ne.

He squeez'd my fingers, grasp'd my knee,
 And carv'd my name on each green Tree;
 He sigh'd and languish'd to lig by me,
 Yet Sawny will ne're be my love again.

My

My Bongrace and my Sun-burnt face,
He prais'd, and also my Ruffet Gown:
But now he dotes on the Copper Lace
Of some lewd Quean of *London Town*.

He gang'd and he gave her Curds and Cream,
Whilst I poor Soul sat sighing at heam;
I'se ne're joyed *Sawny* but in a Dream,
And *Sawny* will ne're be my love again.

Song 45.

S*Elinda* with Innocence Beauty and Wit,
Every sense does invade
And my reason perswade,
That my pleasure compels me my freedom to quit.
Though my tongue has pretended to serve and adore,
I find my heart ne're was in earnest before:
But so bright are her charms all my hopes I distrust,
That my want of desert makes my jealousy just.
If the joys her eyes promise I ne're must obtain,
Let 'em quickly determine my doubts by disdain,
I am none of these fools that can sigh and complain:
But if she can betray me, my fate let me meet,
Let me live in her arms, or dye at her feet.

Song 46.

FOrth from the dark and the dismal Cell
And from the low Abyss of Hell,
Mad Tom is come to view the World again,
To see if he can cure his distempered brain.
Cares and fears oppress my Soul,
Hark how the angry furies houl;
Pluto laughs, and *Proserpine* is glad,
To see poor naked Tom of Bedlam mad.
Through the World I wonder Night and Day,
To seek my stragling senses;

In an angry mood I met old Time.
With his penterchy of Tenses.

When he me spy'd
Away he fly'd,
For time will stay for no man;
In vain did I cry
Till I rend the Sky,
But pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lye
Help, O help, or else I dye :
Hark ! I hear *Aëons* hounds,
The Huntsman whoops and hollows,
Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Joler
At the Chase now follows ;

Come *Vulcan* with tools and with tackles
And file off my troublesome Shackles,
Let *Charles* make ready his wain
To bring me my senses again.

Last night I heard the Dog-star bark,
Mars met with *Venus* in the dark ;
Limping *Vulcan* heat an Iron Bar,
And furiously ran at the God of War :

Mars with his Target so laid about,
That *Vulcans* Temples had got the Gout ;
His broad horns hung so in his light
That he could not see to hit his blows aright.

Mercury the nimble Post of Heaven,
Stood still to see the quarrel ;
Porridge-bellied *Bacchus* Giant-like
Bestrid a strong Beer Barrel.

To me he drank
I did him thank,
But I could get no Syder ;

He drank whole Buts
Till he burst his guts,
But mine were ne're the wider.

Poor Tom is very dry ;
A little drink for charity ;
Hark ! I hear *Apollo's* team
The Carman begins to whistle,
Chast *Diana* bends her Bow,
And the Boar begins to bristle.

The man in the Moon drinks Claret,
Eats powder Beef Turnep and Carret ;
But a Cup of old Malaga Sack,
Will fire the Bush at his back.

Song 47.

HAng up all care and cast away sorrow, (row
Drink on, he's a Sor that e're thinks of to mor-
Good store of brisk Clarret supplies every thing,
And a man that is drunk is as great as a King.

Let none at their crosses nor losses repine,
But drink a full Dose of the juyce of the Vine :
Diseases and troubles are ne're to be found,
But in the damp place were the glasse goes not round.

Song 48.

Could man his wish obtain,
How happy would he be !
But wishes seldom gain,
And hopes are but in vain,
If fortunes disagree :
Pity you powers of Love,
Our infelicity ;
Why should the fates conspire
To frustrate my desire,
Since Love's the gentle Fire
That keeps the World alive ?

But

But me it puts in pain,
 My wishes are in vain,
 Nor promise any hope to gain.
 I love and still I view,
 But dare not tell my mind;
 Should I my flames pursue,
 I might that bliss undo,
 Which is for her design'd;
 A bliss that's far above,
 More lasting rich and kind:
 Though hopes successless prove
 My heart shall ne're remove,
 From wishing of her love;
 In fortunes triumph led,
 And though she banish me,
 If she but happy be,
 'Twill please my Ghost when I am dead.

Song 49.

Charon make hast and ferry me over
 To the *Elizium* shady Grove;
 Where I my passion in sighs will discover,
 Which I have suffered long for love.
 I am a weary of my life,
 And cannot be eased no, no where;
 Then put a period unto my life,
 And carry me where I may know no care.
 O my dear *Sylvia*, 'tis you that have wounded me,
 With the soft glances of your fair Eyes,
 And with your hate you have quite confounded me,
 And you have made me a Sacrifice.
 I was a slave to all your charms
 And perfectly thought you would comply,
 But now you leave me in Death's cold arms,
 And must for your sake a poor Martyr die.

Song 50.

Maid.

HArk *Charon*, come away,
Bring forth thy Boat and Oars,
And carry me poor harmless Maid,
Unto th' *Elizian* Shores.

Charon.

Who *Charon* calls in hast,
Whilst I sit here in pain?
I carry none put pure and chaste,
Such as true love hath slain.
I am come, dear Soul I come,
Thy face doth so incharm me;
Come in my Boat and take thy room,
No wind nor wave shall harm thee.

Maid.

Now I'me come in thy Boat,
I am a Maid undone;
Sighing my heart is almost broke,
For my love is from me gone.
Thus as I pass the shades,
I'll tell you a mournful tale,
So full of sighs as we do pass
Shall serve for a merry gale.
And to beguile the time,
I'll sing you a true Loves Song,
Mine Eyes shall flow a Sea of Tears
To carry the Boat along.
O what's become of those hard hearts
Who of Virgins takes no pity,
They'r sailing to *Virginia* parts,
Where *Neptune* hath built a City.

Song

Song 51. *The old Mans wish.*

IF I live to grow old,
 As I find I go down,
 Let this be my fate
 In some Country Town ;
 Let me have a warm House
 With a Stone at my Gate,
 And a cleanly young Girl
 To rub my bald Pate,
May I govern my passion
With an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better
As my strength wears away,
Without Gour or Stone,
By a gentle decay.

In a Country Town
 By a murmuring Brook,
 The Ocean at distance,
 On which I may look ;
 With a spacious Plain,
 Without Hedge or Sryle,
 And an easie pad Nag
 To ride out a Mile:
May I govern my passion, &c.
 With a Pudding on Sunday,
 And stout humming Liquor,
 And remnants of Latin
 To puzzle the Vicar ;
 With a hidden reserve
 Of brisk *Burgundy* Wine
 To drink the King's Health
 As oft as I dine,
May I govern my passion, &c.
 With *Plutarch* and *Horace*,
 And one or two more

Of the best Wits that liv'd
In the ages before ;
With a Dish of roast Mutton
Not Venison nor Teal,
And clean, (tho course) Linen
At every meal ;
May I govern my passion, &c.
With courage undaunted
May I face my last day,
And when I am dead
May the better sort say,
In the morning when sober,
I'th Evening when mellow,
He's gone, and has left
Not behind him his fellow.
*For he govern'd his passion
With an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better
As his strength wore away,
Without Gout or Stone
By a gentle decay.*

Song 52.

HArk ! I hear the Canons roar,
Ecchoing from the German Shoar,
And the joyful News comes o're
That the *Turks* are all confounded.

Lorrain comes, they run, they run,
Charge with the Horse through the grand *Half-Moon*,
And give quarter unto none,
Since *Starenberg* is wounded.

Close your Ranks, and each brave Soul,
Fill a lusty flowing Bowl,
A grand Carrouse to the Royal Pole
The *Empires* brave Defender ;

Let

Let no man leave his Post by stealth,
 Plunder the barbarous *Visiers* Wealth;
 We'll drink a Helmet full, the Health
 Of second *Alexander*.

Mahomet was a sober Dog,
 A Small-beer drowsie senseless Rogue,
 The juyce of the Grape so much in vogue,
 To forbid to those who adore him:
 Had he but allow'd the Vine,
 Given them leave to carouse in Wine;
 The *Turks* had safely pass'd the *Rhine*,
 And conquer'd all before him.

Song. 53.

Let *Cæsar* live long, and his temper abide,
 Who twenty years plentiful Seasons has try'd;
 Let twenty and twenty be counted too few,
 Still every Season consisting of new;
 Till tyred with joys, which this World can afford,
 He retires to be made a more glorious Lord.
 Let Royal *Almanfor* great *Cæsar* succeed,
 And *England* from Factions for ever be freed;
 Through endless successions may his life ever run,
 By Sea and by Land who such wonders has done,
 May his Issue increase and these Nations rule o're,
 Until Ages last Period, and time be no more.

Song 54.

THere was a brisk Lass both bonny and brown,
 That courted her Sweet-heart in our Town:
 She laid by her work, her wheel, and her yarn,
 To find out her love in the Farmers barn;
 Quoth she, if thou wilt be married,
 We'll hie to the Priest, and then to bed,
 My Virgin Treasure I'll give thee *Ned*,
 That is, to be plain, my Maiden-head.

You

You know that my love is a flame of Fire,
 And burns when it cannot obtain desire;
 My beauty is now in its bloom and prime,
 And I cannot nor wonnot delay the time ;
 I long to tast of those tender joys,
 Those soft kisses and wanton toys,
 That every Maid at her Wedding enjoys
 When Lasses with Lovers get lusty Boys.
 A Garland of Flowers my Love shall wear,
 And I'll give him a Lock of my Cole-black Hair ;
 At every Wake my dear Love I'll treat,
 I'll give him kind buffes as Cream bowls sweet :
 Thou shalt be my *Buck* and I'll be thy *Doe*,
 And I'll milk, and thou shalt mow,
 I'll card, and I'll spin, while you harrow and sow,
 And call upon *Dobbin* with *Hey-ge-wo*.

Song 55.

THere is one black and sullen hour
 Which fate decrees our lives should know,
 Else we should slight almighty power,
 Wrap'd with the joys we find below.
 'Tis past dear *Cynthia*, now let frowns be gone,
 A long, long penance I have done,
 A long, long penance I have done,
 For Crimes to me alas unknown.
 For Crimes to me alas unknown.
 In each soft hour of silent night,
 Your image in my Dream appears ;
 I grasp the Soul of my delight,
 Slumber in joy, but wak'd in tears.
 Ah ! faithless charming Saint what will you do ?
 Let me not think I am by you,
 Let me not think I am by you,
 Lov'd less, lov'd less, for being true,
 Lov'd less, lov'd less, for being true.

Before

Before dear *Cynthia*, I beheld
 Thy charming face, my heart was free
 From love, and knew not how to yield
 To any beauty but to thee.

Bright as the Sun, that in the East doth rise,
 Did force me by a sweet surprize,
 Did force me by a sweet surprize,
 To yield the Conquest to your Eyes.
 To yield the Conquest to your Eyes.

Song 56. *The Answer.*

ONE black and sullen hour be sure,
 Shall not destroy thy happy days;
 My pure affection shall endure,
 As bright as *Phæbus* golden rays.
 Instead of frowns thou shalt enjoy a smile,
 The sense of sorrow to beguile,
 The sense of sorrow to beguile,
 Thy penance was but for a while
 Thy penance was but for a while.

When thou didst grasp thy charming fair,
 It was in a deluding Dream;
 Then waking from those slumbers there,
 Though in a far and worse extream
 Of grief and passion, while thou didst endure,
 A wound that none but I could cure,
 A wound that none but I could cure,
 Thy loyalty did me allure,
 Thy loyalty did me allure.

Blest be that happy hour, when I
 Did first behold thy charming face;
 My heart your Captive then did lye,
 To so much Majesty a grace;
 And the first minute, ere I did you see,
 My mutual wishes did agree,
 My mutual wishes did agree,

To yield, to yield to none but thee,
To yield, to yield to none but thee.

Song 57.

TO Horse brave Boys, to *New-Market* to Horse,
You'll lose the Match by longer delaying;
The Gelding just now was led over the Course
I think the Devil is in you for staying,
Run and endeavour to bubble the Sporters,
Betts may be recover'd lost at the Groom-porters.
Follow, follow, follow, lead down by the Ditch,
Then take the odds and then you'll be rich;
For I'll have Brown-bay if Blew-bonnet ride, Sir,
I'll hold a thousand pound on his side, Sir.
Dragon could scour it, but *Dragon's* grown old,
He cannot endure, he cannot, he will not,
Now run it as lately he could,
Age, Age has hindred his speed Sir,
Now, now, now, see they come on!
See, see! the Horse leads the way
Full three lengths before at the turn of the Land,
Five hundred pound upon the brown-Bay,
But a pox of the Devil I fear I have lost,
The Dog the blaw-Bonnet has run it,
(A murrain light on it)
The wrong side the Post,
Odds bobs was such fortune known?

Song 58,

JOy to Great *Cæsar*,
Long live, love and pleasure,
'Tis a Health that divine is,
Fill the Bowl full as mine is;
Let none fear a fever,
But take it off thus Boys;
Let the King live for ever,
'Tis no matter for us Boys.

Try

Try, all the loyal
 Defie all, Give denial;
 Sure none thinks the Glas too big here,
 Nor any *Prig* here, or sneaking *Whig* here
 Of cripple *Tony's* Crew,
 That now looks blew,
 His heart akes too,
 The Tap won't do
 His zeal so true,
 And projects new,
 Ill fate does now pursue.

Great *Charles* like *Jehova*,
 Spares Foes would unking him,
 And warms with his Graces,
 The Vipers that sting him;
 Till Crown'd with just anger,
 The Rebels he seizes:
 Thus Heaven can Thunder,
 Whenever he pleases.

Then to the *Duke* fill,
 Fill up the Glas,
 The Son of a *Martyr* belov'd of the King;
 Envied and lov'd,
 Yet bless'd from above,
 Secur'd by an Angel, safe under his Wing.

Song 59.

STate and Ambition alas will deceive you,
 There's no solid joys like the blessings of Love;
 Scorn does of pleasure fair *Silvia* bereave you,
 Your fame is not perfect till that you remove:
 Monarchs that sway the vast Globes in their glory,
 Know Love is their brightest Jewel of power;
 Poor *Strephons* heart was ordain'd to adore ye;
 Ah! then disdain his passion no more.

Jove in his Throne was the Victim of Beauty,
His Thunder laid by he from Heaven came down;
Shap'd like a Swan, to fair *Leda* paid duty,
And priz'd her far more than his Celestial Crown;
She too was pleas'd with her beautiful Lover,
She stroak'd his fair Plumes, and feasted her Eyes;
And he too in Courtship knew well how to move her,
And to accomplish the fervour of joys.

Think my dear *Sylvia*, the heavenly blessing,
Of Loving in youth is the Crown of our days,
Short are the hours where Love is possessing,
But tedious the minutes when lost by delays.
Loves the soft anvil where nature's a greeting,
All mankind are form'd and by it they move;
Tis from thence my dear *Silvia*, I have my being,
The *Cesar* and *Swain* spring from heavenly Joys.

Song 60.

MY Life and my Death are both in your power;
I never was happy till this cruel hour;
Sometimes it is true you tell me you love,
But alas, 'tis too kind for me ever to prove;
Could you guess with what pain my heart is oppress'd,
I am sure my *Alexis* would soon make me blest.

Distractedly jealous, I hourly rove,
Sit sighing and musing, and all for my love;
No place can I find that will yield me relief,
My Soul is for ever entangled with grief;
But if the kind Stars let me see him; oh then!
I'll forgive the cruel Author of all my past pain.

Remember those Vows that so often you made,
When our passions first kindled beneath the cold
When you carved my name upon every tree, (shade
And swore you'd be kind to no Virgin but me;
When you vow'd that you'd never *Amyntas* forsake,
But now 'tis too plain, 'twas falsehood you speak.

G

Song

Song 61.

Here's is a Health to the King, down let it fall,
 Down let it fall,
 There goes the Ocean, Ships and all:
 Drawer make hast and quickly provide
 A fresh supply to maintain our next Tide;
 Then let it go round without controul,
 'Tis the King's Health, drink off your Bowl.

Song 62.

Cold and raw the wind did blow,
 Bleak in the morning early;
 All the Trees were hid with Snow,
 Cover'd with Winters yearly;
 As I came riding over the Slough,
 I met with a Farmers Daughter;
 Rosie Cheeks and bonny Brow,
 Geud faith made my mouth to water.
 Down I vail'd my Bonnet low,
 Meaning to shew my breeding;
 She return'd a graceful bow,
 Her Visage far exceeding:
 I ask'd her where she went so soon,
 And long'd to begin a parley;
 She told me to the next market Town,
 A purpose to sell her *Barley*.
 In this Purse, sweet Soul, said I,
 Twenty pounds lies fairly;
 Seek no farther one to buy,
 For I'll take all thy *Barley*;
 Twenty more shall purchase delight,
 Thy person I love so dearly,
 If thou wilt lig by me all night,
 And gang home in the Mornning early.

If forty pounds would buy the Globe,
This thing I'd not do Sir;
Or were my friends as poor as *Job*,
I'd never raise 'um so Sir;
For should you prove to night my friend
We'll get a young Kid together,
And you'd be gone e're nine Months end,
And where shall I find a Father?

Pray what would my Parents say,
If I should be so silly;
To give my Maiden-head away,
And lose my true Love Billy?
O! this would bring me to disgrace,
And therefore I say you nay, Sir;
And if that you would me embrace,
First marry, and then you may Sir.

I told her I had wedded been
Fourteen years and longer,
Else I'de chuse her for my Queen,
And tye the knot yet stronger:
She bid me then no further come,
But manage my Wedlock fairly,
And keep my purse for poor Spouse at home,
For some other should have her Barley.

Then as swift as any Roe,
She rode away and left me;
After her I could not go,
Of joy she quite bereft me:
Thus I my self did disappoint,
For she did leave me fairly;
My words knockt all things out of joynt
I lost both the Maid and Barley.

Song 63.

Would you know how we meet o're our jolly full
 As we drink off our wine the glass merrily trowls;
 The sweet melts the sharp, the kind sooths the strong,
 And nothing but friendship flows all the night-long.
 We drink, laugh and celebrate every desire,
 Love only remains an unquenchable Fire.

Thus we drown all our cares in our rosie rich Wine,
 While we drink a brisk Glass to the fair and Divine;
 Though Beauty can charm, 'tis Wine does inspire,
 And in ev'ry Breast can create a new Fire:
 'Tis Wine, Wine our noble Physician does prove,
 And does cure the tormenting Ague of Love.

Thus in innocent mirth we are happy each day,
 And our minutes and hours glide sweetly away;
 We have no Cabals, nor plotting do mind,
 We safer and sweeter enjoyments can find.
 We bend all our thoughts for to pleasure our friend,
 And 'tis pity such pleasures, should ever have end.

Song 64.

Why are my Eyes still flow——ing?
 Why does my heart thus trembling move?
 Why do I sigh when Go——ing,
 To see the darling Saint I love?

Ah! She's my Heaven, and in her Eyes,
 The Dei——ty,

There is no life like what she can give,
 Nor any death like taking my leave.

Tell me no more of Glo——ry,
 To Courts Ambition i've resign'd,
 But tell a long long Sto——ry
 Of Celia's face her shape and mind

Speak

Speak too of raptures that will life destroy,
To En——joy,
Had I a Diadem, Scepter and Ball;
For that dear Minute I'de part with them all.

Song 65.

AS we were a ranging
Upon the salt Seas,
From *France* and from *Spain*,
Our humours to please;
But when we came there,
The first news we did hear
Was, you Rebels of *England*
What do you do here?
When we were a walking
along in the Street,
Both Men, Wives and Children,
And all we did meet,
They gathered up Stones
and at us did fling,
Cry'd Rebels of *England*,
You murder'd your King.
All this being odious
Unto our own hearts,
Then from the *French*
We were forc'd to depart;
The *French* did deride us,
with scornful disdain,
We hoised up Top-sail
And sailed for *Spain*.
But when we came there,
We'd not set one foot on Land,
But straight they perceiv'd
That we were English men:

With their hands on their Rapiers,
 Their cloaks off did fling,
 Crying Rebels of *England*,
 You murder'd your King.

All this being odious
 Unro our conceits,
 We hoysed and hasten'd
 Into the *Streights*;
 Next Port unto *Venice*
 intending to go,
 Not fearing nor dreading
 They did of it know.

But when we came there
 Our Ships they did scan,
 They saw by their Colours
 We were English men:
 O they laugh'd at us greatly
 And at us did sneer,
 You Rebels of *England*,
 What do you do here?

Song 66.

I Never saw that face till now
 That could my fancy move,
 I like and ventur'd many a Vow,
 But durst not think of Love,
 'Till Beauty charming ev'ry sense
 An easie Conquest made;
 And shew'd the vaineſs of defence,
 When *Phillis* doth invade.

But oh! her colder heart denies,
 The Thoughts her looks inspire,
 And while in Ice that frozen lies,
 Her eyes dart only fire;

Between extremes I am undone,
Like Plants to Northwards set,
Burnt by too violent a Sun
Or, starv'd for want of heat.

Song 67.

WE all to conquering Beauty bow,
It's pleasing powers admire,
But I ne're saw a face till now
That like yours could inspire ;
Now I may say I met with one,
Amazes all Mankind,
And like men gazing on the Sun,
With too much light am blind.
Soft as the tender moving sighs
When longing Lovers meet,
Like the divining Prophets wife
And like blown Roses sweet ;
Majestick, gay, reserv'd, yet free,
Each happy night a Bride,
A mean like awful Majesty,
And yet no spark of Pride.
The Patriarch to gain a Wife
Chast, Beautiful and Young;
Serv'd fourteen years a painful Life,
And never thought it long :
Ah ! were you to reward such care
And life so long should stay
Not fourteen, but four hundred years,
Would seem but as one day.

Song 68.

Jenny my blithest Lads,
Prithee listen to my true Love now ;
I am a bonny Lad,
Gang along with me to yonder Brow,

An the Boughs shall shade us round
 While the Nightingale and Linet,
 Teach us how the Lads and Lasses can wee,
 Come and I'll shew my *Jenny* what to do.
 I ken full many a thing,
 I can dance and whistle too,
 I many a Song can sing,
 Pitch the Bar, and I can wrestle too;
 The bonniest Lasses in an our Town,
 Gave me Head-lace and Kerchiefs many,
 Only *Jenny* 'twas could win
 Jockey from the Lasses of the Green.
 Then lig thee down, my Bearn,
 I'll not spoil thy gaudy shining Gown;
 I'll make a Bed of Fearn,
 And I'll gently press my *Jenny* down:
 Let me lift thy Petticoat,
 And thy Kerchief which hides thy bosom,
 Shew thy only beauties there,
Jenny's the only Lass that I adore.

Song 69.

OH Mother! *Roger* with his kisses
 Almost stops my breath I vow,
 And does gripe my hand to pieces,
 Yet he says he loves me too:
 Tell me Mother, pray now do,
 Pray now do, pray now do,
 Pray now, pray now, pray now do,
 What *Roger* means when he does so
 For ne're fir I long to know.

Many times he will not let me
 Settle to my Wheel and spin,
 But upon his knee will set me,
 Mother when you an't within:

ell me Mother, pray now do,
Pray now do, pray now do,
Tell me Mother pray now do,
Pray now, pray now, pray now do,
What Roger means when he does so,
For ne're stir I long to know.
Although I vow he does provoke me,
Yet he would not once forbear,
But most tenderly did stroak me,
till he makes me blush I swear:
Tell me Mother, pray now do,
Pray now, pray now, &c.
Although I am but coy and fickle,
Yet he calls me his delight;
And my sides he does so tickle,
That he makes me laugh outright:
Tell me Mother, pray now do,
Pray now do, pray now do:
Tell me Mother, pray now do,
Pray now, pray now, pray now do,
What Roger means when he does so,
For ne're stir I long to know.

Song 70.

When Sol did cast no light,
But was all darkned over;
And dolesome time of Night,
The Skies did cover:
Down by a Rivers side
Where Ships are sailing,
There a fair Maid I spied,
Weeping and wailing.
I stept unto her straight,
Dearest what grieves thee?

She answer'd me and said,
 None can relieve me :
 'Tis seven long years and more
 Since my Love parted ;
 And left me on this Shore
 Quite broken hearted.

He promis'd to return
 If life was lent him;
 Which makes me sigh and mourn
 Death doth prevent him :
 O ! that I could but hear
 Some tydings from him,
 How it my heart would chear
 For all my longing.

Song 71.

A Dieu my *Cordelia*, my dearest adieu,
 No passion more slighted was ever so true ;
 No torment severer than this could you prove,
 To enjoyn him to absence that's chain'd by your love.

Song 72.

NO scornful Beauty e're shall boast,
 She made me love in vain :
 That man's a fool that once is crost,
 If e're he loves again ;
 To whine and pine I never can,
 Nor tell her I must die ;
 'Tis something so beneath a man
 To flatter cog and lie.

Song 73.

FAir *Celia*, so kind she ne're moves my complaint,
 And for want of opposing, my passion grows faint,
 The Fire soon dies where the Air is kept out, (doubt;
 And love must needs languish that lives free from

Then

Then give me some fancy to blow up my flame,
Or if it expires 'tis you are to blame.

Song 74.

Phillis hath such charming graces,
Beauty triumphs in her eye:
She was made for the embraces
Of some mighty Deity;
Phillis hath some charming graces,
I must love her tho I dye.

Song 75.

When first you took my heart as a prize, (eyes,
As due to the powers of your conquering
I always thought my Captivity sweet,
When you did allow me to lie at your Feet;
I often askt you to lighten my Chain,
But you still answer'd me, Love feels no pain:
But O! did you know what I endure,
Then you would never deny my cure;
But as it is I can hope for no ease,
Since my Physician knows not my disease.

Song 76.

Observe those Turtles kind and true,
Hearken how frequently they woe;
They faithful Lovers are and true,
If they that see 'em would be so too:
Of them my fair *Aminta* learn,
At length to grant me my concern;
Follow what thou in them dost see,
And thou wilt soon be kind to me.

Song 77.

Didst thou not once *Aminta* vow
Thou woud'st be only mine,

And

And yet I see some others now,
 To whom you do incline.
 Cease to torment my wounded heart
 With grief so sore oppress'd ;
 Tell me at least thou constant art,
 And ease my troubled breast.

Song 78.

High State and Honour to others impart,
 But give me your heart
 That Treasure, that Treasure alone
 I beg for my own ;
 So fervent desire,
 So gentle the Fire
 My Sould does inspire ;
 That Treasure, &c.

Your Love let me crave,
 Give me in possessing,
 So matchless a blessing,
 That Empire is all I would have.
 Love's my Petition,
 And all my Ambition ;
 If e're you discover
 So faithful a Lover,
 So real a flame,
 He dye, or give up my name.

Song 79.

IN *Cloris* all soft charms agree,
 Inchanting humour, powerful wit ;
 Beauty from all affection free,
 And for eternal Empire fit :
 Where e're she goes Love waits her Eyes,
 Tho Womens envy Men adore :
 Yet did she less the triumphs prize,
 She would deserve her Conquests more ;

Song

Song 80.

Since *Phillis* swears inconstancy,
 I'll e'ne do so too ;
 I careless am as well as she,
 She values not her Vow.

To sigh, to languish, and protest,
 Let feeble fops approve,
 The womans way I like the best,
 Enjoyment is their Love.

When I my *Phillis* do embrace,
 There's none can happier be ;
 But when She's gone the next fair face
 Is *Phillis* still to me.

I find your absence cools desire,
 As well as your disdain :
 When hope denies to feed my Fire,
 Despair shall end my pain,

Song 81.

Fly from *Olinda* young and fair,
 Fly from her soft ingaging Air,
 And wit in women found so rare :
 Tho all her looks to love advise,
 His yet unconquer'd heart denies,
 And breaks the promise of her Eyes.

Wast not your youth in coy disdain,
 Hope not your beauties pleasing reign,
 By ways of rigour to maintain ;
 If we to Kings obedience owe,
 Or to the Gods with Incense go,
 'Tis for the blessing they bestow.

Did man but weigh with how much pain
 He does each little pleasure gain,
 He would from those of love abstain :

And ne're account it worth his toyl,
To languish such a tedious while,
For the short purchase of a smile.

Song 82.

AH poor *Olinda*, never boast,
Of charms that have thy freedom cost,
They threw at hearts, and thine is lost:
Yet none thy ruine ought to blame,
His wit first blew me to a flame,
And fans it with the wings of Fame,
And fans it with the wings of Fame.
In vain do I his person shun,
And cannot from his glory run,
That's Universal as the Sun.
In Crouds his praises fill the ears,
Alone his Genius doth appear,
He like a God is here and there.
He like a God is here and there.

Song 83.

HAppy, as man, in his first innocence,
For Ages past, as happy I have been,
And thought of nothing but my Loves defence,
Till bright *Mertilla* came upon the Green.
It was one Evening when the Sun was set,
And all the Nymphs and Shepherds met to play,
Alas! I do not know what ails me yet,
But my poor harmless Sheep are gone astray.
All night I kept *Mertilla* still in view,
And askt my Shepherds the next day,
If any tidings of my Sheep they knew,
But they answer'd me *Mertilla*.
Mertilla is the only sound I hear,
Mertilla is the only thing I see;

Mertilla

Mertilla is the cause of my despair,
Mertilla pity me, Mertilla pity me.

Song 84.

Tune your Lute, and raise your voice,
Touch each Note that's soft and moving ;
Warm her heart that's cold as Ice,
Make her feel the joys of loving.

Tell her how she has mispent
All the hours that Nature gave her :
Tell her, Beauty is but lent,
And this moment it may leave her.

Shew her how the streams of Love,
Gently flow with endless measure ;
Tell her how the Gods above,
Value love, their only treasure.

Song 85.

GO tell *Amintor* gentle Swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain ;
Thy tuneful voice with numbers joyn,
Thy voice will more prevail than mine :
For Souls oppress'd, and drown'd with grief,
The Gods ordained this relief :
That Musick should in sounds convey,
What dying Lovers dare not say.

Song 86.

THere was a jovial Beggar
He had a wooden Leg,
Was lame from his Cradle,
And forced for to beg,
And a begging we will go, will go, will go,
And a begging we will go.
A bag for my Oarmeal,
Another for my Rye,

A little Bottle by my side
To drink when I am dry.
And a begging we will go, &c.

A Bag for my Wheat,
And another for my Salt,
A little pair of Crutches
To see how I can halt,
And a begging we will go, &c.

A Bag for my Bread,
Another for my Cheese,
A little Dog to follow me
And gather what I leese,
And a begging we will go, &c.

To Pimlico we'll go,
Where merry we shall be:
With every man a Can in his hand,
And a wench upon his knee,
And a begging we will go, &c.

And when that we're dispos'd,
We tumble on the Grass:
With our long patch'd Coats,
For to hide a pretty Lase,
And a begging we will go, &c.

Seven years I served
My good old Master Will,
Seven years I begged
While I was but a Child;
And a begging we will go, &c.

I had a pretty knack,
To wheedle and to cry;
By young and by old
Much picied then was I,
And a begging we will go, &c.

Fatherless and Motherless .

Still was my complaint :

And none that ever saw me,

But took me for a Saint ;

And a begging we will go, &c.

I beg'd for my Master,

And got him store of pelf :

But *Jove* now be praised,

I now beg for my self ;

And a begging we will go, &c.

Within a hollow Tree

I live and pay no rent,

Providence provides for me,

And I am well content ;

And a begging we will go, &c.

I fear no Plots against me,

But live in open Cell ;

Then who wou'd be a King,

When a Beggar lives so well ;

And a begging we will go, will go, we will go.

And a begging we will go.

Song 87.

AS *May* in all her youthful drefs,

So gay my Love did once appear :

A spring of Charms dwelt on her face,

And Roses did inhabit there ;

Thus whilst th' enjoyment was but young,

Each night new pleasures did create ;

Harmonious words dropt from her tongue,

And *Cupid* on her Forehead sate.

But as the Sun to West declines,

The Eastern Skie doth colder grow ;

And all its blaztring looks resign,

To th' pale fac'd Moon that rules below.

Whilst

Whilst love was eager brisk and warm,
 My *Chloe* then was kind and gay;
 For when by time I lost the Charm,
 Her smiles like Autumn dropt away:

Song 88.

TWa bonny Lads were *Sawney* and *Jockey*,
Sawney was lewd, and *Jockey* unlucky,
Sawney was tall, well-favour'd and witty,
 But I'se in my heart thought *Jockey* more pretty,
 For when he su'd me, woo'd me, and view'd me,
 Never was Lad so like to undo me;
 Fy I cry'd and almost dy'd,
 Lest *Jockey* should gang and come no more to me.
Jockey wou'd love, but he would not marry,
 And I'se had a dread, that I'se should miscarry,
 His cunning tongue with wit was so gilded,
 That I'se was afraid my heart would have yielded;
 For daily he press'd me, kiss'd me and blest me,
 Lost was the hour methought when he mist me,
 Crying, denying, and fighting I woo'd him,
 And muckle ado I had to get fro him.
 But cruel fate rob'd me of my Jewel,
 For *Sawney* would make him fight in a Duel:
 And down in a Dale with Cypress surrounded,
 Ah! there to his death poor *Jockey* was wounded;
 But when he thril'd him, fell'd him, kild him,
 Who could express my grief that behel'd him?
 Raging, I tore my hair for to bind him,
 And vow'd, and swore I'de nere stay behind him.
 I figh'd and sob'd until I was weary,
 To think my poor *Jockey* should so miscarry,
 And never was any in such a sad taking,
 As hapless *Jenny* whose heart is still aking:

To think how I crost him, tost him and lost him,
Too late it was to coin words to accost him ;
Alone then I sat lamenting and crying,
Still wishing each Minute I were a dying.

Song 89.

WHen first *Dorinda* your bright Eyes,
Had made my heart your Slave ;
In vain I sought for to disguise,
The Fortunes that you gave.
Durst hardly call my fate unkind,
Or to my self complain ;
For fear some busie listning mind,
Shou'd over-hear my pain.
Your beauty did my passion awe,
So great your vertues were ;
That all around I nothing saw,
But Prospects of Despair.
Fond heart (I cry'd) hide, hide thy love,
Thy too fond thoughts reclaim ;
But all in vain, alas I strove,
To hide a raging flame.

Song 90.

YOU I love, by *Jove* I do,
More than all things here below,
With a passion far more great
Than ever Creature loved yet ;
And yet still you cry forbear,
Love no more, or love not here.
Bid the Miser leave his Ore,
Bid the wretched sigh no more,
Bid the old be young again,
Bid thee now ne're think on man ;
Silvia this when you can do,
Bid me then ne're think of you.

Lov's

Lov's not a thing of choice but fate,
 What makes me love, makes you to hate ;
Silvia then do what you will,
 Ease or cure, torment or kill ;
 Be kind or cruel, false or true,
 Love I must, and none but you.

• Song 91.

OH Love if e're thou ease a heart,
 That owns thy power Divine,
 That bleeds with thy too cruel Dart,
 And burns with never ceasing smart,
 Take pity now on mine :
 Beneath the Shades I fainting lye;
 A thousand times I wish to dye,
 But when I found cold Death draw nigh,
 I grieve to lose my pleasing pain,
 And call my wishes back again.

Thus I sat musing all alone,
 Under the shady mirtle Grove,
 Where to my self I made great mone,
 And to each eccho gave a groan,
 Came by the man I lov'd :
 Oh ! how I strove my grief to hide,
 I panted, sigh'd and almost dy'd,
 And did each ratling eccho chide ;
 For fear some breath of moving Air,
 Should to his Ears my sorrows bear.

And now you powers I dye to gain,
 But one poor parting kiss,
 Yet will endure the rack of pain,
 E're i'le one wish or thought retain,
 That honour thinks amiss ;
 Thus are poor Maids unkindly us'd,
 By Love and Nature both abus'd,
 All kind of Comforts are refus'd,

For when we burn with secret flame,
We hide our grief or dye with shame.

Song 92.

Lucindas lovely charming face,
In all its splendor free :
Sweet was the happy time and place,
Where I had her Company.

I wisht each Minute was an Age,
So blest in Love was I;
I prest her lips and did engage,
What Love could not deny.

Both equally we soon exprest,
Claspt in each others arms ;
My head upon her snowy breast,
We lay dissolv'd in charms.

Song 93.

When Mony has done what e're it can,
And round about run to pleasure a man,
Whose life is but a span,
With worldly joyes, and the glittering toyes
Which do make such a noise
As confound all advice
That's given by the wise,
And in a trice reduce the wretch to miseries,
And there they leave him ;
Then the World which before for his store
Did adore him,
Straight seems afraid, of one decay'd, and him upbraid
Of the wealth which each by's Trade
Did before deceive him :
But when the Mortal sees his own undoing,
Finds his Acquaintance and Friends all agoing,
Then he sighs and moans,
And he pines and groans,

At last he craves, his friends deny,
 At which he raves, and swears he'l dye,
 And thus he cries he ne're was wise,
 Untill in misery he dies ;
 And thus the wretched Spendthrift lies.

Song 94.

NO *Silvia*, no, not all thy care,
 Can ease thy wretched Lovers pain :
 These fond endearments thou mayst spare,
 Smiles, kisses, tender vows are vain.

For cou'd thy face a way invent,
 To shew the kinder than thou art ;
 It wou'd not give the least content
 To my distracted jealous heart.

Why is it that thy snow-white arms,
 So eagerly clasp me to thy breast ;
 When all thy beauties, all thy charms,
 By *Damon* are each night possesst ?

Then strive no more my grief to ease,
 In love I'me such a Miser grown,
 Not all the wealth thou giv'st can please,
 'Till the rich stock be all my own.

Song 95.

HOW unhappy alas! and how wretched I'me grown,
 I burn with desire, tho my love you disown ;
 The flame which you caus'd, you unkindly deride,
 And still my soft passions you constantly chide :
Aminta your scorn so dejects my sad heart,
 That if you persist I shall dye with the smart.

When alone I lament and sigh out my anguish,
 Deluded with hopes you still let me languish :
 Your Eyes are so bright, and so feed the fierce Fire,
 With love still I burn and consume with desire;

I sigh much oppress'd, to give ease to my pain,
But the flame in my breast does still burn and remain.

Song 96.

HOW can they tast of joy or grief,
Who Beauties powers did never prove ?
Love's all our torment, our relief,
Our fate depends alone on love.

Were I in heavy Chains confin'd,
Neeras smiles would ease that State ;
Nor wealth, nor power can bless my mind,
Curs'd by her absence or her hate.

Of all the Plants which shade the Field,
The fragrant Myrtle, does surpass;
No Flower so gay, that does not yield
To blooming *Roses* gaudy dress.

No Star so bright that can be seen,
When *Phœbus* glories guild the Skies ;
No Nymph so proud adorns the green,
But yields to fair *Neeras* Eyes.

The amorous Swains no Offerings bring
To *Cupids* Altar as before ;
To her they play, to her they sing,
And own in love no other power.

If thou thy Empire will regain,
On thy Conqu'rou try thy Dart,
Touch with pity for my pain,
Neeras cold disdainful heart.

Song 97.

I Saw the Lass whom I dear lov'd,
Long sighing and complaining ;
While me she shun'd and disapprov'd
Another entertaining.

Her hand, her lips to him were free,
 No favour she refus'd him;
 Judge how unkind she was to me,
 While she so kindly us'd him.

His hand her Milk-white Bubbies prest,
 A blis worth Kings desiring;
 Ten thousand times he kist her breast,
 The snowy mounts admiring.

While pleas'd to be the charming fair,
 That to such passion mov'd him,
 She clapt his cheek and curl'd his hair,
 To shew she well approv'd him.

Song 98.

UNhappy it is that I was born
 To be undone by *Calia's* scorn;
 No time, nor tongue can e're relate
 The Tragedy of my hard fate.

I in a Fever scorch and burn,
 With love, but none do you return;
 If pity on me you'll not take,
 Alas! my tender heart will break.

Ah charming Creature cast an Eye,
 I wish a thousand times to dye;
 But if ten thousand pains invade,
 By one kind look they all are paid.

For should I live and not obtain,
 That trouble is a greater pain;
 No lovely fair I only find,
 To let me dye is to be kind.

Song 99.

Youth and wit do so abound
 In each feature and each word,

That

That she can all the Shepherds wound,
With the Charms of fair and good.

Red as Roses newly blown,
Each dear budding lip appears,
Sweetness in her look is shown,
Beauty in her growing years.

True and constant are her ways,
Kind and secret is each thought,
Books and Musick pass full days,
In pure Dreams her love is sought.

Happy Shepherd that can say,
All her love is his entire ;
Happier much in *Cupids* play,
Than a Victim in loves fire.

Song 100.

FArewel love, delight and pleasure,
Celia sleeps and is no more ;
In her face was beauties treasure,
In her Bosome Verrues store.

Now to the *Elizian* Groves,
The blest abode of endless love ;
Born on Angels wings she's gone,
Whilst I poor I am left alone.

Song 101.

BY what I've seen I am undone,
And would no longer live ;
Strephon, *Belinda's* heart has won,
A kiss I saw her give.
Or if before her heart was his,
She gave it o're again,
He unconcern'd receiv'd the bliss,
I languish to obtain.

Cruel *Belinda* cease to give,
 Those looks when I am by,
 Cannot my Rival happy live,
 Unless he see me dye?
 If you delight to punish me;
 I will no more complain,
 But let not him my torments see,
 To glory in my pain.

Song 102.

A *Strea* quits her bleating Flocks,
 Who mourn for her return in vain,
 Some hiding in the neighb'ring Rocks,
 While others wander o're the Plain.
 'To Meads and Caves and leafless Groves,
 For ease the wretched Shepherds fly :
 Who weep and curse their fatal Loves,
 Then break their Oaten-pipes and dye.
 But now revenge their wrongs require,
 And find her guilty of the Plot;
 Her charms will set the Town on fire,
 Then Marriage Chains must prove her lot :
 So she from whence such wonders spring,
 Where Graces all in Consort meet :
 This Bird confin'd too late will sing,
 O Virgins liberty is sweet.

Song 103.

C All me no more untrue,
 To justify your hate :
 'Twas my despair of love from you,
 That made me try to mend my fate.
 Expiring with the wound,
 Which your unkindness gave,
 That heart was by another found,
 Which you alone had pow'r to save.

As men benighted stay,
 Led by some treacherous Fire,
 Pleas'd with false light I lost my way,
 And mist the place of my desire.
 A morning Sinners Vow,
 Just Heaven with pity meet,
 My Soul forsakes all Idols now,
 To serve for ever at your Feet.

Song 104.

Old Chiron thus preach'd to Pupil Achillis,
 I'll tell you young Gentleman what the fates
 You my Boy, you my Boy, (will is,
 Must go, must go,
 The Gods will have it so
 To the Siege of Troy,
 Thence never to return
 To Greece again,
 But before those Walls to be slain.
 Ne're let your Noble Courage be cast down,
 But all the while you lie before the Town,
 Drink, all the while drink,
 And drive care away,
 Drink and be merry,
 You'll ne're go the sooner,
 You'll ne're go the sooner,
 To the Stygian Ferry.

Song 105.

I Am the Duke of Dunstable,
 And newly come from Barstable,
 And shall I be attended,
 Now, now, now, now, now ?
 Great Duke be not offended,
 And you shall be attended

As you know how, know how,
Know how, know how.

The Reaper and the Binder,
The Binder and the Reaper,
The Reaper and the Binder
Of Corn, of Corn, of Corn.

Prithee Archer lends thy Bow,
Or shoot me down that barren Doe,
And Huntsman wind thy horn,
Thy horn, thy horn, thy horn.

And is it all out, let us see, let us see,
And is it all out, let us see, let us see;
If it been't all out,
We will have the tother bout,
And here good fellow here's to thee,
To thee, to thee, to thee.

Song 106.

Welcome, welcome glorious Maid,
To meet those joys we to you bring,
This honour's due which we have paid,
For thy heroick suffering.

Thou never more shalt be afraid,
Of hate or love which Princes bear;
But in white Robes shalt be array'd,
To meet thy Bridegroom in the Air.

Chorus.

Where in one Globe combin'd,
By Miracles confin'd,
In mighty height extreamly bright you shall appear,
As if you were a new created Star.

Song 107.

Bright *Glortana* is the Saint,
Whom in Devotion I implore:

But

But she is deaf to my complaint,
 Her silence tells I must give o're ;
 Is it my zeal's not fervent thought,
 Or what I askt, offence has given ?
 No word, but sigh, or tear with't brought,
 Suck Rhetorick as prevails with heaven.

The latter then must be the cause,
 Yet how could that her anger move ?

So harmless my petition was,
 I only askt of her, her love ;
 And now the fatal reason's found,
 The greater pain I must endure,
 Such folly 'tis to search the wound,
 That does admit no hopes of cure.

With grief and anguish I'm perplext,
 So sad my Case on either side :
 I had not liv'd, had I not ask't,
 'Tis worse than death now I'm deny'd ;
 Tell me of neither Racks nor Wheels,
 Tho sharp, they bring no lasting pain ;
 Nor torments like to that he feels,
 Who loves, and is not lov'd again.

Song 108.

AH! gentle sleep, thou easer of my woes,
 Softly and quickly, let my eyes dispose,
 To pleasing slumbers, that I may,
 In Dreams possess, those joys deny'd by day ;
 Joys, which if real, were to that degree,
 So great, were only fit for Gods, not me :
 Then since *Belinda* does no pity take,
 Let me but dream, I'de never wish to wake.

Song 109.

WHilst sighing at your feet I lye,
 pale and expiring gasp for breath,

Can you relentless see me dye,
 And glory in your Martyrs death?
 Ah! would the torments I sustain,
 Raise but compassion in your breast,
 One pitying look would ease my pain,
 And give my Soul Eternal rest.

Tho you command me not to live,
 Which I with pleasure must obey:
 My love will after death survive,
 Which fate or time will ne're decay.
 And since all hopes of you are lost,
 And joy with life must disappear,
 When I'm converted to a Ghost,
 I'll be your Guardian Angel here.

Song 110.

Jemmy.

TELL me *Jenny*, tell me roundly,
 When will you your heart surrender?
 Faith and troth I love thee soundly,
 'Tis I that was the first pretender:
 Ne're say nay, nor delay,
 Here's my heart, and here's my hand too,
 All that's mine, shall be thine,
 Body and Goods at thy command too.

Jenny.

Ah! how many Maids quoth *Jenny*,
 Have you promis'd to be true to?
 Fy, I think the Devils in ye,
 To hug a body so as you do:
 What d'ye do? let me go,
 I can't abide such foolish doings,
 Get you gone, naughty man,
 Fy, is this your way of woing?

Jemmy.

Jemmy.

Prithee Jenny don't despise me,
Since I am thy faithful lover ;
I above the *Indies* prize thee,
And my mind to thee discover ;
Take no care, for I swear,
Thou shalt be my only jewel ;
Grant relief to my grief,
Prithee dearest be not cruel.

Jenny.

All your words cannot deceive me,
For I know you do but flatter,
When your will is gain'd you'll leave me,
For to mince upon the matter ;
Therefore know, to your bow,
I will never yield or bend to,
For I find, words are wind,
Whatsoever you pretend to.
Then at length they both consented,
Nothing could these lovers sever ;
And their friends were well contented,
They resolv'd to love for ever ;
Then they went, with intent,
To the Kirk for to be married,
Both did joyn, and combine,
Vex'd that they so long had tarry'd.

Song III.

THe Millers Daughter riding to the Fare,
Without a Saddle upon a scurvy Mare :
She cry'd, O Mother, I'm quite undone
I'm all o're grown with Hair ;
Away you silly Daughter, 'tis every she's concern,
But if you won't believe, look here and learn,

Then taking her aside she made the matter plain:
O Mother your ten times worse,
Why sure you rid upon the Main.

Song 112.

Tinking Tom was a man, Tink, a Tink,
And a Lad of bonny Mettle,
He dexterously could clink the Pan, clink,
And stop a hole in the Kettle:

To him did my Ladies Maid advance,
Come in thou man of Mettle,
Here's a sad mischance, a sad mischance,
Here's a hole in my Ladies Kettle.

Tom went to hammering on the place,
And wrought like a man of Mettle:
But when he had done 'twas all a case,
There's a whole in my Ladies Kettle.

Song 113.

From a due Dose of Clarret no mortal shall shrink;
For to night by the Doctors prescription we'll
We'll declare the dull formal Physician an Ass, (drink;
And our heads will be empty without a full Glass;
For the Juice of the Grape does our humours refine,
And our Wits take their quickness from that of our
Then a Dose of Port let no mortal despise, (Wine;
For it kindles the blood, and enlignens the Eyes;
And sure there's no harm, to be warm and grow wise.

Song 114.

Stretch'd upon the Grass,
One Evening as the Sun was setting,
There a pretty Lass,
Was sighing sore in muckle woe:
Cruel fate she cry'd,
How long have I a love been getting!
If I had been a Bride,

Had

Had fortune smil'd twa years ago ;
Now what gars my heart to rue,
Sawney never comes to woe,
Wall-a day what mun I do?

I'se quite forlorn,
Alas, and still as true a Maid,
As ever I was born.

Moggy that was foul,
As hicks of leith in rainy weather;
Yet to make her glad,
Has got a Lad, full six foot high;
Jenny black as a Coal,
And *Wully Cragg* are link't together,
Ev'ry doudy fool,
Has always better luck than I,
Yellow, fair, black or brown,
Ev'ry trollop now goes down,
None is left but I alone ;
I'se past eighteen,
And yet as right a Maid as e're,
The Deel's in au the men.

Song 115. *The old Womans wish.*

WHEN my Hairs they grow hoary,
And my Cheeks they look pale ;
When my Forehead hath wrinkles,
And my Eye-sight doth fail ;
Let my words both and actions
Be free from all harm,
And have my old Husband,
To keep my back warm.
The pleasures of youth
Are Flowers of May,
Our life's but a vapour,
Our bodies but clay ;

Oh ! let me live well,

Though I live but one day.

With a Sermon on Sunday,

And a Bible of good print :

With a Pot o're the Fire,

With good Viſuals in't ;

With Ale, Beer, and Brandy,

Both Winter and Summer,

To drink to my Goffip,

And be pledg'd by my Commer.

The pleasures of youth, &c.

With Pigs, and with Poultreys,

With ſome mony in ſtore,

To lend to my neighbour,

And give to the poor ;

With a Bottle of Canary,

To drink without Sin,

And to comfort my Daughter,

When that ſhe lies in,

The pleasures of youth, &c.

With a Bed ſoft and eaſie,

To reſt on at night,

With a Maid in the Morning,

To riſe when 'tis light ;

To do her work neatly,

And obey my deſire,

To make the Houſe clean,

And to blow up the Fire.

The pleasures of Youth, &c.

With Coals and with Bavins,

And a good warm Chair,

With a thick Hood and Mantle,

When I ride on my Mare ;

Let me dwell near my Cupboard,
And far from my Foes,
With a pair of Glass Eyes,
To clap on my Nose.
The pleasures of youth, &c.

And when I am dead,
With a sigh let them say,
Our honest old Gammer,
Is laid in the Clay;
When young she was chearful,
No Scold, nor no Whore,
She helped her Neighbours,
And gave to the poor;
Though the flower of her youth,
In her Age did decay,
Tho' her life was a vapour,
That vanish'd away;
She liv'd well and happy,
Until the last day.

Song 116. *Another.*

IF I live to be old,
Which I never will own,
Let this be my fortune,
In Country or Town;
Let me have a warm bit,
With two more in store:
And a lusty young fellow
To rub me before;
May I give to my passion,
An absolute sway,
Till with mumping and grunting,
My breath's worn away;
Without Ach or Cough,
By a tedious decay.

6 *The Theatre of Complements.*

In a dry Chimney nook,
With a Rug, and warm Close,
A Swinging Coal Fire,
Still under my nose ;
With a large Elbow-chair
To sit at the Fire,
And a Crutch or a Staff
To the bed to retire.

May I give to my passion, &c.

With a Pudding on Sunday,
With Custard and Plums,
When my Teeth are all out,
For to ease my old Gums ;
With a Dram of the Bottle,
Each day a fresh quart,
Reserv'd in a Corner,
To chear up my heart.

May I give to my passion, &c.

With a neighbour or two,
To tell me a Tale,
And to sing *Chevy Chase*
O're a pot of good Ale ;
A Snuff-box and short pipe
Snug under the range,
And a clean Flannel Shift,
As oft as I change.

May I give to my passion, &c.

Without Palsy or Gout,
May I dye in my Chair,
And when dead may my great,
Grandchild declare,
She's gone, who so long
Had cheated the Devil ;
And the World is well rid
Of a troublesome evil.

That

hat gave to her passion
 An absolute sway,
 Till with mumping and grunting,
 Her breath wore away,
 Without ach or Cough,
 By a tedious decay.

Song 117.

BENEATH the shady Willow lay,
 A Nymph more charming bright,
 Than e're made happy blushing day,
 Or shone to adorn the Night:
 A thousand *Cupids* flutter'd round,
 About the place she lay,
 Wondring to see upon the ground,
 A Nymph so bright and gay.
 The Air her face did gently blow,
 And all her Charms appear'd,
 And not a God that saw her so,
 But what the Nymph rever'd:
 Her swelling breasts, than Swans more fair,
 Rising with gentle heat,
 Beyond poetical compare,
 Beauties immortal Seat.

Song 118.

WHEN the Kine had given a pail full,
 And the *Sheep* came bleating home,
Doll who knew it would be healthful,
 Went a walking with young *Tom*;
 Hand in hand Sir,
 O're the Land Sir,
 As they walked to and fro,
Tom made jolly love to *Dolly*,
 But was answer'd, no, no, no.

Faith says *Tom* the time is flitting,
We shall never get the like ;
You can never get from knitting,
Whilst I'm digging in the Dike :
Now we're gone too,
And alone too,
No one by to see or know,
Come, come *Dolly*, prithee shall I ?
Still she answer'd, no, no, no.

Fy upon you men, quoth *Dolly*,
In what snares you'd make us fall ;
You'll get nothing but the folly,
But I shall get the Devil and all ;
Tom with sobs,
And some dry bobs,
Cry'd you'r a fool to argue so,
Come, come *Dolly*, shall I, shall I ?
Still she answer'd, no, no, no.

To the Tavern then he took her,
Wine to lov's a friend confest,
By the hand he often took her,
And drank brimmers to the best,
Doll grew warm,
And thought no harm ;
Till after a brisk pint or two,
To what he said, The silly Maid,
Could hardly bring out, no, no, no.

She swore he was the prettiest fellow,
In the Country or the Town,
And began to grow so mellow,
On the Couch he laid her down ;
Tom came to her,
For to woo her,
Thinking this the time to try,

Something past, so kind at last,
Her no, was chang'd to I, I, I.

Closely then they joyn'd their faces,
Lovers you know what it means,
Nor could she hinder his embraces,
Love was now too far got in;
Both now lying,
Panting dying,
Calm succeeds the stormy joy,
Tom would fain, renew't again,
And she consents with I, I, I.

Song 119.

AT *Winchester* was such a Wedding,
The like was never seen,
Twixt lusty *Ralph* of *Redding*,
And bonny black *Bess* of the Green;
The Fiddlers were crowding before,
Each Lass was as fine as a Queen,
There was a hundred or more,
For all the Country came in;
Brisk Robin led *Rose* so fair,
She look't like a Lilly o'th Vale,
And ruddy fac'd *Harry* led *Mary*,
And *Roger* led bouncing *Nell*.

With *Tommy* came smiling *Katty*,
He helpt her over the Style,
And swore there were none so pretty,
In forty, and forty mile;
Kit gave a green Gown to *Betty*,
And lent her his hand to rise,
But *Fenny* was jeer'd by *Watty*,
For looking blew under the Eyes;
Thus merrily chatting all,
They pass'd to the *Bride-house* along,

With

With *Jonny* and pretty fac'd *Nancy*,
The fairest of all the throng.

The *Bridegroom* came out to meet 'em,
Afraid the Dinner was spoil'd,
And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em,
With bak'd, and roasted, and boy'd;
The Lads were so frolick and jolly,
For each had his Love by his side,
But *Willy* was Melancholy,
For he had a mind to the Bride.

Then *Phillip* begins her health,
And turns a Beer Glass on his Thumb,
But *Jenkin* was reckon'd for drinking,
The best in Christendome.

And now they had din'd, advancing
Into the midst of the *Hall*,
The Fidler struck up for dancing,
And *Jeremy* led up the Brawl;
But *Margery* kept a quarter,
A Lass that was proud of her pelf,
'Cause *Arthur* had stole her Garter,
And swore he wou'd tye it himself:
She strugl'd, and blush'd and frown'd,
And ready with anger to cry,
'Cause *Arthur* with tying her Garter,
Had slipr up his hand too high.

And now for the throwing the Stocking,
The *Bride* away was led,
The *Bridegroom* got drunk, and was knocking,
For Candles to light 'em to bed;
But *Robbin* that found him silly,
Most friendly took him aside,
The while that his *Wife* with *Willy*,
Was playing at *Hoopers-hide*;

And

And now the warm game begins,
The *critical Minute* was come,
That chattering, billing and kissing,
Went merrily round the room.

Pert *Stephen* was kind to *Betty*,
And blith as a Bird in the Spring,
And *Tommy* was so to *Katty*,
And wedded her with a *rush Ring* ;
Sakey that danc'd with the Cushion,
An hour from the Room had been gone,
And *Barnaby* knew by her blushing,
That some other dance had been done ;
And thus of fifty fair Maids,
That came to the Wedding with Men,
Scarce five of the fifty was left ye,
That so did return again.

Song 120.

I Pass all my hours in a shady old Grove,
And I live not the day that I see not my Love :
I surveigh every Walk now my *Phillis* is gone,
And I sigh to my self when I'me there all alone.

O then 'tis, O then, I think there is no such Hell,
Like loving, like loving too well.

But each shade, and its conscious Bower that I find,
Where I once have been happy, & she has been kind,
When I see the print of her shape left on the green,
I imagine the pleasures that may yet come again.

O then 'tis, O then, I think no joys above
Like the pleasures, the pleasures of Love.

While alone to my self I repeat all her charms,
She I love may be lock'd in another mans arms ;
She may laugh at my cares, and so false she may be
To unsay all the kind things she before said to me,

O then 'tis, O then, I think there is no such Hell
Like loving, like loving too well.

But when I consider the truth of the heart,
Such an innocent passion so kind without art ;
I fear I have wrong'd her and hope she may be,
So full of true love, to be jealous of me.

O then 'tis, O then, I think no joys above
Like the pleasures, the pleasures of Love.

Song 121.

A Lover I am, and a Lover I'll be,
And hope from my true love I ne're shall be free,
Let wisdom be blam'd in the grave woman-hater,
Yet never to love is a sign of ill nature :
But he that lives well, and whose passion is strong,
Shall never be wretched but ever be young.

With hopes and with fears like a Ship the Ocean,
Our hearts are kept dancing, and ever in motion.
When our passion is pallid and fancy wou'd fail,
A little kind quarrel supplies a fresh Gale :
But when the doubts clear'd, and the jealousies gone,
How we kiss, and embrace, and can never have done.

Song 122.

How hard is a heart to be cur'd,
That is once o'rewhelm'd with despair ?

'Tis a pain by force is ender'd,
Despises our pity, and scoffs at our fear ;
But if nothing but death shall untye
Those Fetters wherewith you enslave me,
For your sake I am ready to try
If you are unwilling to leave mes

Then I am not unwilling to dye.

How much were it better complying
With the tears, the sighs and the groans,

Of a poor distrest Lover dying,
And list to the Cries of his pitiful moans :
When your Slave shall in triumph be led,
To see the effects of good nature,
It shall for your honour be said,
'Tis true you have kill'd a poor Creature;
Yet have rais'd him again from the dead.

Though your heart be as cold as the Ice is,
At one time or another you'll find,
That love has a thousand devices
To banish cold thoughts from your scrupulous mind.
Thy aid mighty Jove I implore,
That thou to the fair one discover,
The joys I have for her in store,
Which she to her passionate lover,
Will say she'll be cruel no more.

Song 123.

Where ever I am, and whatever I do,
My *Phillis* is still in my mind ;
When angry, I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
My Feet of themselves the way find.
Unknown to my self I am just at her door,
And when I would rail I can bring out no more,
Than Phillis too fair and unkind.
Than Phillis too fair and unkind.
When *Phillis* I see, my heart burns in my breast,
And the love I would stifle is shewn,
But asleep or awake, I am never at rest,
When from mine Eyes *Phillis* is gone.
Sometimes a sweet Dream does delude my sad mind,
But alas ! when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,
Then I sigh to my self all alone,
Then I sigh to my self all alone.

Should

Should a King be my Rival in her I adore,
 He should offer his Treasure in vain ;
 Oh ! let me alone to be happy and poor,
 And give me my *Phillis* again :
 Let *Phillis* be mine, and ever be kind,
 I could to a Desert with her be confin'd,
And envy no Monarch his reign,
And envy no Monarch his reign.

Alas ! I discover too much of my Love,
 And she too well knows her own power ;
 She makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove,
 And makes me grow jealous each hour.
 But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
 I had rather love *Phillis* both false and unkind,
Than ever be freed from her power,
Than ever be freed from her power.

Song 124. *A Dialogue.*

R.

HOW unhappy a Lover am I,
 Whilst I sigh for my *Phillis* in vain ?
 All my hopes of delight, is another mans right
 Who is happy whilst I am in pain.

W.

Since her honour affords no relief,
 As to pity the pains which you bear,
 It's the best of your fate in a helpless state,
 To give over betimes and despair.

R.

I have try'd the false med'cine in vain,
 Yet I wish what I hope not to win,
 From without my desires, has no food to his fires,
 But it burns and consumes me within.

W.

Yet at least its a pleasure to know,
 That you are not unhappy alone ;

For

For the Nymph you adore, is as wretched, or more,
And accounts all your sufferings her own.

R.

O you powers let me suffer for both,
At the feet of my *Phillis* i'll lie,
I'll resign up my Breath, and take pleasure in death,
To be pitied by her when I dye.

W.

What her honour deny'd you in life,
In her death she will give to her love :
Such a flame as is true after death to renew,
For the Souls do meet freely above.

Song 125.

HOW severe is forgetful old Age
To confine a poor Lover so ;
That I almost despair, to see even the Air,
Much more my dear *Damon*, *hey, ho !*

Though I whisper my sighs out alone,
Yet I'me trace'd wherever I go, (me,
That some treacherous Tree, keeps this old man from
And there he courts every *hey, ho.*

How shall I this *Argus* blind,
And so put an end, to my woe ?
But whilst I beguile his frowns with a smile,
I betray my self with a *hey, ho.*

My restraint then alas must endure,
So that since my sad doom I know,
I will pine for my Love like a Turtle Dove,
And breath out my life with *hey ho.*

Song 126.

HAve I not told the dearest mine,
That I destroy'd should be ?
Unhappy, though the Crime was thine,
And mine the misery :

Thou

Thou art not kind, there's none so blind,
As those that will not see.

Have I not sigh'd away my breath,
In homage to thy beauty ?

What have I got but certain death,
A poor reward for duty ?

Well, when I'm gone you'll ne're have one,
That will prove half so true t'ye.

Have not I steep'd my Soul in tears,
When thou didst hardly mind it ?

But rather added to my fears,
When love should have declyn'd it ;
Which in this breast, I hope for rest,
But now despair to find it.

O that I could but sound thy heart,
And fathom but thy mind :
Then would I search thy better part,
And force thee to be kind :
But now I'm e' lost, and here am cross,
'Tis they that hide must find.

If pity then be within thy heart,
Doth own a residence,
Vouchsafe to read my tragick part,
And plead my innocence :
Then when I'm dead, it may be said,
'Twas Love was my offence.

But since thy will is to destroy,
I dare not mercy crave,
But kindly thank my fate and joy,
I liv'd to dye thy Slave :
Then exercise those killing Eyes,
And frown me to my Grave.

Song 127.

Love fare thee well,
 Since no love can dwell
 In thee, that in hatred dost all excel.
 All love is blind,
 But none more unkind,
 Than those which repay Love with a proud mind.
 Love that's Divine,
 Is not love like mine,
 Since she doth laugh when I do repine :
 Then gentle Love, for Lov's own sake,
 Sigh loving Soul, and break heart, break.

Song 128.

THus all our life long we are frolick and gay,
 And instead of Court-Revels, we merrily play,
 At Trap, and at Rules, and at Barley-break run ;
 At Goff and at Foot-ball, and when we have done
 These innocent sports, we'l laugh and lie down,
 And to each pretty Lads, we'l give a green gown.
 We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry,
 The Partridge, the Hare, the Pheasants our quarry ;
 The nimble Squirrels with cudgels we'l chase,
 And the little pretty Lark we betray with a Glass.
 And when we have done we'l laugh and lie down,
 And to each pretty Lads we'l give a green Gown.
 About the *May pole* we dance all in around,
 And with Garlands of Pinks and Roses are crown'd :
 Our little kind tribute we chearfully pay,
 To the gay Lord and the bright Lady of *May*.
 And when we have done, we'l laugh and lie down,
 And to each pretty Lads we'l give a green Gown.

Song 129.

ON the Bank of a Brook as I sat fishing,
 Hid in the Oziers that grew on the side :

I over-heard a Nymph and Shepherd wishing,
 No time nor fortune their love might divide.
 To *Cupid* and *Venus* each offer'd a Vow,
 To love ever as they loved now.

O said the Shepherd, and sigh'd, what a pleasure,
 Is Love conceal'd between Lovers alone ?
 Love must be secret, for like Fairy Treasure,
 When 'tis discover'd, 'twill quickly be gone.
 For Envy and Jealousie, if it will stay,
 Would alas! soon make him decay.

Then let us leave this world and care behind us,
 Said the Nymph smiling, and gave him her hand ;
 All alone, all alone, where none shall find us,
 In some fair Desert we'll see a new Land,
 And there live from Envy and Jealousie free,
 And a World to each other we'll be.

Song 130.

C*ellamana*, of my heart :
 None shall e're bereave you:
 If by your good leave I may
 Quarrel with you once a day,
 I will never leave you,

Passion's but an empty name,
 Where respect is wanting ;
Damon, you mistake your aim,
 Hang your heart, and burn your flame,
 If you must be ranting.

Love as pale and muddy is,
 As decaying Liquor ;
 Anger sets it on the Lees,
 And refines it by degrees,
 Till it works it quicker.

Love by anger to beget,
Wisely you endeavour,
With a grave Physician wit
Who to cure an Ague fit,
 Puts me in a fever.

Anger rouseth love to fight,
And its only bait is,
Tis the guide to dull delight,
And is but an eager bite,
 When desire at height is,

If such drops of heat do fall,
In our woing weather,
If such drops of heat do fall,
We shall have the Devil and all
 When come together:

Song 131.

Beneath a Myrtle shade,
Which none but love, for happy Lovers made,
I slept and streight my love before me brought,
Phillis the object of my waking thought;
Undrest she came my flames to meet,
Whilst Love strew'd Flowers beneath her feet,
Flowers that so prest by her, became more sweet.

From the bright Virgins head,
A careless Veil of Lawn was loosely spread;
From her white Temple, fell her shady hair,
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too brown nor fair:
Her hands, her lips did love inspire,
Her every grace my heart did fire,
But most her Eyes that languish with desire.

Ah! charming fair said I,
How long can you my bliss deny?
By nature and by love this lovely shade,
Was for revenge of suffering Lovers made.

Silence and Shades with Love agree,
Both shelter you and favour me :
You cannot blush, because I cannot see.

No, let me die, She said,
Rather than lose the spotless name of Maid.
Faintly methought she spoke ; for all the while,
She bid me not believe her, with a Smile.
Then die, said I : She still deny'd,
And yet, thus, thus, she cry'd,
You use a harmless Maid, and so she died.

I wak'd, and streight I knew,
I lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true :
Fancy, that kinder Mistress of the two,
I Fancy, I had done what *Phyllis* would not do,
Ah ! cruel Nymph cease your disdain,
Whilst I can dream you scorn in vain,
Asleep or waking I must lose my pain.

Song 132.

MAke ready fair Lady to night,
And stand at the Door below ;
For I will be there, to receive you with care,
And with your true Love you shall go.

Her Answer.

And when the Stars twinkle so bright,
Then down to the Door will I creep,
To my Love I will fly, e're the jealous can spy,
And leave my old Daddy asleep.

Song 133.

TO little or no purpose I have spent many days,
In ranging the Park, the Exchange, and the Plays,
Yet ne're in my ramble till now did I prove,
So happy to meet with the man I could love ;

But

But oh! how I'm pleas'd when I think of the man,
That I find I must love, let me do what I can.

How long shall I love him I can no more tell,
Then had I a Fever when I should be well;
My passion shall kill me before I will show it,
And yet would I give all the World he did know it.
But oh! how I sigh, when I think would he woe me,
That I cannot deny what I know will undo me.

Song 134.

I Gaz'd unaware, on a face so fair,
Your cruel Eye, lay watching by,
To snatch my heart, which you did with such art,
That away with't you run, whilst I lookt on,
To my ruine and grief, stop thief, stop thief,
To my ruine and grief, stop thief, stop thief.

Song 135. *To be read two ways.*

I Saw a Peacock with a fiery Tail,
I saw a blazing Comet drop down Hail.
I saw a Cloud with Ivy circled round,
I saw a sturdy Oak creep on the ground.
I saw a Pismire, swallow up a Whale,
I saw a raging Sea brim full of Ale.
I saw a Venice Glass sixteen foot deep,
I saw a Well full of men's tears that weep.
I saw their Eyes all in a flame of Fire,
I saw a House as big as the Moon and higher.
I saw the Sun even in the midst of night,
I saw the man that saw this wondrous sight.

Song 136.

I'Le tide this cruel peace that hath gain'd a War on
I never fancy'd Laddy till I saw mine enemy; (me
O methoughts he was the blithest one,
That e're I set mine Eyes upon;

Well might he have fool'd a wiser one,
 As he did me ;
 He look'd so pretty, and talk'd so witty,
 None could deny,
 But needs must yield the Fort up,
 Gude Faith, and so did I.

Tantara went the Trumpets & strait we were in arms,
 We dreaded no Invasions, embraces were our charms,
 As we close to one another fit,
 Did according to our Mother wit,
 But hardly now can smother it,
 It will be known,
 Alack and welly, sick back and belly,
 Never was Maid :.
 A Soldier is a coming though young,
 Makes me afraid.

To *England* bear this Sonnet, direct unto none,
 But to the brave *Monk* hero's both sigh and singing
 Some there are perhaps will take my part, (moan,
 At his bosom *Cupid* shake thy Dart,
 That from me he ne're may part,
 That is mine own ;
 O mayst thou never, wear Bow and Quiver,
 Till I may see,
 Once more the happy feature
 Of my lov'd Enemy.

Song 137.

AS we went wandring all the Night,
 The Brewers Dog our brains did bite,
 Our heads grew heavy, and our heels grew right.
 And we like our humour well boys,
 And we like our humour well.

Our Hostess then bid us pay our score,
We call her Whore, and wou'd pay no more,
But fairly kick't her out of the Door,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

And as we went wandring in the Street,
We trod the Kennels under our feet,
And fought with ev'ry Post we did meet,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

The Constable then with his staff and band,
He bid us if we were men, to stand,
We told him he bid us do more than we can.
And we like her humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

Our Hostesses Celler it is our Bed,
Upon the Barrels we lay our head,
The night is our own, for the Devil is dead,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

Song 138.

Come Lads and Lasses, each one that passes,
Dance around, on the ground,
Whilst green the Grass is,
For if you'll ever, with mirth endeavour,
With heart and voice, rejoyce,
Come now or never.

*For the blind boy Love, was caught and betray'd,
In the Trap that was laid
For the poor silly Maid.*

Now here, now yonder, with Goose and Gander,
With your Cocks, Hens, and Ducks,
Safe may you wander,
Securely may you go, to the Market too and fro.

The Theatre of Complements.

*John and Jane all arow,
And never fear the foe.*

For the blind boy Love, &c.

Sweetest come hither, let us thither,
Where we'll court, and there sport,
Freely together,

We'll enjoy kisses, with other blisses,
So come home, when we have done
And none shall miss us,

For the blind boy love, &c.

Over yon Bower, *Jove* seems to lower,
as he meant, to prevent,

Our happiest hour :

But the times treasure, give us leisure,
In spite of *Jove*, for to prove,
Our chiefest Pleasure,

*For the blind boy was caught and betray'd,
In the Trap that was laid.*

For the poor silly Maid.

Song 139.

All the Flatteries of Fate,
And the pleasures of State,
Are nothing so sweet, as what love does create :

If to love you deny,
'Tis time I should die ;

Kind Death's a Reprieve when you threaten to hate.

In some shady grove
Will I wander and rove,

With *Philomel* and the disconsolate Dove ;

With a down hanging wing,
Will I mournfully sing,

The Tragick Events of unfortunate Love.

With our Plants we'll conspire,
For to heighten Love's fire,
Still vanquishing death, till at last we expire :
But when we are dead,
In a cold leafy Bed,
Be interr'd with the dirge of a desolate Quire.

Song 140.

BLame not dear Empress of my heart
The merits of true passion,
By thinking that he feels no smart,
That sues for no compassion.
Though my complaints do not approve,
The Conquest of your Beauty,
It is not from defect of love,
But from excess of duty.
For knowing that I sue to serve,
A Saint of such perfection,
As all desire, though not deserve,
A place in her affection.
I rather chuse to want relief,
Than utter the revealing,
Though Glory recommend the grief,
Despair dissuades the healing.
Thus the desires that aim too high,
Of any Mortal Lover,
When reason cannot make them die,
Discretion must them cover ;
Yet when discretion doth bereave,
The Plaints which they should utter,
Then thy discretion may perceive,
That Silence is a Suitor.
Silence in Love doth shew more woe
Than words, though ne're so witty,

The Beggar that is dumb you know,
May challenge double pity.

Song 141.

There is no wordly pleasure here below,
Which by experience doth not fully prove;
But amongst all the follies that I know,
The sweetest folly in the world is love.
But not this passion which with fools consent,
Above the reason bears imperious sway,
Making their life-time a perpetual Lent,
As if a man were born to fast and pray.
Which makes men so distracted from their wit;
That I should think it but a Venial sin,
To take some of those innocents that sit,
In *Bedlam* out, and put some Lovers in.
No, that is not the humour I approve,
I rather blame it as a frantick motion,
Give me a mild and luke-warm zeal in Love,
Although I do not like it in Devotion.
For it hath no coherence in my Creed,
To think that Lovers do, as they pretend,
If all that say they die, had dy'd indeed,
Sure long e're this the world had had end.
Besides we need not die, unless we please,
No Destiny can force mans disposition;
Then how should any die of that Disease,
When he himself may be his own Physician?
Some one perhaps with long Consumption dry'd,
And after falling into love may die:
But I should pawn my life if e're he dy'd,
Had he been half so sound at heart as I.
Yet some men rather than the slander,
Of wise Apostates will fond Martyrs prove:

But

But I am neither *Iphis* nor *Leander*,
I'll neither hang, nor drown my self for Love.
Methinks a wise mans Actions should be such,
As always yields to vertues best advice,
Now for to love too little or too much,
Are both extreames, and all extreames are vice.
Yet I have been a lover, by Report,
And I have dy'd for love, as others do :
But prais'd be *Jove* it was in such a sort,
That I reviv'd within an hour or two.
Thus have I liv'd, thus have I lov'd till now,
And have no reason to repent me yet :
And whosoever otherwise shall do,
His courage is as little as his wit.

Song 142.

THe Glories of our Birth and State,
Are shadows, not substantial things,
There is no armour, against our fate,
Death lays his Icy hands on Kings,
Scepters and Crowns
Must tumble down,
And in the dust we equal laid,
With the poor crooked Scythe and Spade.
Some men with Swords may reap the Field,
And plant fresh Laurels where they kill;
But their strong Nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still,
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murm'ring breath,
When the pale Captive creeps to death.
The Laurel withers on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,

For on Death's purple Altar now,
 See where the Victor, Victim bleeds ;
 All heads must come
 To the cold Tomb :
 Only the Actions of the just,
 Smell sweet, and blossoms in the dust.

Song 143.

WAke all ye dead, what ho ! what ho !
 How soundly they sleep, whose pillows lie
 They mind not poor Lovers that walk above, (low :
 On the Decks of the World, in Storms of Love ;
 No whisper now, nor glance must pass,
 Through wickers, or through panes of glass :
 The windows and doors are shut up and barr'd,
 Lie close in the Church, and in the Church-yard.
 In every Grave, make room, make room,
 The World's at an end, and we come, we come.
 The state is now Loves foe, Loves foe !
 H'as seiz'd on his Arms, his Quiver and his Bow,
 He has pinion'd his wings and fetter'd his feet,
 Because he made way for poor Lovers to meet ;
 But-O sad fate ! the Judge was old,
 Hearts cruel are when blood grows cold.
 No man being young his process would draw :
 Oh Heavens that love should be subject to Law !
 Lovers go woe the dead, the dead,
 Lye two in a Grave, and two in a Bed.

Song 144.

Sitting beneath a Rivers side,
Parthenia unto *Cloe* cry'd ;
 Where from the fair Nymphs Eyes apace,
 A stream of Tears o're flow'd her beauteous face ;
 Ah happy Nymph said she that can,
 So little value that false Creature Man.

Oft the perfidious things will cry,
They bleed, they burn, they love, they die,
But if th' are absent half a day :
Nay if they are but one poor hour away ;
No more they sigh, no more complain,
But like unconstant wretches live again.

Song 145.

I Feed a Flame within, which so torments me,
That it both pains my heart, and yet contents me :
'Tis such a pleasing smart, and I so love it,
That I had rather die than once remove it.

Yet he for whom I grieve shall never know it,
My tongue shall not betray, nor my Eyes show it.
Not a sigh, nor a tear my pain discloses,
But they fall silently like dew on Roses.

But to prevent my love from being cruel,
My hearts the sacrifice as 'tis the Fuel :
And while I suffer this to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my love, though he deny it.

On his Eyes will I gaze and there delight me,
While I conceal my love, no frowns can fright me :
To be more happy I dare not aspire,
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

Song 146.

HE that will win a Widdows heart,
Must bear up briskly to her,
She loves the Lad that's free and smart,
But hates the formal woer.

Then down in a Meadow, down in a Meadow,
A Feather-bed is not so soft
As the belly of a Widdow.
A Feather-bed, &c.

Song 147.

Calm was the Evening, and clear was the Sky,
 And the new budding Flowers did spring,
 When all alone, went *Amyntas* and I
 To hear the sweet Nightingale sing;
 I sat and he laid him down by me,
 And scarcely his breath he could draw,
 But when with a fear,
 He began to draw near,
 He was dash'd with a ha, ha, ha, ha.
 He blush'd to himself and lay still for a while,
 And his Modesty curb'd his desire :
 But straight I convinc'd all his fears with a smile,
 And added new flames to his fire ;
 Ah *Sylvia* ! said he you are cruel
 To keep your poor Lover in awe,
 Then once more he prest
 His hands on my breast,
 But was dash'd with a ha, ha, ha, ha.
 I know 'twas his passion which caus'd all his fear,
 And therefore I pitied his case,
 I whisper'd him softly, there was no body near,
 And laid my Cheeks close to his face,
 But as he grew bolder and bolder,
 A Shepherd came by us and saw,
 And just as our blifs
 Began with a kiss,
 He burst out with a ha, ha, ha, ha.

Song 148.

I Adies farewell, I must retire,
 Though I your faces all admire ;
 And think you Heavens in your kind,
 Some for your beauty, some for mind ;

Yet If I stay and fall in love,
One of you, Hell on Earth will prove.

Could I love one and she not know it,
I then perhaps might undergo it:
If in the least she guess my mind,
Straight in a Circle I'me confind;
By this I know who e're does dote,
Must wear a womans Livery Coat.

Therefore these dangers to prevent,
And still to keep my heart content,
Into the Country I'll with speed,
With Hawk and Hound my fancy feed,
And other pleasures to pursue,
Than staying to converse with you.

Song 149.

(make

Then straight my green Gown into Breeches I'll
And my long yellow locks full shorter I'll take,
I'll cut me a Switch, and with that ride about,
And I'll wander and wander, till I find him out.
And when *Philander* shall be dead,
I'll bury him in a Primrose Bed,
And then I'll sweetly ring his knell,
With a sweet Cowslip Bell,
Ding dong, ding dong Bell.

Song 150.

Charon and Philomel.

Phil. **C**haron, O gentle *Charon*, let me woe thee,
By tears and pity now come unto me.

Char. What voice so sweet, and charming do I hear?
Speak what thou art. *Phil.* I prethee first draw near.

Char. A sound I hear, but nothing yet can see,
Speak what thou art. *Phil.* O *Charon* pity me!
I am a Bird, and though no name I tell,
My warbling Note will say I'me *Philomel*.

Char.

Char. What's that to me? I waft not fish nor fowl,
Nor beast nor bird, but only Souls.

Phil. Alas for me!

Char. Shame on thy witching note,
That made me thus hoysse sail and bring my Boat.
But I'll return, what mischief brought me hither?

Phil. Much love, & much o'rewhelmd in grief together.

Char. If this is all I'me gone. *Phil.* For love I pray thee.

Char. Talk not of love, all pray, but few Souls pay me.

Phil. I'll give the sighs and tears. *Char.* Will tears pay
For patching Sails, for mending boat and oars? (scores

Phil. I'll beg a penny, and i'll sing so long,

Till thou shalt say i've paid thee with a Song.

Char. Why then begin, and all the while we make,
Our sloathful passage o're the *Stygian Lake*,
Thou and i'll sing to make these dull shades merry,
Which else with tears would doubtless drown our
(Ferry.

Song 151.

Between *Hymen*, *Venus* and *Charon*.

Ven. **H**ymen, O gentle *Hymen* come away. (stay.

Hym. **H** When loves great goddess calls I seldom

Ven. Then fetch a Torch and light it in my name:

Hym. See here it's ready to accept of flame.

Ven. But stay what dismal apparition's this,
That seems to mingle sorrow with a bliss?

Char. *Charon* I am, who o're the *Stygian Float*,
Do carry Souls t' *Elizium* in my Boat,
And by the Fiends and Faries I am sent,
These *hymeneal* rites for to prevent.

Ven. *Charon*, O gentle *Charon* go and tell
The Fiends, the Faries, and the King of Hell,
'Tis my pleasure that the Torch be lit,
And hope they all will willingly submit.

Cha.

Cha. I go, I go, great Queen at thy command :
Charon does hast to the *Elizium* Land.

Song 152.

Orp. **C** *Haron*, O *Charon*, come hither again,
 Thou waster of all Souls to bliss or bane.

Cha. Who calls the Ferry-man of *Hell*? *Orp.* come near,
 And say who lives in joy, and who in fear.

Cha. Those that die well, eternal joys shall follow,
 Those that die ill, their foul fate shall swallow.

Orp. Shall thy black Barque those guilty spirits flow,
 That kill themselves for love? *Cha.* O no, no.

My Cordage cracks when such great sins are near,
 Winds blow not fair, nor I my self can steer.

Orp. What Lovers pass, and in *Elizium* reign?

Cha. Those gentle Souls that are belov'd again.

Orp. This Soldier loves and feign would die to win,
 Shall he be gone? *Cha.* No, 'tis too foul a sin,

He must not come abroad, I dare not row,
 Storms of despair, and guilty blood will blow,

Orp. Shall time release him, say? *Cha.* No, no, no, no.

Nor time, nor death, can alter us, nor prayer,

My Boat is Destiny, and who then dare,

But those appointed come aboard? live still,

And love by reason, Mortal, not by will.

Orp. And when thy Mistress shall close up thine eyes,

Cha. Then come aboard and pass, *Orp.* Till then be wise.

Song 153.

WELL, well, 'tis true,

I now am faln in love, and 'tis with you?

But now I plainly see,

Whilst you'r enthron'd by me above,

You all your arts and powers improve.

To tyrannize over me;

Making my flames inventor of your scorn,
 Whilst you refuse and feast your Eye,
 To see me thus forlorn.

But yet be wise,
 And don't believe I thought your Eyes,
 Brighter than Stars could be,
 Or that your face Angels outvies,
 In their Celestial Liveries,
 'Tis all but poetry ;
 I could have said as much of any she,
 You are not beauteous of your self,
 But are made so by me.

Though we like fools,
 Fathom the Sea, the Earth, and dreyn the Schools,
 For names t' expresse you by,
 Intreat the Lord *Hyperboles*,
 To dub you Saints and Deities,
 'Tis *Cupids* Heraldry ;
 We know you'r flesh and blood as well as men,
 And when we please can mortalize,
 And make you so again.

Song 154.

WE have no design here,
 But drinking good Wine here,
 Nor I boy,
 Nor I boy,
 Thou art my boy ;
 Our heads they are too airy for Plots,
 Let us hug them all three.
 Since our virtues agree,
 We'll hollow and cast up our hats.

Song 155.

THe Broom, the Broom, the Broom,
 That grows on yonder Hill,

It bears a pleasant Flower,
Much like an *Orange-pill*,
It hath so sweet a taste,
And relish in our Beer,
And whilst that I do drink this off,
You all must sing *Boleer*,
Boleer, Boleer, Boleer, &c.

Well met my own dear Brother,
Long time I have thee sought :
And now that I have found thee,
Look here what I have brought ;
No Kannikin of Wine
Is like our English Beer,
And whilst that I do drink it off,
You all must sing *Boleer*,
Boleer, Boleer, Boleer, &c.

Song 156.

THe thirsty Earth drinks up the Rain,
And thirsts and gapes for drink again ;
The Plants set in the Earth, they are
By constant drinking fresh and fair.
The Sea it self, which one would think,
Should have but little need to drink,
Drinks many a thousand Rivers up,
Into his overflowing Cup ;
The busie Sun, and one would guess
By his drunken fiery face no less,
Drinks up the Sea, and when that's done,
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun ;
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night ;
Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an Eternal Health goes round.
Fill up the bowl Boys, fill it high,
Fill all the Glasses here, for why,

Should

Should every creature drink but I?
 Why, man of Morals, tell me why:

Song 157.

GO with thy staff the Sea divide,
 And with thy whistle stop the Tide,
 Catch the wild winds close in thy fist,
 And let them blow but when thou list,
 Creep into *Neptunes* warry Bed,
 And get a *Syrens* Maiden-head,
 Then sore more high and fetch me down,
 Fair *Ariadnes* starry Crown,
 So that with it I may wear,
 Some of *Berenices* hair:
 Make *Mars* and *Saturns* Aspects mild,
 And get the Virgin-star with child,
 But if thou hast a daring Soul,
 Go whip the Bear about the Pole:
 All this thou mayst long e're thou can,
 A woman find, a woman find, that's true to man:
 For womens hearts take new desires,
 Far sooner than the Powder fires;
 Their flashes are more violent,
 Than those flames, and sooner spent:
 Like torrents, womens loves rise high,
 Make a great noise, decrease and die.
 Then let no wise man think it strange,
 That women are so apt to change;
 No creature underneath the Sun,
 Bears such relation to the Moon;
 He then that for their love is sick,
 He's worse than they, he's lunatick.

Song 158.

AS in those Nations, where they yet adore,
 Marble, and Cedar, and their aid implore:

'Tis

'Tis not the workman, nor the precious wood,
But 'tis the Worshipper that makes the God ;
So cruel fair, though Heav'n has given thee all,
We Mortals Virtue, or (can) beauty call :
'Tis we that give the Thunder to your frowns,
Darts to your Eyes, and to our selves the wounds ;
Without our love, which proudly you deride,
Vain were your beauty, and more vain your pride.
All envied things that the world can show,
Still to some meaner thing their greatness owe :
Subjects make Kings, and we the numerous Train,
Of humble Lovers constitute thy reign ;
Only this difference Beauties Realm can boast,
Where most it favours, it enslaves the most :
And those to whom, 'tis most indulgent found,
Are ever in the surest fetters bound :
No Tyrant yet, but thee, was ever known,
Cruel to them, that serv'd to make him one ;
Valour's a vice if not with honour joyn'd,
And beauty a disease, when 'tis unkind.

Song 159.

BY Heav'ns I'll tell her boldly, it is she,
Why then should she asham'd and angry be,
To be belov'd of me ?

The Gods may give their Altars o're,
They'll smoke, but seldome any more,
If none but happy men must them adore.

The lightning which tall Oaks oppose in vain,
To strike sometimes, does not disdain,
The humbler furzes of the Plain ;
She being so high, and I so low,
Her power by this doth greater show,
Who at such distance gives so sure a blow.

Compar'd

Compar'd with her all things so worthless prove,
That nought on Earth can towards her move,
Till't be exalted by her Love.

Equal to her, alas, there's none,
She like a Deity is grown,
That must create, or else must be alone.
If man there be, who thinks himself so high,
As to pretend equality,
He deserves her less than I;
For he that would cheat for his relief,
And one would give with lesser grief,
To an undeserving Beggar, than a Thief.

Song 160.

MEeting's a pleasure, but parting's a grief,
And an unconstant lover is worse than a thief:
For a thief he can but rob me, and take all I have,
But an unconstant lover will bring me to my grave,

Song 161.

FAirest Nymph, my delay flames me a lover,
Which I will now repay since I discover
Those beauties and graces which so adorn thee,
And makes the Earth grow proud that it hath born
At the wakes and the fares and ev'ry meeting, (thee;
He's only happy can dance with my sweeting:
Where all that stand about still gaze upon her,
And those the Crowd keep out are talking on her.
As she walks through the Meads, with other Lasses,
All flowers bend their heads, still as she passes,
Striving to offer themselves to be gather'd,
That she might garlands wear e're they were wither'd.
As she at Ball in the cool Evening play'd,
For little victories and wagers laid;
As the ball, so their hearts when they came nigh her,
Leapt for joy equally as they stood by her;

Ask

Ask the Rose why so red ? it says she kist it,
The Lilly why so pale ? 'cause her lips mist it ;
The blushing Cherry said, 'twould be her Debter,
'Cause one soft touch of hers ripen'd it better.

Song 162.

Break, break distracted heart, there is no cure,
For this thy Souls most desperate Calenture :
Sighs, which in others passion vent,
And give them ease when they lament,
Are but the billows to my hot desire,
And tears in me don't quench, but nourish fire :
Nothing can mollifie my grief,
Or give my passion some relief ;
Loves flames when smother'd always do devour,
And when oppos'd, by the same fatal power :
Then welcome death, let thy blest hands apply,
A Medicine to my grief, and then I'll die.

Song 163.

Come from the Temple, away to the Bed,
As the Merchant transports his treasure.
Be not so coy Lady, since you are wed,
'Tis no sin to tast of the pleasure ;
Then come let us be
Blith merry and free :
Upon my life all the Waiters are gone,
And 'tis so, that they know,
Where you go, say not so,
For I mean to make bold of my own.
What is't to me, if our hands joyned be,
If our bodies be still kept asunder,
Shall it not be said, there goes a married Maid ?
Indeed we will have no such wonder,

Therefore

Therefore lets embrace,
 There's none sees thy face,
 The Bride-maids that waited are gone,
 None can spy, how you lye
 Ne're deny, but say I,
 For I mean to make bold with my own.
 Sweet love do not frown, but pull off thy Gown,
 'Tis a Garment unfit for the night,
 Some say that black, hath a relishing smack,
 I had rather be dealing with white ;
 Then be not afraid,
 For you are not betray'd,
 Since we two are together alone,
 I invite, you this night,
 To do me right, in my delight,
 For I mean to make bold with my own.
 Then come let us kiss, and tast of our blifs,
 Which brave Lords and Ladies enjoy'd,
 If all maids should be, of the humour with thee,
 Generation would soon be destroy'd :
 Then where were the joys,
 The Girls and the Boys,
 Wouldst live in the World all alone ?
 Don't destroy, but enjoy,
 Seem not coy, for a toy,
 For indeed I'll make bold with my own.
 Prithee begin, don't delay but unpin.
 For my humour I cannot prevent it :
 You are so straight lac'd, and your Topknot is so fast
 Undo it or I straight way will rent it,
 Or to end all the strife,
 I'll cut it with my knife,
 'Tis too long to stay till its undone,

Let thy waſt be unlac'd,
And in haſt be embrac'd,
For I long to make bold with my own.
As thou art fair, and ſweeter than the Air,
That dallies on *July's* brave Roſes,
Now let me be, to that Garden a Key,
That the flowers of Virgins incloſes,
And I will not be
Too rough unto thee,
For my nature to mildneſs is prone ;
Do no leſs than undreſs,
And unlace all a pace,
For this night I'll make bold with my own.

Song 164.

THe delights of the Bottle and the charms of good (Wine
To the power and the pleaſure of love muſt reſign :
Though the night in the joys of good drinking is paſt,
The debauch but until the next morning will laſt ;
But lov's great debauch is more laſting and ſtrong,
For that often laſts a man all his life long.
Love and wine are the bonds that faſten us all,
The world but for this to confuſion would fall,
Were it not for the pleaſures of love and good wine,
Mankind for each trifle their lives would reſign :
They'd not value dull life, nor would live without (thinking,
Nor would Rulers rule on, but for love and good (drinking.

Song 165.

THe pleaſures of love and the joys of good wine,
To perfect our happineſs wiſely we joyn ;

We

We to beauty all day,
 Give the Sovereign sway,
 And our favourite Nymphs obey.
 At the Plays we are constantly making our Court,
 And when they are ended we follow the sport :
 To the Mall and the Park,
 Where we love till 'tis dark :
 Then sparkling Champain
 Puts an end to our Reign,
 It quickly discovers
 Poor languishing lovers,
 Make us frolick and gay, and drowns all our sorrow,
 But alas ! we relapse again on the morrow :
 Let ev'ry man stand,
 With the Glas in his hand,
 And briskly discharge at the word of Command.
 Here's a Health to those,
 Whom to night we dispose :
 Wine and beauty by turns great Souls should inspire,
 Present all together, and now Boys give fire.

Song 166.

Lets laugh, and be merry, dance, sing and rejoyce,
 With Claret, and Sherry, Theorbo and voice :
 The changeable world to our joys is unjust,
 All pleasures uncertain, then down with your dust ;
 In frolick dispose your pounds, shillings and pence,
 For we shall be past it an hundred years hence.
 We'l sport and be merry with *Frank*, *Betty* and *Dolly*,
 Have Lobsters and Oysters to cure Melancholy :
 Fish dinners will make a man spring like a Flea,
 Dame *Venus*, Love's Lady was born of the Sea :
 With her and with *Bacchus* we'l tickle the sense,
 For we shall be past it an hundred years hence.

Your

Your beautiful bit, who hath all eyes upon her,
That her modesty calls for a hogo of honour, (dor,
Whose lightness and brightness doth cast such a splen-
That none but the Stars are thought fit to attend her,
Though now she seems pleasant and sweet to the
Will be terrible mouldy a hundred years hence. (sense,

Song 167.

COME Boys fill us a Bumper,
We'l make the Nation rore,
She's grown sick of a Rumper,
That sticks upon the old score ;
A pox of all Rebels, lets rout 'em,
They thirst for our blood,
We'l raise Taxes without 'um,
And drink for the Nations good ;
Fill the Pottles and Gallons,
And bring the Hogs-head in,
We'l begin with a tall one,
A Brimmer to the King ;
Round, a round with a fresh one,
Let no man balke his Wine,
We'l drink to the next in succession,
And keep it in the right line.

Song 168.

HAil to the Myrtle shades,
Hail to the Nymphs of the Fields,
Kings will not here invade,
Though vertue all freedom yields ;
Beauty here opens her arms,
To soften the languishing mind,
And *Phillis* unlocks her charms,
Ah! *Phillis* so fair and unkind.
Phillis the Soul of Love,
The joys of the neighbouring Swain,
Phillis that crowns the Grove,
And *Phillis* that guilds the Plain ;

Phillis that ne're had the skill,
 To paint, and to patch and be fine,
 Yet *Phillis* has Eyes can kill,
 Whom nature has made divine.
Phillis whose charming tongue,
 Makes labour a pain and delight,
Phillis that makes the day long,
 And shortens the live long night ;
Phillis whose lips like *May*,
 Still laugh at the sweets that they bring,
 Whilst love doth never know decay,
 But thence flows Eternal Spring.

Song 169.

NOW, now the Fights done & the great God of war,
 Lies sleeping in shades and unravels his care ;
 Love laughs in his sleep, and the Soldiers alarms,
 With Drums, and with Trumpets, he struts in his
 He rides with his lance; & the bushes he bangs (arms,
 And his brave bloody sword on the Willow-tree hangs.
 Love smiles when she feels the sharp pains of his Dart,
 And he wings it to hit the great God on the heart ;
 Who leaves his Steel-bed and his Bolsters of Brass,
 For pillows of Roses, and Couches of Grass ;
 His courser of lightning is now grown so slow
 That *Cupid* on's Saddle sits bending his Bow.
 Love, love is the cry, love and kisses go round,
 Whilst *Phillis* and *Damon* lie clasp'd on the ground,
 The Shepherd too soon does his pleasure destroy,
 'Tis abortive she cries, and does murder my joy.
 But he rallies again by the force of her charms,
 And kisses, embraces, and dies in her arms.

Song 170.

WHERE will coy *Amynta* run,
 From a despairing Lovers story,

When

When her Eyes has conquest won,
 Why should her heart refuse the glory?
 Shall a Slave, whom Racks contain,
 Be forbidden to complain?
 Let her scorn me, let her flee me,
 Let her looks, her love deny me:
 Ne're shall my heart find no relief,
 Nor my tongue cease to tell my grief,
 Much to love, and much to pray,
 Is to Heaven the ready way.

Song 171.

OH! the bonny *Christ Church* Bells,
 One, two, three, four, five, six,
 They sound so woundy great,
 So wondrous sweet,
 And they troal so merrily, merrily,
 Hark! the first and second Bell,
 That every day at four and ten,
 Cries come, come, come, come, come to prayers,
 And the Verger troops before the Dean.
 Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, goes the little Bell at nine
 To call the Beerers home,
 But a Devil a man,
 Will leave his Can,
 Till he hears the mighty Tom.

Song 172. *The Mock.*

OH! the merry Tinkers Crew,
 Will, Moll, Doll, Kate and Sue,
 They drink so wondrous deep,
 So woundy sweet,
 And they chat so merrily, merrily,
 Hark! the bawling brats do cry,
 Along the Streets as you pass by,
 Oh! good Sir, pray Sir, one farthing,
 And thus these bantlings never lin:

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, goes the Frying-pan,
 To call the Doxies home,
 But the Devil a Jade,
 Will leave her trade,
 Till the mighty Tinkers come.

Song 173.

Of the Witches in Mackbeth.

Speak, Sister speak, is the deed done ?
 Long ago, long ago :
 Above twelve Glasses since have run,
 Foul deeds are seldom slow,
 Nor single ; following crimes on former wait,
 The worst of Creatures fastest propagate :
 Many more murders must this one ensue,
 As if in death were propagation too :

2. *Witch*, he will.

1. *Witch*, he shall.

3. *Witch*, he must spill much more blood,
 And become worse to make his Title good.

Chorus.

We should rejoyce when good Kings bleed,
 When Cattle die, about we go ;
 What then if Monarchs perish should we do ?
 Lets have a dance upon the Heath,
 We gain more life by *Duncon's* death ;
 Sometimes like brinded Cats we shew,
 Having no Musick but our mew ;
 Sometimes we dance in an old Mill,
 Upon the Hopper stones and wheel,
 To some old Saw, or bardish Rhime,
 Where still the Mill-clack does keep time.
 Sometimes about a hollow tree,
 A round, a round, a round dance we,
 Thither the chirping Crickets come,
 And Beetles singing drowsie hum.

Some

Sometimes we dance o're Fens and Firs,
To howles of Wolves and barks of Curs,
And when with none of these we meet,
We dance to the Ecchoes of our feet.

Song 174.

Come away Heccat, O come away,
Hark! I am call'd, my little Spirit see,
Sits in a foggy Cloud, and staves for me,
Where's *Stadling*? 2 *Witch*, here,
Where's *Puckle*? 3 *Witch* here,
And *Hopper* too, and *Helway* too,
We want but you, we want but you.
Here comes one to fetch his due, a kiss,
A Cull, a sip of blood,
And why stayest thou so long I muse,
Since the Air's so fair and good?
O! art thou come, what news?
All goes fair for our delight,
Either come or else refuse,
Now I'me furnish'd for the Flight,
Come away Heccat, O come away:
I come, I come, with all the speed I may,
Come away, make up the count,
I will but noint, and then I'll mount:
Now I go, now I fly,
Malkin my sweet Spirit and I;
O what dainty pleasure's this,
For to sail in the Air
When the Moon shines clear,
To sing, to toy, to sport and kiſs,
Over Woods, high Rocks, and Mountains,
Over misty Streams and Fountains;
Over Steeples, Towers and Turrets,
We fly by night, with Troops of Spirits,

No ring of Bells to our Ears sounds,
 No howls of Wolves, nor yelps of Hounds,
 No nor the noise of waters breach,
 Nor Cannons throat our height can reach.

Song 175.

Hear the fallen powers below,
 Hear the taskers of the dead,
 You that boyling Cauldrons blow,
 You that scum the moulten Lead:
 You that pinch with red hot Tongs,
 You that drive the trembling Hosts
 Of poor, poor restless Ghosts,
 With your sharpened prongs:
 You that thrust them from the brim,
 You that plung 'em when they swim,
 Till they drown,
 Till they go on a Row,
 Down, down, down,
 Ten thousand, thousand, thousand fathoms low.
 Musick for a while,
 Shall your cares beguile,
 Wondring how your pains were eas'd,
 And disdaining to be pleas'd;
 Till *Alello* free the dead
 From their Eternal hands,
 Till the Snakes drop from her head,
 And whip from out her hands.
 Come away, do not stay,
 But obey, whilst we play,
 For Hells broke up and Ghosts have holy day.

Song 176.

When *Phillis* watch'd her harmless Sheep,
 Not one poor Lamb was made a prey:
 Yet she had cause enough to weep,
 Her silly heart did go astray;

Then

Then flying to a neighbouring Grove,
She left her tender Flocks to rove,
And to the winds to breath her Love.

She sought in vain,
To ease her pain,
The heedless winds did fan her fire,
Venting her grief,
Gave no relief,
But rather did increase desire.

Then sitting with her arms across,
Her sorrows streaming from each Eye:
She fixt her mind upon her loss,
And in despair resolv'd to dye.

Song 177.

A *Marillis* told her Swain,
That in Love he should be plain,
And not think to deceive her:
Then he protesting on his troth,
That he would never leave her.
If thou dost keep thy vow quoth she,
And thou ne're dost leave me,
There's ne're a Swain,
In all this Plain,
That ever shall come near thee,
For Garlands and embroider'd scrips,
For I will love thee dearly.

But *Colon* if thou change thy love,
A Tygres then to thee I'll prove,
If e're thou dost come near me,
Amarillis fear not that,
For I do love thee dearly.

Song 178.

When *Celadon* gave up his heart,
A tribute to *Astreas's* eyes,

She smil'd to see so fair a prize,
 Which beauty had obtained more than art,
 But jealousie did seemingly destroy
 Her chiefeſt comfort, and her chiefeſt joy :
 Baſe jealousie that ſtill doſt move,
 In oppoſition to all bliſs :
 And teacheſt thoſe that do amiſs,
 Who think by thee, they tokens give of love ;
 But if a Lover ever will gain me,
 Let him love much, but fly all jealousie.

Song 179.

Fine young folly, though you wear
 That fair beauty, I do ſwear,
 Yet you ne're could reach my heart ;
 For we Countries learn at ſchool,
 Only with your Sex to fool,
 You'r not worth our ſerious part.

Song 180.

Ladies tho to your conquering eyes,
 Love owes his chiefeſt victories ;
 And borrows thoſe bright arms from you,
 With which he doth the world ſubdue :
 Yet you, your ſelves are not above
 The Empire, nor the griefs of Love.
 Then wrack not Lovers with diſdain,
 Leſt Love on you revenge his pain :
 You are not free, becauſe you'r fair,
 The Boy did not his Mother ſpare.
 Beauty's but an offensive Dart,
 It is no armour for the heart.

Song 181.

Go ſoft deſires, Love's gentle Progeny,
 And on the heart of charming *Sylvia* ſeize :

Then

Then quickly back again return to me,
Since that's the cure of my Disease ;
But if you miss her breast whom I adore,
Then take your flight and visit me no more.

Song 182.

I Dote, I dote,
But I am Sot to shew it,
I was a verry fool to deny it :
For now she doth so cunning grow,
She proves a friend worst than a foe,
She'll neither hold me fast, nor let me go ;
She tells me I cannot forsake her,
Then strait I endeavour to leave her,
But to make me stay,
Throws a kifs in my way,
O then I could tarry for ever.
Thus I retire,
Salute and sit down by her,
Although I fry in frost and freeze in fire :
Now Nectar from her lips I sup,
And though I cannot drink all up,
Yet I am fox'd by kissing of the Cup ;
For her lips are two brimmers of Claret,
Wen first they began to miscarry,
Her breasts of delight,
Are two Bottles of white,
And her Eyes are two Cups of Canary.
Drunk as I live,
Dead drunk beyond reprieve,
And all my senses drivel through a sieve ;
About my neck her arm she layeth,
Now all is Gospel that she saith,
Which I lay hold on with my fuddled faith:
I find that fond love is a Drunkard,
And dangerous is when it flies out,

With hips and with lips,
 Black eyes and white thighs,
 Blind *Cupid* sure tipl'd his Eyes out.

She bids me rise,
 And says I must be wise,
 Like her, for she's not in love she cries;
 This makes me fret, to fling and throw,
 To be thus fetter'd to my foe,
 Then I begin to run, but cannot go;
 I prithee sweet use me more kindly,
 You were better to hold me fast,
 If you once disengage
 Your Bird from his Cage,
 Believe it he'll leave you at last.

Like a Sot I fit,
 That fill'd the Town with wit,
 But now I confess I have most need of it;
 I have been fox'd with Duck and Dear,
 Above a quarter of a year,
 Beyond the cure of sleeping or small-beer;
 I think I can number the Months too,
July, August, September, October,
 Thus goes my account,
 A mischief light on't,
 But sure I shall go when I'm sober.

My Legs are lam'd,
 My courage is quite tam'd,
 My heart and all my body is inflam'd,
 As by experience I can prove,
 And swear by all the powers above,
 'Tis better to be drunk with Wine than Love;
 For 'tis Sack makes us merry and witty,
 Our Foreheads with Jewels adorning,

Although

Although we do grope,
Yet there is some hope,
That a man may be sober next morning.
Thus with command,
She throws me from her hand,
Bids me be gone, yet knows I cannot stand;
I measure all the ground by trips,
Was ever Sot so drunk with sips,
Or can a man be overcome with lips?
But pray Madam Fickle be faithful,
And leave off your damnable dodging,
Then do not deceive me,
Either love me or leave me,
And let me go home to my Lodging.
I have too much,
And yet my folly's such,
I cannot hold but must have t'other touch;
Here's a health to the King: how now?
I'm drunk and could chatter I vow,
Lovers and fools say any thing you know;
I fear I have tyred your patience,
But I'm sure 'tis I have the wrong on't,
My wit hath bereft me,
And all that is left me,
Is but enough to make a Song on't:
My Mistress and I,
Shall never comply,
And there's the short and the long on't.

Song 183.

P*Hillis* though your powerful Charms,
Have forc'd me from my *Celias* arms:
That sure defense against all powers,
But those resistless Eyes of yours.

Think

Think not your Conquest to maintain,
 By rigour or unjust disdain ;
 In vain fair Nymph, in vain you strive,
 For Love does seldom hope survive.
 My heart may languish for a time,
 While all your glory's in its prime,
 May justify their cruelty,
 By the same force that conquer'd me ;
 When Age shall come, at whose command,
 Whole Troops of Beauty must disband ,
 A Tyrants strength once took away,
 What Slave's so dull as to obey ?
 Those threatening dangers to remove,
 Make me believe at least you love :
 Dissemble well and by that art,
 Preserve and govern still my heart :
 But if you'l chuse another way,
 To save your Empire from decay,
 O then for ever fix your Throne,
 Be kind, but kind to me alone.

Song 184.

HOW happy and free is the Plunder,
 When we care not for *Jove* nor his thunder :
 Having entred a Town,
 The Ladies go down,
 And to their o're comers lie under.
 Why then should we study to love and look pale,
 And make long Addresses to what will grow stale ?
 If her fin gers be soft long and slender,
 When once we have made her to render,
 She will handle a flute
 Better far than a lute ,
 And make what was hard to grow tender.
 Why then should we study to love and look pale,
 And make long Addresses to what will grow stale ?

her hair of the delicate brown is,
and her belly as soft as the Down is,
She will fire your heart,
In performing her part,
With a flame that more hot than the Town is.
Why then should we study to love and look pale,
And make long Addresses to what will grow stale?
When the houses with flashes do glitter.
We can sever the sweet from the bitter,
And in that bright night,
We can take our delight,
No Damsel shall scape but we'll hit her.
Why then should we study to love and look pale,
And makes long Addresses to what will grow stale?

Song 185.

Blind Love to this hour,
Had never like me a slave under his power:
Then blest be the Dart
That he threw at my heart,
For there's nothing can prove,
A joy so great as to be wounded with love.
My Soul's all on fire,
So that I have the pleasure to doat and desire:
'Tis a pretty soft pain,
It does tickle each vain,
'Tis the dream of a smart, (heart.
Which makes me breath short, when it beats at my
My days and my nights,
Are fill'd to the purpose with sorrows and frights,
From my heart still I sigh,
And my eyes are ne're day,
So that *Cupid* be prais'd,
I am the top of Love's happiness rais'd.

Some-

Sometimes in a pet
 When I am despis'd, I my freedom would get ;
 Then straight a sweet smile,
 Does my anger begaile,
 And my heart does recal,
 The more I do struggle the lower I fall.

Heaven does not impart,
 Such a grace as to love, unto every ones heart :
 For many may wish,
 To be wounded and miss.
 Then blest be Loves fires,
 But more blest her Eyes that first taught me desire.

Song 186.

BE not proud pretty one for I must love thee,
 Thou art fair but unkind, yet dost thou move me,
 Red are thy lips and cheeks like rose blushes,
 The flame cast from thine Eyes, burns me to ashes :
 And on thy breast, the place of Loves abiding,
 Sits *Cupid* now enthron'd my pains deriding.

Song 187.

MY Lodging is on the cold ground,
 And very hard is my fare :
 But that which troubles me most is,
 The unkindness of my Dear.
 Yet still I cry, O turn Love,
 And I prethee Love turn to me :
 For thou art the man that I long for,
 And alas ! what remedy !
 I'll crown thee with Garlands of Straw then,
 And I'll marry thee with a Rush ring,
 My frozen heart shall thaw then,
 And merrily we will sing,
 Oh ! turn to me my dear love,
 And I prithee love turn to me,

For

For thou art the man that alone can,
Procure my liberty.

But if thou will harden thy heart still,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan :
Then I must endure the smart still,
And tumble in straw alone ;
Yet still I cry, oh ! turn love,
And I pithee love turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone art,
The cause of my misery.

Evening and Boy. Song 188.

Evening. **I** Am the Evening dark as night,
Jack with thy Lanthorn bring a Light,
Jack. Whither ? whither ? whither ?

Evening. Hither, hither, hither.

Jack. Thou art some pratling Eccho of my making,

Evening. Thou art a foolish fire by thy mistaking :
I am the Evening that creates thee.

Jack. My Lanthorn and my Candle waits thee ;

Evening. Those Flajolets which we hear play,
Are Reapers, who have lost their way ;
They play, they sing, they dance around,
Lead them up, here's Fairy ground.

Chorus.

Let the men beware Ditches,
Maids look to your Britches,
We'll scratch them with Briars and Thistles,
When the Flajolets cry,
We are adry,
Pond-water shall wet their whistles.

Song 189.

PRithee tell me faithless Swain,
Why did you such passion feign,

On purpose to deceive me :
 I no sooner lov'd again,
 But you began to leave me.
Phillis we must blame our fate,
 Kindness bears a certain date,
 And e're those joys we tasted,
 You in peevishness and state,
 The time had almost wasted.

"Twas my love did yours destroy,
Strepson had I still been coy,
 I know you still would prize me :
 Think or dream you do enjoy,
 And then you'll not despise me ;
 Love like other native fires,
 Leaves what's burnt, and straight desires
 Fresh objects to be choos'ing,
 Repetition always tyres,
 And is the worse for using.

Once again thy Love pursue,
 And my scorns I will renew,
 But passion doth so sway me :
 That should I my sighs subdue,
 My tears would soon betray me ;
 Sigh no more nor weep in vain,
Nymph your beauty soon will gain
 A more deserving Lover ;
 Slaves that once have broke their Chain,
 You hardly can recover.

Song 190.

Man. OH! be kind, my Dear be kind,
 Whilst our Loves and we are young,
 We shall find, we shall find ;
 Both will not continue long.
 Oh! be kind, my Dear be kind.

Woman,

Woman. No, I love, and fear to lose you,
Therefore 'tis I must refuse you:
When I've yielded you my Crown,
You'll no more obedience own,
No, I love and fear to lose you,
Therefore 'tis I must refuse you.

M. The fair by kindness reign
And by cruelty destroy,
If you can charm with the pain,
Of love, then what can you do with you?
The fair by kindness reign,
And by cruelty destroy.

W. I fear to yield, but cannot deny,

M. If you do not I shall dye,

W. So shall I,

Both. So shall I.

*Chorus to- Then come to joy, come to joy,
gether. Better love than we should die.*

Song 191.

Between an Indian Man and Woman.

Man. **T**Hou lovely Indian Sea of charms,
I'de envy no Jaw-waw alive,
Might I be so blest to dive,

In thy soft yielding arms,
With a Jimminy, Gomminy, Whee, Whee, Whee,
With a Gomminy, Jimminy, Whee.

Wom. I wou'd if you'd be true,
But when you've done,
You'll begone,
And throw me off with a shoooh, shoooh, shoooh,
And a hush pooh,
And a fush whooh,

And a migotty, magotty, migotty, magotty,
Migotty, magotty, shoooh.

Man

Man. No, no, my other Females all,
 Yellow, fair or black,
 To thy charms shall prostrate fall,
 As every kind of Elephant does,
 To the white Elephant Buitenack :
 And thou alone shall have from me,
 Jimminy, Gomminy, Whee, Whee, Whee,
 The Gomminy, Jimminy, Whee.

Wom. The great Jaw-waw that rules our Land,
 And pearly *Indian* Sea,
 Has not so absolute command,
 As thou hast over me,
 With a Jimminy, Gomminy, Gomminy,
 Jimminy, Jimminy, Gomminy, whee.

Both. Thou alone shalt have from me,
 Jimminy, Gomminy, Gomminy,
 Jimminy, Jimminy, Gomminy,
 Whee, whee, whee, whee, whee, whee.

Song 192.

STill wilt thou sigh, and still in vain,
 A cold neglectful Nymph adore,
 No longer fruitlessly complain,
 But to thy self, thy self restore ;
 In youth thou caughtst this fond disease,
 And shouldst abandon it in age,
 Some other Nymph as well may please,
 Absence or business disengage.

On tender hearts the wounds of love,
 Like those imprinted on young Trees,
 They kill at first, or else they prove,
 Larger b' insensible degrees:
 Business I try'd, she fill'd my mind,
 On others lips my dear I kiss :
 But never solid joys could find,
 Where I my charming *Sylvia* miss.

Long

Long absence like a *Greenland Knight*,
Made me but wish for *Sun* the more,
And that inimitable light,
She, none but she, could e're restore :
She never once regards the fire,
Nor vents one sigh for thee,
I must the glorious *Sun* admire,
Though he can never look on me.

Look well you'll find she's not so rare,
Much of her former beauty's gone,
My Love her shadow larger far,
Is made by her declining *Sun* :
What if her glories faded be,
My former wounds I must endure ;
For should the *Bow* unbended be,
Yet that can never help the Cure.

Song 193.

Long betwixt love and fear *Phillis* tormented,
Shund'd her own wish, yet at last she consented :
But loath the day should her blushes discover ,
Come gentle night she said,
Come quickly to my aid,
And a poor shame-fac'd Maid
Hide from her Lover.

Now cold as I seem, I am now hot as as fire,
And dare not my self, tell my own desire,
But let day fly away, and bid night hast her ;
Grant you kind powers above,
Slow hours of parting love,
But when we to blifs we move,
Let 'em fly faster.

How sweet it is to Love, when I do discover,
That fire which burns my Soul, warming my Lover :
'Tis pity love so true, should be mistaken,

If

If that then he might be,
 False or unkind to me,
 Let me die e're I see,
 That I'me forsaken.

Song 194.

I Languish all night, and sigh all the day,
 And much to be pitied I am,
 E're since your bright Eyes,
 My heart did surprize,
 I could not extinguish the Flame;
 But you since you've known,
 That my heart was your own,
 Tho, before you were kind, now scornful you'r grown,
 If so cruel you prove,
 To the man that you love,
 Ah *Phillis*! Ah *Phillis*, what fate,
 Alas! is reserv'd for the man that you hate?

Song 199.

A Mock to Oh Live if e're thoult ease a heart.

O H! *Bacchus* if thoult ease a Soul,
 That owns thy Juycy power,
 And bleeds for that high chirping Bowl,
 For which mine eyes ne're ceasing rowl,
 Until I see that hour.

Under the Tun I fainting wast,
 A thousand times I wish to tast;
 But when I see such halting hast,
 To ease me of my thirsty pain,
 I bleed with grief in every vein.

But thus as I sate all alone,
 I'th deep and shady Vault:
 Continuing still in grief and mone,
 A neighbouring Drawer then came down,
 Which was the man in fault.

O how I stroveth the Rogue to chide,
He blush'd and striv'd his fault to hide,
And swore the tatling Eccho ly'd,
And begg'd my passion to forbear,
Lest it should come to's Masters Ear.

But *Bacchus* yet I'de die to gain,
But one poor parting Cup,
Although it lately fill'd my brain,
Impose on me all racks of pain,
If soon I drink not up.

Thus are poor Mortals oft abus'd,
Who long God-*Bacchus* trade have us'd,
'Cause Drawerr often have refus'd ;
When we do burn with thirsty flame,
To give us that would quench the same.

Song 196.

A *Myntas* led me to a Grove,
Where all the Trees did shade us ;
The Sun it self, though it had strove,
It could not have betray'd us.
The place secur'd from humane eyes,
No other fear allows,
But when the wind does gently rise,
Do kill the yielding Boughs.
Down there we sat upon the Moss,
And did begin to play,
A thousand wanton tricks to pass,
The heat of the day ;
A many kisses he did give,
And I receiv'd the same,
Which made me willing to believe,
That which I dare not name.
His charming eyes no aid requir'd,
To tell their amorous tale :

On her that was already fir'd,
 'Twas easie to prevail ;
 He did but kiss and clasp't me round,
 Whilst those his thoughts exprest,
 And laid me soft'ly on the ground ;
 O who can guess the rest !

Song 197.

A H false *Amyntas* ! can that hour
 So soon forgotten be,
 When first I yielded up my power,
 To be betray'd by thee ?
 Heaven knows with how much innocence
 I did my heart resign :
 Unto thy faithless Eloquence,
 And gave thee what was mine.
 I had not one reserve in store,
 But at thy feet I laid
 Those arms which conquer'd heretofore,
 Though now thy Trophies made ;
 Thy Eyes in silence told their tale,
 Of love in such a way ;
 'That twas as easie to prevail,
 As after to betray.

Song 198.

O Ut of stark Love, and arrant Devotion,
 Of Marriage I'll give you this galloping notion,
 'Tis the bane of all bus'ness, the end of all pleasure,
 The Consumption of youth, wit, vertue, and treasure ;
 'Tis the rack of our thoughts, and Night-mare of our
 That calls us to work before the day peep, (sleep,
 That bids us make Brick without Stubble or Straw,
 A wife has no sense of Conscience or Law :
 If you must be for flesh take the way that's noble,
 In a generous wench, there's nothing of trouble ;

You

You kifs and you clip, say, do what you please,
And the worst you can fear is but a Disease ;
And Diseases you know may hope to be cur'd,
But the torment of Marriage can ne're be endur'd.

Song 199.

HE that marries a Girl that's fair,
If he be a Cuckold, he needs not despair :
He may go to Heav'en without a prayer,
For the sins of his wife shall save him.
But he that marries an ugly Whore,
Runs every day on the Devils score :
Has a Hell upon Earth and another in store,
And at length the Devil will have him.

Song 200.

LEt Back and Sides go bare, go bare,
Let Hands and Feet go cold ;
But O let the Belly have Ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

A Beggar's a thing as great a King,
I'll tell you the reason why ;
For a King cannot swagger,
And drink like a Beggar,
No King so merry as I.

Some call me Knave and rascally Slave,
But I know how to collogue :
For then I adore 'um, and call 'em o'th Quorum,
And then I'me an honest Rogue.

If a Fart flies away, where makes he his stay,
Can any man think or suppose :
For a Fart cannot tell, when 'tis out where to dwell,
Unless it be in your Nose.

Song 201.

Fortune is blind,
 And Beauty is kind,
 They've neither faith nor troth ;
 The one is a Witch,
 And t'others a Bitch ;
 The Devil take 'em both.

There's hazard in hap
 To sit in a Lap ;
 But there's no deceit in a brimmer :
 Truth in the bottom does lie,
 But the way to redeem her,
 Is to drink the whole Ocean dry.

Song 202.

The Master, the Swabber, the Boatswain and I,
 The Gunner and his Mate,
 Lov'd *Moll, Meg, Martha, and Margery,*
 But none of us car'd for *Kate* ;
 For she had a Tongue with a tang,
 That would cry to a Saylor go hang,
 She lov'd not the favour of Tar nor Pitch,
 Yet a Saylor might scratch her where e're she did
 Then to Sea Boys and let her go hang. (itch,

Song 203.

Where the Bee sucks, their suck I,
 In a Cowslip-bed I lie ;
 There I crouch when Owls do cry,
 On the Bats back do I fly ;
 After Summer merrily,
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Song 204.

Love and wenches are toys,
 And at last but vain joys,

Fit to please beardless boys,
That sigh and groan till they are weary,
When they visit their Misses,
And boast of their kisses,
Ile not envy their blisses,
While vertue consists in Canary.

Song 205.

HE that will look for a Swallows Nest,
A Swallows Nest, a Swallows Nest,
Must look in the Chimney high:
And he that would look for a Minniken Lais,
And a trimmikin Lais; and a finnikin Lais,
Must chuse her by her black Eye;
And he that will fish for Frogs,
Must fish all in this Well:
And all those
That will fuddle their nose,
That will fuddle their nose,
Must go where good Ale's to sell.

Song 206.

THere was an old woman liv'd under a Hill,
And if she ben't gone, she lives there still,
There's Ale and Tobacco, and Wenches at will,
In this little house that lies under the Hill.

Song 207.

How long shall I pine for love?
How long shall I sue in vain?
How long like the turtle Dove,
Shall I heartily thus complain?
Shall the Sails of my love stand still?
Shall the grists of my hope be nnground?
Oh fie, oh fie, fie!
Let the Mill, let the Mill go round.

Think me still in my Fathers Mill,
Where I have oft been found a,

L

Throw

Thrown on my back,
 On a well fill'd Sack,
 While the Mi'll has still gone round a ;
 Prithee Sirrah try thy skill,
 And again let the Mill go round a.

The young one, the old one,
 The fearful, the bold one,
 The lame one though re're so unsound-a,
 The *Jew* and the *Turk*,
 Have leave for to work,
 The whilst that the Mill goes round-a.

Song 208.

NOW that the Spring hath fill'd our Veins,
 With quick and active fire,
 And made green Liv'ries o're the Plains,
 And every Grove a Quire ;
 Sing we this Song with Mirth and merry Glee,
 And *Bacchus* crown the Bowl,
 And here's to thee, and thou to me,
 And every thirsty Soul ;
 Shear Sheep, that have them cry we still,
 But see that no man scape,
 To take off his Sherry
 That makes us so merry,
 And plump as the lusty Grape.

Song 209.

A Silly poor Shepherd was folding his Sheep,
 He walked so long, he got cold on his feet,
 He laid on his Coals by one, two and three,
 But the more he laid on the cuc-colder was he ;

Quoth the Shepherd to's wife what shall we do now
 To buy us more Fuel we'll sell the brown Cow,
 To buy us more Coals to warm thee and me,
 But the more he laid on the cuc-colder was he.

Some Shepherds, said she, themselves can warm
By feeding their flock and folding their sheep. (keep,
But when thou comest home with thy Tar-box &
(crook,
Oh! how it grieves me, how cuc-cold thou dost look.

Alas good wife! I walk through dirt and mire,
Whilst thou perhaps warm'st thy self without fire,
With a friend in a corner, in such sort as whereby,
The warmer thou art, the cuc-colder am I.

Song 210.

FROM the fair *Lavinian* shore,
I your Markets come to store:
Muse not though so far I dwell,
And my wares come here to sell;
Such is the sacred hunger of Gold,
Then come to my pack, where I cry,
What de'ye lack, what d'ye buy?

For here it is to be sold.

You whose birth, and breeding base,
Are rank'd into a nobler race:
And whose Parents heretofore,
Neither arms nor scutcheons bore;
First let me have but a touch of your Gold,
Then come to me Lad, you shall have
What your Dad never gave,

For here it is to be sold.

Madam, for your wrinkled face,
Here's Complexion it to grace,
If your earnest be but small,
It takes away the vertue all;
But if your palms be nointed with Gold,

Then you shall seem,

Like a Queen of fifteen,

Though you were threescore years old.

Song 211.

After the pangs of a desperate Lover,
 When day and night I have sigh'd all in vain
 Ah ! what a pleasure it is to discover
 In her Eyes pity, who causes my pain !
Ah what, &c.

When the denial comes fainter and fainter,
 And her Eyes give what her tongue does deny :
 Ah ! what a trembling I feel when I venture,
 Ah ! what a trembling does usher my joy !
Ah what, &c.

When with unkindness my Love at a stand is,
 And both have punish't ourselves with the pain :
 Ah ! what a pleasure the touch of her hand is,
 Ah ! what a pleasure to press it again !
Ah what, &c.

When with a sigh she accords me the blessing,
 And her eyes twinkle between pleasure and pain :
 Ah what a joy ! Oh beyond all expressing,
 Ah ! what a joy 'tis to hear it again !
Ah what, &c.

When with delight we have surfeit our senses,
 And like a Deer that retires from the Chace :
 Ah ! what a thousand of pretty pretences,
 Doth she use to be brought to a second embrace !
Ah what, &c.

Song 112.

AH *Chloris* ! that I now could sit,
 As unconcern'd as when
 Your Infant Beauty could beget,
 No pleasure nor no pain !
 When I the Dawn us'd to admire,
 And prais'd the coming day ;

I little thought the growing Fire,
Would take my rest away.

ain Your charms in harmless child-hood lay,
Like Metals in the Mine,
Age from no face took more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine;
But as your Charms insensibly,
To their perfection prest:
Fond Love as unperceiv'd did flie,
And in my bosome rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
And *Cupid* at my heart,
Still as his Mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming Dart;
Each gloried in their wanton part,
To make a Lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his Art;
To make a Beauty, she.

Though now I slowly bend to love,
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my Chains approve,
I shall my freedom hate;
Lovers like dying men may well,
At first disorder'd be,
Since none alive can truly tell,
What fortune they must see.

Song 213.

Like a Dog with a Bottle ty'd fast to his Tail,
Like a Mouse in a Trap, or a Thief in a Goal
Like a Tory in a Bog,
Or an Ape with a Clog;
Even such is the man, when he may go free,
Doth his liberty lose,
In a Matrimony noose,
And sells himself into Captivity.

The Dog he doth howl when the Bottle doth jogg,
 The Mouse, the Thief, and the Tory in vain,
 On the Trap, on the Goal, on the Quagmire complain :

But well fare the Pug ;

For he plays with his Clog,

And though he would be rid on't rather than his life
 Yet he hugs and he rugs it as a man does his wife. 2

Song 214.

ILle go to my Love where he lies in the deep,
 And in my Embraces my Dearest shall sleep :
 When we wake, the kind *Dolphins* about us shall throng
 And in Chariots of Shells shall draw us along :
 The Orient Pearl that the Ocean bestows,
 We'll mix with the Coral, our Crowns to compose,
 Then the Sea Nymphs shall grieve and envy our bliss,
 We'll teach them to love, and the Cockles to kiss.

My Love he sleeps now in his watry Grave,
 And has nothing to shew for his Tomb but a Wave ;
 I'll kiss his dear lips, than the Coral more red,
 That grows where he lies in his watry Bed ;
 But ah! my Love, my Love, he is dead :
 There was not a Bell, but a Tortoise-shell,
 To ring, to ring, my poor Lovers knell ;
 Ah! my Love's dead, and there was no Bell,
 But a Tortoise-shell, to ring forth his knell.

Song 215.

GO thy way, go thy way,
 For why shouldst thou stay, (creep ?
 Where the winds whistle, and where the Streams
 Under yonder Willow Tree, fain would I sleep ;
 Then let me alone,
 For 'tis time to be gone,

What

What happiness or pleasures can be in this Isle?
 Within this Desert place,
 There lives no humane Race;
 Fate cannot frown here, nor kind Fortune smile.

Chor. Kind fortune smiles, and she
 Has yet in store for thee,
 Some strange felicity,
 Follow me, follow me,
 And thou shalt see.

Song 216.

THe Bread is quite bak'd,
 And the Embers are rak'd,
 The Midnight is come, by *Chanticleer's* first crowing,
 Then lets bravely carouse
 Whilst on top of the house,
 The Cats they fall out in the heat of their woining:
 Time, whilst his Hour glass, does run out,
 Commands this flowing Glass to go about.
 Stay, stay, the Nurse is wak'd, the Child does cry,
 No Song so ancient is as Lullaby;
 The Cradles rock'd, the Child is hush't agen,
 Then hey for the Maids, and the Men,
 Now every one advance his Glass,
 Then all at once together clash:
 Experienc'd Lovers know,
 This clashing, does but show,
 That as in Musick, so in Love must be,
 Some discord to make up the Harmony.
 When Crickets sing, why should not we?
 The Crickets were merry before us,
 They sung us thanks e're we made 'em a fire;
 They taught us to sing in a Chorus, (Quire.
 The Chimney is their Church, and the Oven their

Song 217.

Since you will need my heart possess,
 'Tis just to you I first confess,
 The faults to which 'tis given,
 It is to change much more enclin'd,
 Than Women, or the Sea, or Wind,
 Or ought that's under Heaven.
 Nor will I hide from you this truth,
 It hath been from its very youth,
 A most egregious ranger;
 And since from me so oft it fled,
 With whom it was both born and bred,
 'Twill scarce stay with a Stranger.
 The black, the fair, the grey, the sad,
 Which made me oft-times think 'twas mad,
 With one kind look would win it:
 So naturally it loves to range,
 That it hath left success for change,
 And what's worse, glories in it.
 Often when I am laid to rest,
 It makes me as like one possess,
 For still 'twill make a pother,
 And though 'tis you I most esteem,
 Yet it will make me in a Dream,
 Court and enjoy another.
 And now if you are not afraid,
 After these truths which I have said,
 To take this arrant Rover:
 Be not displeas'd if I protest,
 I think that heart within your breast,
 Will prove just such another.

Song 218.

OF all the brave Birds that ever I see,
 The Owl is the fairest in her degree:

For

For all the day long she sits in a Tree,
And when the night comes away flies she:

To whit, to whoo,
To whom drinkst thou,
Sir Knave to you,

This Song is well sung, I'll make a vow,
And he is a Knave that drinks it now :
He is a Knave by Father and Mother,
He is a Knave by Sister and Brother,
He is a Knave by Kit and by Kin,
That drinks all up and leaves none in ;
In the bottom their lies Nutmegs and Cloves,
Then drink it all up, and have a red Nose.

Song 219.

Stay shut the Gate,
T'other Quart, for 'tis not so late,
As you are thinking,
The Stars which you see,
In the Hemisphere be

(ing)

But studs in our cheeks by good drink-
The Sun's gone to tippie all night in the Sea Boys,
To morrow he'll blush that he's paler than we Boys,
Give us wine, give him water, 'tis Sack makes us the

(Boys)

Fill up the Glasse,
To the next merry Lad let it pass,
Come away with't ;

Let us go foot to foot,
And give our minds too't,

'Tis heretital Sects that doth slay wit ;
Then hang up good faces, lets drink till our Noses
Give freedom to speak what fancy disposes,
Beneath whose protection now under the Rose is,

Drink off your Bowl,

'Twill enrich both your head and your soul,
With Canary ;

For a carbuncled Face,
 Saves a tedious Race,
 And the *Indies* about us we carry :
 No Helicon like to the juyce of good wine is,
 For *Phæbus* had never had wit that Divine is,
 Had his face been bow-dy'd as thine is and mine is.
 This must go round,
 Off go your hats till the pavement be crown'd,
 With your Beavers,
 A Red coated face,
 Frights a Serjeant and's Mace,
 Whilst the Constable trembles to shivers ;
 In state march our faces like some of the quorum. (um,
 While the Whores do fall down, and the vulgar adore
 And our noses like Link-boys run shining before 'um.

Song 220.

HOW happy's the Prisoner who conquers his fate
 With silence, and ne're on bad fortune complains,
 But carelessly plays with his Key on the Grate,
 And makes a sweet Consort with them & his Chains :
 He drowns care with Sack, when his heart is oppress'd,
 And with that makes it float with a Cork in his breast.
Then since we are all Slaves who Islanders be,
And our Land's a large Prison inclos'd with the Sea ;
We'l drink off the Ocean, and set our selves free,
For man is the Worlds Epitome.

Let Tyrants wear Purple deep dy'd in the blood,
 Of those they have slain their Scepter to sway ;
 If our Conscience be clear and our Titles be good,
 To the rags that hang on us, we are richer than they ;
 We drink up at night, what we can beg or borrow,
 And sleep without plotting for more the next mor-
Then since we are all Slaves, &c. (row.

Come Drawer fill each man a pint of Canary,
 This brimmer shall bid all our senses good night ;
 When.

When old *Aristotle* was frolick and merry,
With the juyce of the Grape, he turn'd *Stagyrite* ;
Copernicus, once in a drunken fit found,
By the course of his Brains, that the Earth did turn
Then since we are all slaves, &c. (round.

'Tis Sack makes our faces like Comers to shine,
And gives us a Beauty beyond Complexions mask,
Diogenes fell so in love with his Wine,
That when 'twas all out, he dwelt in the Cask ;
He liv'd by the scent in that close wainscoted room;
When dying requested the Tub for his Tomb.
Then since we are all Slaves, &c.

Though the Usurer watch o're his bags and his house;
To keep that from Robbers, he rak't from his Debtors,
Each Midnight cries thieves at the noise of a mouse,
Then looks if his bags are fast bound in their setters;
Whence once he's grown rich enough for a State plot,
In one hour Buff plunders, what threescore years got.
Then since we are all Slave, &c.

Let him never so privately muster his Gold,
His Angels, they will their intelligence be,
How close they are prest down in his Canvas Hold,
And long that Soldiers should get 'em free ;
Let him pine and be hang'd, we will merrily sing,
Who hath nothing to lose may cry God bless the King.
Then since we are all Slaves who Islanders be,

And our Lands a large Prison enclos'd with the Sea:
We'l drink off the Ocean and set our selves free,
For man is the Worlds Epitome.

Song 221.

A Curse upon thee for a slave,
Art thou here, and heardst me rave?
Fly not sparkles from mine Eye,
To shew my indignation high?

Am I not all foam and fire,
 With voice as hoarse as a Town-Crier ?
 How my back opens and shuts together,
 With fury, as old mens with weather ;
 Couldst thou not hear my teeth knock hither ?
 Thou nasty Scurvy mungril Toad,
 Mischief on thee, light upon thee
 All the Plagues that can confound thee,
 Or did ever reign abroad ;
 Better a thousand lives it cost,
 Than have brave Anger spilt or lost.

Song 222.

Lets call and drink the Cellar dry,
 There's nothing sober underneath the Sky,
 The greatest Kingdoms in confusion lie,
 Since all the World grows mad why may not I ?
 My Father's dead and I am free,
 He left no Children in the world but me :
 The Devil drank him down in usury,
 And I'll repine in liberality.

Song 223.

HAng sorrow, cast away care,
 Come let's drink up our Sack :
 They say it is good to quicken the blood,
 And also to strengthen the back.
 'Tis Wine that makes the thoughts aspire,
 And fills the body with heat ;
 Besides it is good if well understood,
 To fit a man for the feat.
 Then call and drink up all,
 The Drawer is ready to fill ;
 A fig for care, what need we spare ?
 My Father hath made his Will.

Song 224.

HAng fear, cast away care,
The Parish is bound to find us,
Thou and I, and all must die,
And leave this world behind us ;
The Bells shall ring, the Clerk shall sing,
And the good old wife shall wind us,
And the Sexton shall lay our bodies in Clay,
Where no body shall find us.

Song 225.

HE that will court a Wench that is coy,
That is proud, that is peevish and antick,
Let him be careless to sport and toy,
Laugh at her, and slight her,
Flatter her, spight her,
Rail and commend her again ;
It is the way to woe her,
If that you mean to come close to her,
Such Girls will love such men.

He that will court a Wench that is mild,
That is soft and kind of behaviour ;
Let him kindly woe her,
Not roughly come to her,
'Tis the way to win her favour ;
Give her kisses plenty,
She'll take 'em were they twenty,
Stroke her and kiss her again ;
It is the way to woe her,
If you mean to come close to her,
Such Girls do love mild men.

He that wou'd court a Wench that is mad,
That will squeak and cry if you handle her ;
Let him kiss and fling,
'Till he make the house ring,

'Tis

'Tis the only way to tame her ;
 Take her up and rouse her,
 Salute her and rouse her,
 Then kiss her and please her again,
 It is the way to woo her,
 If you mean to come close to her,
 Mad Girls do love men.

Song 226.

AS I lay all alone on my Bed slumbring,
 Thinking my restless mind to repose :
 All my thoughts they began then to be numbring,
 Up her disdainings, that caused my woes,
 Which so increas'd my dolour and pain,
 I fear I never shall see her again,
Which makes me sigh and sobbing cry,
O my love ! O my love ! for thee I die.

When first I saw this fair cruel praying,
 Within the Temple unto her Saint :
 Then my Eyes every look my heart betraying,
 Which is the cause of my doleful complaint ;
 That all my joys are fled and gone,
 And I in sorrow am now left alone.
Which makes me sigh, &c.

Now farewell every thing that sounds like pleasure,
 And welcome death the cure of my smart :
 I deem'd at first sight of her I grasp'd a treasure,
 But woe is me, it has now broke my heart ;
 For now my passing Bell calls away,
 And I with her no longer must stay ;
Which makes me sigh and sobbing cry,
O my love ! O my love ! for thee I die.

Song 227.

Streph. **C**ome my Daphne, come away,
 We do waste the Chrystal day ;

It's *Strephon* calls,

Daphne, What would my love ?

Streph. Come follow to the Myrtle Grove,
Where I with *Venus* will prepare,
New Chaplets to adorn thy hair ;

Daph. *Strephon*, were I shut in this tree,
I'd rend the Bark to follow thee.

Streph. My Shepherdess make haste,
The Minutes fly too fast.

Let's to those cooler shades, where I,
Blind as *Cupid* in thine eye,
Betwixt thy breast will ever stray,

In such warm Snows,
Who would not lose his way ?

Chorus.

We'll laugh and leave the world behind,
Those Gods themselves that see,
Shall envy thee and me,
And never tast such joy,
When they embrace a Deity.

Song 228.

MY Dame and I, full twenty years,
Liv'd man and wife together;
I could no longer keep her here,
She's gone I know not whither ;
Could I but guess I do protest,
I speak it not to flatter,
Of all the women in the world,
I never would come at her ;
Her body is bestowed well,
A comely Grave did hide her.
I rather think she's soar'd aloft,
For in the last great Thunder,

Methought

Methought I heard her usual voice,
Rending the Clouds in sunder.

Song 229.

SLaves are they that heap up Mountains,
Still desiring more and more ;
We'l carouse in *Bacchus* Fountains,
Never dreaming to be poor.
Give us then a Cup of Liquor,
Fill it up unto the brim ;
For then methinks our wits grow quicker,
When our brains in Liquor swim.

Song 230.

Lets love, lets dance, and lets sing, (ring ;
Whilst the Bells with their sounding ecchoes do
We'l tread the green Grass ;
Each Lad with his Lads,
And we'l follow the Chace.
When weary we be,
We lig under a Tree,
But none are so happy, so happy as we.
What though we are poor,
And we have no store,
Yet we ask no more ;
Some richer may be,
And of higher degree,
But none are so happy, so happy as we.

Song 231.

HEy, ho ! care has been my overthrow,
Long have I liv'd in care and woe ;
And many a sigh I have fetch't,
But yet I find a pound of care,
Will not pay one ounce of Debt.

*Therefore care be gone from me,
For I'll laugh and be fat,
For I've often heard my Grannum say,
That care will kill a Cat.*

A young man, care will make his head look grey,
And an old man, care will bring him to the clay;
Both young and old whom care possesse,
I hold it wondrous bad:

And he that entertains that guest.
I think him worse than mad;

Therefore care be gone, &c.

But i' faith can have at thee,
For all thy crafty cunning;
My wife swears she'll meet with thee,
If she knows of thy coming;
For she will dance and I will sing,
And merrily we will play,
And this the way for to ease all grief,
And to cast all care away.

*Therefore care be gone from me,
For I'll laugh and be fat,
For I've often heard my Grannum say,
That care will kill a Cat.*

Song 232.

I Am confirm'd a woman can
Love this or that, or any man;
To day her love is melting hot,
To morrow swears she knows you not,
Let her but a new object find,
And she's of another mind.

*Then hang me Ladies at your door,
If e're I dote upon you more.*

And yet I love thee, fair one why?
 For nothing but to please my Eye:
 For her that's musical, I long
 When I am sad to sing a Song;
 And for the fair and smooth skin Dame,
 I flatter to appease my flame.

Then hang me Ladies, &c.

I give my fancy leave to range,
 In every face to find a change;
 The black, the brown, the fair shall be,
 But objects of variety;
 I count you all to serve my turn,
 But with such flames as shall not burn.

*Then hang me Ladies at your door,
 If e're I dote upon you more.*

Song 233.

Give o're foolish heart, and make hast to despair,
 For *Daphne* regards not thy vows nor thy prayer,
 Which pleads for thy passion thy pains too long,
 She courts her Guittar, and replies with a Song.

No more I will wait like a slave at your door,
 I will spend the cold night at your windows no more;
 My lungs in long sighs I no more will exhale,
 Since your pride is to make me look sullen and pale.

No more shall your frowns and free humour per,
 To worship the Idol my fancy hath made, (swade,
 When your Saints so neglected your follies give o're
 Your Deities lost and your beauties no more.

How weak are the vows of a lover in vain,
 When flatter'd with hope, or oppress'd with disdain!
 No sooner my *Daphne's* bright eyes I review,
 But all is forgot, and I vow all anew;
 No more fairest *Nymph* I will murmur no more,
 Did the Gods seem so fair, men would ever adore.

Song.

Song 234. *The Answer.*

HE's a fool in his heart that takes any care,
Of womens vain words be they never so fair :
Though she sighs & pretends unto love ne're so long,
She's double in heart and betray's with her tongue.

They still are as false as they were heretofore,
Their nature is such they can ne're give it o're:
They would by their crafts of which they have store,
Inveigle mens hearts their looks to adore.
And if they once find, they cannot prevail,
Overcharg'd with spight, their faces grow pale.

There's nothing that can their fancy please more,
Than to see foolish men their beauties adore :
They would by their frowns to observance perswade,
Those men they do fancy their slaves they have made.

And then to be sure they will tyrannize more,
If a man do but once their pity implore :
Why then should we men, frail women adore,
Since their pride is so great, and their pity no more ?

But sure all that Sex can ne're prove so vain,
To sport or delight in a true lovers pain ;
When a languishing Eye in a lover they view,
To their cruelty sure they must needs bid adieu.
Where good humour I find is, I there will adore,
Say the world what it will, I will never give o're.

Song 235. *An Answer, To I pass all my hours, &c.*

I Posted my self by the wings of my fate,
Through a Defart, bewailing the loss of my Mate :
Where the little Birds thronging in flights they ap-
For to help me lament the loss of my Dear. (pear,
*Then pity, O pity, sweet Ladies my pain,
That loveth, that loveth in vain.*

Each hour they besfriend me in making my Bed,
 And bring me green leaves to lay under my head,
 Where I rest my poor Carcass o're-tyr'd with woe,
 And the boughs all the covering the Wood can be-

Then pity, O pity, &c.

(slow)

Sometimes in a Dream I imagine I see,
 The glance of her figure presented to me,
 Then I think I embrace her in *Phillis's* Bed,
 But when I awake, O my true love is fled.

Then pity, O pity, &c.

Then I wish I had lain all my days in a Dream,
 That my torturing sorrows like pleasures might seem,
 To crown my poor heart, as if *Phillis* was found,
 But lost on a sudden, Oh! cruel wound.

*Then pity, O pity, sweet Ladies my pain,
 That loveth, that loveth in vain.*

Song 236. *A Mock*

To my lodging it is on the cold Ground.

MY Lodging, 'tis on the cold boards,
 And wonderful hard is my fare,
 But that which troubles me most is,
 The fatness of my Dear ;
 Yet still I cry, O melt love !
 And I prithee now melt apace,
 For thou art the man I should long for,
 If't were not for thy Grease.

Song 237. *The Answer.*

THen prithee don't harden thy heart still,
 And be deaf to my pitiful moan,
 Since I do bear the smart still,
 And for my fat do grown ;
 Then prithee now turn my dear love,
 And I prithee now turn to me,

For alas ! I am too fat still,
To rowl so far to thee.

Song 238.

FOr *Bacchus* I am, and for *Bacchus* I'll be, (free ;
And I hope from good Wine I shall never be
Let drinking abound 'tis wine makes the creature,
It strengthens the brain and helps decay'd nature.
For he that by drinking can turn the world round,
By *Bacchus* and *Venus* deserves to be crown'd.
With health after health, let the glass keep its motion,
Till it makes our brains dance like a Ship in the
(Ocean,
When our senses are pallied, & our reason does fail,
A little sound slumber supplies a fresh gale :
Then with wine that is brisk, and a Girl that is won,
We'll drink and we'll kiss, and we'll never have done.

Song 239.

CAn life be a blessing,
That's worth our possessing,
Can life be a blessing if love were away ?
Ah no ! though our love all night keep us waking,
And though he torment us with cares all the day ;
Yet he, sweetens, he sweetens our pains in the taking,
There's an hour at the last, an hour to repay.

In every possessing,
So heavenly a blessing,
In every possessing the fruit of our pain ;
Poor lovers forget long ages of languish,
What e're they have suffer'd and done to obtain ;
'Tis a pleasure, a pleasure to sigh and to languish,
When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.

For a love is a blessing,
That's worth our possessing,

Great love is that blessing for which we contend,
 Incircled in pleasures, to charms that are lasting;
 How happy are lovers that mutually bend? (ing.
 Oh! to manage, to manage their loves without wast-
 Those heavenly, heavenly moments to spend.

Song 240.

Somnus thou God, who eatest cares,
 Soft slumbers dwell upon thy brow :
 Brother to death, which nothing spares,
 But to his fatal shafts all bow :
 Hast hast, and close my waking Eyes,
 Let these tormenting thoughts no more,
 My languish'd Soul with fears surprize,
 But waft them to Oblivions shore.

Let no fond vision's terrific,
 Nor whining Lovers Ghosts appear ;
 Lest I again with love comply,
 Again to bow with cringing fear ;
 Once more to be by females crost.
 Court base-born beauties for disdain,
 And be in Loves dark Abyss lost,
 For those that let me suffer pain.

Song 241.

THe Nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
 No less than a wonder by nature design'd,
 She's the grief of my heart, and the joy of my Eye,
 And the cause of a flame that never can dye.

Her mouth from whence wit obligingly flows,
 Hath the beautiful blush and smell of the Rose :
 Love and destiny both attend on her will,
 She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.

The desperate lover can hope no redress,
 Where beauty and rigour are both in excess,

In *Sylvia* they meet, so unhappy am I, (die.
Who sees her must love her, who loves her must

Song 242.

Tom Jolly's Nose I mean to abuse,
Thy jolly nose Tom provokes my Muse;
Thy nose jolly Tom that shews so bright,
Ile easily follow it by its own light.
Thy nose jolly Tom no jest it will bear,
Although it yields matter enough and to spare;
But jolly Toms nose for all he can do,
Breeds worms in it self, and in our heads too.
To Toms Nose, jolly Toms Nose,
The more 'tis batter'd the more it glows;
Then drink to Tom Jolly a cooling Glass,
Or jolly Toms Nose will fire his face.

Song 243.

Farewel my *Aminda* my joy and I my grief,
In vain have I lov'd you, and found no relief;
Undone by your honour too strict and severe,
Your Eyes gave me love, and you gave me despair;
Now call'd by my honour I seek with content,
My fate which in pity, you would not prevent;
To languish in love were to pine by delay,
A death that's more welcome the speediest way.

On Seas and in Battels, through Bullets and Fire,
The danger is less than in hopeless desire;
My death's wound you gave me, though far off I bear,
My fall from your sight not to cost you a tear.
But if the kind flood, on a wave would convey,
And under your window my body would lay;
When the wound on my breast, you happen to see,
You will say with a sigh it was given by me.

Song 244. *The Answer.*

BLame not your *Aminda*, nor call her your grief,
 'Twas vertue, not she that deny'd you relief;
 Abuse not her honour, nor call it severe,
 Who loves without honour must meet with despair;
 Now prompted by pity I truly lament,
 And mourn for your fate, which I could not prevent;
 I languish to think that your blood should defray,
 The expence of a Love, though so noble away.

On Seas and in Battles that you did expire,
 Was the effect of your valour, not hopelesse despair;
 Of the fame you acquired, I greedily hear,
 And grieve when I think that it cost you so dear.
 And when dismal fate did your body convey,
 To my window my Funeral rites for to pay:
 I sigh that your fate I could not rehearse,
 And all my kind wishes I strew on your Hearse.

Song 145.

WHilst *Alexis* lay prest,
 In her arms he lov'd best;
 With his hands round her neck,
 And his head on her breast,
 He found the first pleasure too hasty to stay,
 And his Soul in the Tempest just flying away.

When *Celia* saw this
 With a sigh and a kiss,
 She cry'd O my dear, I am rob'd of my bliss;
 It's unkind to your Love and unfaithfully done,
 To leave me behind, for to dye all alone.

The youth though in hast,
 Yet breathing his last,
 In pity dy'd slowly, while she dy'd more fast,
 'Till at last she cry'd now my Dear, now let us go,
 Now dye my *Alexis*, and I will dye too.

Thus

Thus entranc'd they did lye,

Whilst *Alexis* did try ;

To recover new breath, that again they might die,

Then often they dy'd, and the more they did so,

The Nymph dy'd more quick, and the Shepherd more

(slow.

Song 246.

P*Hillis* on the new made Hay,

In a wanton posture lay,

Thinking no Shepherd nigh her :

But *Amyntas* came that way,

And threw himself down by her.

Hotly he pursued the game,

She cry'd pish and fie for shame,

I vow you shall not do it ;

But the youth soon overcame,

And eagerly fell to it.

When alas ! to vex her more,

He, ere she began, gave o're ;

For such was the adventure :

He made his complement at Door,

And could not stay to enter.

In great rage she flung away,

He asham'd, and breathless lay,

But though he had displeas'd her ;

He rally'd and renew'd the fray,

And manfully appeas'd her.

Song 247.

When my Lambs and Kids I treated,

And to Mountains did invite ;

With clean Straw their Hurdles sheeted,

Where they did repose all night.

Then free from care I liv'd at pleasure,

Whence my *Lelia* took her flight :

M

Then

Then at the loss of such a treasure,
I all my other Flocks did flight.

Song 248.

WHat should so much Beauty fear ?
Round these Isles, the Heavens appear,
Like their own streams undisturb'd and clear.

These beauteous Nymphs unfrightned too,
Not minding what on other shores they do,
Their innocent delights pursue.

Song 249.

NOW I confess I am in love,
Although I thought I never should,
But 'tis with one dropt from above,
Whose natures made of finest Mould:
She's virtuous, chaste, and if there be,
E're a *Phoenix* in the World 'tis she,
So fair, so good, so all divine,
I'de quit the World to make her mine.

Have you not seen the Stars retreat,
When *Sol* salutes our Hemisphere ?
So shrink the beauties called great,
When sweet *Rosella* doth appear.
Were she as other women are,
I should not love, nor yet despair.
But I could never bear a mind,
Willing to stoop to common faces ;
Nor confidence enough can find,
To aim at one so full of Graces ;
Fortune and Nature did agree,
No woman should be wed by me.

Song 250.

GO treacherous hopes by whose uncertain fire,
I cherish my tyrannical desire ;

Love

Love is a more uncertain guest than care,
And my fate's such,
That it will cost as much,
To love as to despair.

'Tis true, our lives are but a long disease,
Made up with real care and seeming ease :
Ye Gods that such uncertain favours give,
O ! tell me why,
It is so hard to dye,
And such a task to live.

Song 251.

WHEN *Aurelia* first I courted,
She had youth and beauty too,
Killing pleasures when she sported,
And her charms were ever new.

Conquering time doth now deceive her,
Which her glories did did uphold,
All her arts can ne're retrieve her,
Poor *Aurelia's* growing old.

The airy Spirits which invited,
Are retir'd and move no more,
And those eyes are now benighted,
Which were Comets heretofore.

Want of these abate her merits,
Yet I've passion for her name,
Only kind and amorous Spirits,
Kindle and maintain a flame.

Song 252.

POOR *Fenny* and I we toiled,
In a long Summers day,
Till we were almost spoiled,
With making of the Hay;

Her Kerchief was of Holland clear,
Bound low upon her brow,
I've whisper'd something in her Ear,
But what's that to you?

Her Stockings were of Kersey green,
Well sticht with yellow silk,
Oh! like a Leg was never seen,
Her skin as white as milk;
Her hair as black as any Crow,
And sweet her mouth was too,
Oh *Jenny* daintily could mow,
But what's that to you?

Her petticoats were not so low,
As Ladies they do wear 'em;
She needed not a Page I trow,
For I was by to bear 'em,
I've took 'em up all in my hand,
And I think her Linnen too,
Which made me for to make a stand,
But what's that to you?

King *Solomon* had wives enough,
And Concubines a number;
Yet I've possess more happiness,
And he had more of Cumber;
My joys surmount a wedded life,
With fear she lets me mow,
A wench is better than a wife,
But what's that to you?

The Lilly and the Rose combine,
To make my *Jenny* fair,
There's no contentment like as mine,
I'm almost void of care;
But yet I fear my *Jenny's* face,
Will cause more men to woe,

Which I shall take for a disgrace,
But what's that to you?

Song 253.

UPon the *Change* where Merchants meet,
'Twixt *Cornhill* and *Thredneedle* Street,
Where wits of every size are hurl'd,
To treat of all things in the World;
I saw a folded Paper fall,
And upon it these words were writ,
Have at all.

Thought I, If have at all it be,
For ought I know 'tis have at me;
And (if the consequence be true,)
It may as well be Have at you;
Then listen pray to what I shall,
In brief declare, what's written there,
Have at all.

I am a Courtier who in sport.
Do come from the *Utopian* Court,
To whisper softly in your Ear,
How high we are, and what we were;
To tell you all wou'd be too much,
But here and there a little touch,
Have at all.

I was not many years ago,
In tattered trim from top to toe,
But now my ruin'd Robes are burn'd,
My Rags are all to Ribbons turn'd;
My patches into pieces fall,
I cog a Dye, swagger and lye,
Have at all.

Upon my Pantalonian Pate,
I wear a Milleners Estate;

But when he duns me at the Court,
I shew him a protection for't ;
 Whilst he doth to protesting fall,
And then I cry, dam me, you lie,
 Have at all.

Since *Venus* shav'd off all my hair,
A powder'd Perriwig I wear,
Which brings me in the golden Girls,
Which I procure for Lords and Earls ;
 When Love doth for a cooler call,
My fancy drives at Maids and Wives,
 Have at all.

My Lodgings never are at quiet,
Another duns me for my Diet,
I had of him in fifty three,
Which I forgot, so doth not he ;
 I call him sawcy fellow, Sirrah,
I draw my Sword to run him thorough,
 Have at all.

Yet once a friend that sav'd my life,
Who had a witty wanton Wife,
I did in courtesie requite,
Made him a Cuckold and a Knight,
 Which made him mount like Tennis Ball,
Whilst she and I, together cry,
 Have at all.

But those Cits are subtle Slaves,
Most of them wits, and knowing Knaves,
We get their Children, and they do
From us get Lands and Lordships too ;
 And 'tis most fit in these Affairs,
The Land should go to the right Heirs,
 Have at all.

A Soldier I directly hate,
 A Cavalier once broke my pate,
 With Cane in hand he overcame me,
 And took away my Mistress from me,
 For I confess I love a Wench,
 Though *English, Irish, Dutch or French.*
Have at all.

A Soldiers life is not like mine,
 I will be plump when he shall pine :
 My projects carry stronger force,
 Than all his armed Foot and Horse;
 What though his Mortar-pieces roar,
 My Chimney-pieces shall do more,
Have a all.

Thus have I given you in short,
 A Courtier of *Utopia* Court ;
 I write not of Religion,
 For, to tell you truly, we have none :
 If any me to question call,
 With Pen or Sword, hab, nab's the word,
Have at all.

Song 254.

MY Lady's Coachman *John*, being married to
 (her Maid;
 Her Ladyship did hear on't, and to him thus she said;
 I never had a Wench so handsome in my life,
 I prithee therefore tell me how got you such a Wife?
John star'd in her face, and answer'd very blunt,
 E'ne as my Lord got you, how's that? Why by the—

Song 255.

SUm all the delights the world does produce,
 The darling allurements now chiefly in use ;
 You'll find when compar'd, there's none can contend,
 With the solid enjoyment of Bottle and Friend.
 For honour or wealth, or beauty may wast,
 Those joys often fade, but rarely do last:

'They are so hard to attain, and so easily lost,
 That the pleasure ne're answers the trouble and cost ;
 None like wine and true friendship are lasting and
 From jealousie free, and from envy secure : (sure,
 Then fill up the Glasses until they run o're,
 A Friend and good Wine are the charms we adore

Song 256.

FOr the few hours of life allotted me,
 Give me great God but life and liberty,
 I'll beg no more; if more thou art pleas'd to give,
 I'll thankfully that overplus receive;
 If beyond this, no more be freely sent,
 I'll thank for this, and go away content.

Song 257.

Now, now, we are met and humours agree, (be ;
 Call for wine and lose no time, but lets merry
 Fill, fill it about, to me let it come, (*pernaculum*,
 Fill the Glas to the top, I'll drink ev'ry drop, *Sa-*
 A health to the King, round, round let it pass.

Fill it up, and then
 Drink it off like men,
 And never bank your Glasse.

Song 258.

Now, now, we are met, were resolv'd to be jolly,
 And drink this brisk *Burdeaux* and hang Me-
 Then pass it about, 'tis a sin thus to spare it, (lancholy;
 Since there is both meat, drink & cloth in good Claret;
 While the zealous and dull, by their fashion's misled,
 Know none of the joys we have at the Kings-head.

Song 259.

When basie Fame all o're the Plain,
Phillana's praises rung,

And

And on the Reeden Pipes each Swain,
Her matchless Beauties sung;
The envious Nymph was forc'd to yield,
She had so sweet a face;
Now amorous Lust disputes the Field,
But in the second place.

Young *Coridon* whose stubborn heart,
No Beauty e're could move;
But smil'd to think by Bow and Dart,
To outbrave the God of Love;
He view'd his Nymphs, and pleas'd at first,
Such silent charms to see,
With wonder gaz'd, then sigh'd and curst
His curiosity.

Song 260.

Come lets drink, and never think,
For care kills a Cat, but wine makes us fat,
Then a Health to our Royal King *James* and his
May his Reign be ever pleasant and green. (Queen,
May all his Loyal Subjects faithful be,
And never disturb his peace;
But ever still in health and wealth,
For ever prosper and increase.

Song 261.

Pride for the most part,
When we lose a sweet-heart,
Will make us dissemble and seem to disdain,
The conquest which we can no longer maintain,
But such was my love, and such was my Lover,
That in spite of my pride I my grief did discover.

Though short was my reign,

Yet I will not complain,

When pleasure grows dull then a lover may range,
And seek fresh delights in some happy new change;

The Devils in her that will have a poor man,
Still love, and still love, when he has lov'd all he can

Song 262.

Come all ye youths whose hearts e're bled,
By cruel beauties pride,
Bring each a Garland on his head,
Let none his sorrows hide:
But hand in hand around we move,
Singing the saddest tales of Love;
And see when your complaints ye joyn,
If all your wrongs can equal mine.
The happiest mortal once was I;
My heart new sorrows knew,
Pity the pain, with which I die,
But ask not whence it grew;
Yet if a tempting fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Though bright as Heav'n whose stamp she bears,
Think on my fate and shun her snares.

Song 263.

AT the sight of my *Phillis* from every part,
A Spring-tide of Joy does flow up to my heart;
That quickens each pulse and swells every vein,
But all my delights are still mingled with pain.

So strange a distemper sure love cannot bring,
To my knowledge love was a far quieter thing;
So gentle and tame that he never was known,
So much as to wake me when I lay all alone.

But the Boy is much grown and alter'd of late,
He's become a more furious passion than hate;
Since by *Phillis* restor'd to the Empire of hearts,
He has strung his bow and sharpned his darts;

And

And strictly the Rights of his Crown to maintain,
He breaks every heart and turns every brain.

By madness alas! I do plainly discover,
For he's at least as much mad man as lover,
Who for one cruel beauty is ready to quit,
All the Nymphs of the Stage and those of the Pit;
The joys of Hide-Park and the Malls dear delight,
To live sober all day and chaste all the night.

Song 264.

ALl joy to Mortals joy and Mirth,
Eternal Io's sing;
The Gods of love descend to Earth,
Their Darts have lost their sting.

The youth shall now complain no more,
On *Sylvia's* needless scorn;
But she shall love if he adore,
And melt when he shall burn.

The Nymph no longer shall be shy,
But leave the jilting road;
And *Daphne* now no more shall fly,
The wounded painted God.

But all shall be serene and fair,
No sad complaints of Love;
Shall fill the gentle whispering Air,
No ecchoing sighs the Grove.

Beneath the Shades young *Strephon* lies
Of all his wish possess'd;
Gazing on *Sylvia's* charming Eyes,
Whose Soul is there confess'd.

All soft and sweet the Maid appears,
With looks that know no art,
And though she yields with trembling fears,
She yields with all her heart.

Song 265.

A Curse upon that faithless Maid,
 Who first our Sexes liberty betray'd ;
 Born free as man to love and range,
 Till nobler nature did to custom change ;
 Custom that dull excuse for fools,
 Who thinks all vertue to consist in rules.

From love our fetters never sprung,
 That smiling God, all wanton, gay and young,
 Shows by his wings he cannot be,
 Confin'd to restless slavery ;
 But here and there at randome roves,
 Not fixt to glittering Courts, or shady Groves.

Then she that constancy profess,
 Was but a well dissembler at the best,
 And that imaginary sway,
 She feign'd to give in seeming to obey ;
 Was but the height of prudent art,
 To deal with greater liberty her heart.

Song 266.

Let murmuring Lovers no longer repine,
 But their hearts and their voices advance,
 Let the *Nymphs* and the *Swains* in the kind Chorus,
 And the *Satyrs* and *Fauns* in a dance. (joy)
 Let nature put on her beauty of *May*,
 And the *Fields* and the *Meadows* adorn, (joy,
 Let the *Woods* and the *Mountains* resound with the
 And the ecchoes their triumph return ;
 Chorus. For since love wore his Darts,
 And *Virgins* grew cry ;
 Since these wounded hearts,
 And those cou'd destroy ;
 There ne're was more cause for their triumph and joy.

Hark !

Hark! hark! the Musick of the Spheres,
Some wonder approaching declares;
Such, such, as had not blest your eyes and Ears,
This thousand, thousand, thousand years;
See, see, what the force of love can make,
Who rules in Heaven, in Earth and sea;
Behold how he commands the Zodiack,
Whilst the first Signs unhinging all obey:
Not one of which but represents
The attributes above,
Who governs all the Elements,
In harmony and love.

Chorus. *For since Love, &c.*

The wanton *Aries* first descends,
To shew the rigour and the play;
Beginning love, beginning love attends,
When the young passion is all over joy;
He bleats his soft pain to the fair curled throng,
And he leaps and he bounds, and loves all the day
At once loves courage and his slavery, (long;

In Taurus exprest,

Though o're the Plains he conqueror be;

The generous beast,

Does to the Yoke submit his noble breast,
While *Gemini* smiling and twining of arms,
Shows Loves soft endearments and charms;
And *Cancers* slow motion the degrees to exprest,
Respectful love arrives to happiness:

Leo his strength and Majesty,

Virgo his blushing modesty,

And *Libra* all his Equity;

His subtilty does *Scorpion* show,

And *Sagitaris* all his loose desires;

By *Capricorn* his forward humour knows,

And *Aqua*, lovers tears that raise his fire,

While

While *Pisces* which intwin'd do move,
Show the soft play, and wanton acts of love.

Chorus. *For since love wore his Darts,*

And Virgins grew coy ;

Since these wounded hearts,

And those cou'd destroy,

There ne're was more cause for their triumph and joy.

Song 267.

WHEN Maidens are young and in their Spring,
Of pleasure, of pleasure, let them take their full
Full swing.—full swing.— (swing ;

And love and dance and play and sing ;

For *Sylvia* when youth is done,

There's nought but hum-drum,

Hum-drum, hum-drum,

Then *Sylvia* be wise——be wise——be wise,

Though painting and dressing for a while are sup-

And may surprize ; (plies ;

But when the Fire's gone out of your eyes,

It twinkles, it twinkles, it twinkles and dies ;

And to hear love, to hear love from you,

I'de as live hear an Owl cry wit to wo, wit to wo.

Song 268.

WHEN first I sought my *Fenny's* love,

She dash'd my love with cold disdain ;

No tears the cruel Lads could move,

To hear my vows or ease my pain.

She'd chide and frown, and call me Loon,

And bid me from her sight be gone ;

With scorn my presents she'd return,

And all my amorous Letters burn,

But now my constancy she's found,

The lovely fair relenting Maid

With

With kind consent my hope has crown'd,
And all my suffering overpaid.
She'l kiss and toy, and call me her joy,
In love, the live-long day imploy ;
She'l look and smile on me alone,
And only grieve she e're did frown.

Song 269.

T*Hyrsis* unjustly you complain,
And tax my tender heart,
With want of pity for your pain,
Or sense of your desert.

By secret and misterious Springs,
Alas ! our passions move ;
We women are fantastick things,
That like before we love.

You may be handsome and have wit,
Be secret and well-bred ;
The persons love must to us fit,
He only can succeed.

Some die, and yet are ne're believ'd,
Others we trust too soon ;
Helping our selves to be deceiv'd,
And prou'd to be undone.

Song 270.

Come fill to the brim, for the Sun does go round,
And visits the World in a day ;
Our Glasse is our Sun,
Through our World he does run,
And each little drop is his ray ;
As the Sun with his beams does ripen the Earth,
And guilds all the World with his light,
So powerful wine,
Our wits does refine,
And ripens our joys to delight.

Song

Song 271.

SIt thee down by me my dear Joy,
 Thoult quite kill me shouldst thou prove coy ;
 Shouldst thou prove coy, and not love me,
 Where should I find such a one as thee?

I have been at Wake, and I have been at Fare,
 Yet I never saw one with thee to compare ;
 Long have I sought, but ne're cou'd I find,
 One like thee, shouldst thou prove kind.

Thou shalt have gay things to make thee fine,
 Thou shalt have all things, if thoult be mine ;
 Thy head with the choicest flowers shall be crown'd,
 And thy pink pettry Coat shall be lac'd round.

We'l go early to the Brook side,
 And catch the little Fishes as they do glide ;
 Every little fish thy Captive shall be,
 Thou shalt ketch them, and I'll catch thee.

When the Srips full then what shall we do,
 But gang to the little house on the Hill brow ?
 There will we sit, and eat up our fish,
 But sure 'tis thy self must make the best dish.

Come let me kiss thy Cherry Lips and trace
 All o're the wonders of thy sweet face ;
 Thy breasts that so white and roundly do rise,
 Thy ruddy Cheeks, and thy black Eyes.

I'll lie by thee, all the cold night,
 Though shalt have all things for thy delight,
 Thou shalt have any thing, thou shalt have me,
 Sure I have something that will please thee.

Song 272.

MY Dearest Mystres has a heart,
 Kind as those soft looks she gave me ;

When

When with her resistless arts,
And her eyes she did enslave me.
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander ;
That my jealous heart will break,
If that we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing charms and wounding blisses ;
She can arm her self with love,
And her lips can charm with kisses:
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my delight and Mankinds wonder,
Yet my jealous heart she breaks,
If that we lie one night asunder.

Song 273.

I Came and look'd, and lik'd and lov'd,
And frolick't in her Eye ;
While fair *Florilla*, she approv'd ;
The harmless courtesie :
When though my hopes were drown'd, love blaz'd,
And set on fire my heart, while I still gaz'd
On that which caus'd my smart,
Nor could my tongue
Declare the wrong,
Whereby I sadly know,
No pain above, the grief they prove,
Who fall in love,
And dare not say they do.
What priviledge takes the nicer she ?
To me the things all one,
Whether of softer wax she be,
Or of the Parrian stone ;
The Sport's the same ; tell me why,
Fancy should be so rude,
For to deny
What is perhaps as good,

From

From her that lends,
 And freely spends,
 What Nature to her sent,
 As from that Dame, that counts it shame,
 To play the Game,
 Which lost she may repent.

Song 274.

Love! let me have my Mistress such;
 If I must needs have one;
 Whose mettle will endure the touch,
 Which touch will try the Stone.
 Let her have sense, I ask no more,
 A womans reason I abhor.

Her Noon-like Eyes should shine as clear,
 And be so fixt as mine;
 The Salamander Babies there,
 Should kindle and entwine:
 Then look me dead that men may swear,
 There is no Basalisk but her.

If the upper Manna-lips distil
 The sweets of every food;
 To sawce the appetite (not fill,)
 The Lovers Limbecks good:
 To relish which let love invent,
 A way to crane his instrument.

The shrillows of the Siren noise,
 Should charm an Adders Ear;
 And where she eccho'd all to voice,
 I'd be in love with her;
 To be chameleon'd who would care,
 So he might Juncat on such air?

I'd have her Panther in her breath,
 And Phoenix in her breast;

The valleys that are underneath,
The spicery of the East.
I'de have her without much ado,
But loe! I'de have her naked too:
In spite of Fate thus would I lye,
Mandrake to all Eternity.

Song 275.

MY dearest sweet lye down by me,
With thine enamel'd cheek to mine,
While I my Soul breath into thee,
And every kiss returns me thine;
Our bodies we'l in pleasures lull,
And active dalliances prove;
For why? thy face is not more full
Of beauty than I am of love.

My willing arms and thighs shall clip,
And Ivy like thy limbs entwine,
When from thy Balsom mouth I'll sip,
A sure restoring medicine.
And in the respites of our sport,
Thou shalt be Pearl, thy Diamond Eye,
'Cause nature made her sweet so short,
And shame me to a fresh supply.

My busie hand and lips shall rove,
O're all the sweets thy beauties were,
And in thy Hony-suckle Grove,
I'll distil what I gather'd there,
Thy bold, and thy provoking touch,
Shall Loves Alembick so apply,
And shew thy Chymick skill is such,
That I must melt in love and die.

And being thus bereft of breath,
Lovers shall at my Tomb appear,

Wishing

Wishing themselves no worse a death,
 Nor better life than I had here.
 Ladies shall sighing drop a tear,
 As with pure love and pity mov'd,
 That such a constant servant here,
 Should die because he over lov'd.

Song 276.

WHy so pale and wan fond Lover,
 Prithee why so pale?
 If looking well thou canst not move her,
 Will looking ill prevail?
 Prithee why so pale?
 Why so dull and mute young sinner;
 Prithee why so mute?
 If speaking well thou canst not win her,
 Can saying nothing do't,
 Prithee why so mute?
 Quit, quit, for shame? this will not move her,
 This cannot take her,
 If of her self she will not love,
 Nothing can make her,
 The Devil take her.

Song 277.

Sir Francis, Sir Francis his own Son,
 Sir William, Sir Thomas, and all did run,
 Then came my Lord of Southampton,
 And shew'd himself a gallant man.

Then came the Chamberlain with his Staff,
 And all the people 'gan to laugh,
 At length the Queen began to speak.
 You'r welcome home Sir Francis Drake.

Ye Nobles all of Brittish blood,
 Why fail ye not o're the Ocean Flood?

In truth you are not worth a Filberd,
Compar'd to Sir *Humphrey Gilberd*.

For he went out on a rainy day,
To New-found Land he took his way,
Most rare and comely to be seen,
But never came back, (God save the Queen.)

Song 278.

Come dear heart and let us dally,
Underneath the shady Tree,
Why shouldst thou stand shall I, shall I?
When there's no man here to see?

He was full of amorous sporting,
Being in a lusty vein;
She took it for his way of courting,
And gave him kifs for kifs again.

Ah! ah! ah! thou wilt undo me,
Oh! so vile and rude you are;
Yet I cannot chuse but love thee,
'Cause thou cam'st to me so far.

Love to me was but a stranger,
Fearing lest I might be slain;
But now I see there is no danger,
Come and kifs me once again.

Her shoes were of the Spanish fashion,
Her stockings of that Country Silk,
The like there were not in the Nation,
Her Smock was whiter than the milk.

Song 279.

Strife, hurry and noise that fills the lew'd Town,
Sure at last 'tis time to give over;
And in the calm shades of the Country alone,
Blest quiet and ease to recover.

Smiling hopes, idle fears, and restless desires,
Are the busie mans constant attendants ;
What he vainly pursues, the mind that retires,
Already is come to the end on't.

Song 280.

IF any so wise is,
That Sack he despises,
Let him drink his Small-beer and be sober,
While we drink Sack and sing,
As if it were Spring,
He shall droop like the Trees in *October*.

Be sure over-night
If this Dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a warning,
Soon as out of Bed,
To settle your head,
Take an hair of his Tail in the morning.

Then be not so silly,
To follow old *Lilly*,
For there's nothing but Sack that can tune us ;
Let his *Ne assuescas*
Be but in his Cap-case,
And sing *Bibito vinum jejunus*.

Song 281.

Good your worship cast your eye,
Upon a Soldiers misery,
And let not these lean cheeks I pray,
Your bounty from a Soldier stay.
But like a noble friend, some Silver lend,
And *Jove* shall pay you in the end,
And will pray to fate, to make you fortunate,
In heavenly and in earthly State.

I never was wont to beg (good Sir,)
Which makes me blush to keep this stir,

I never went from place to place,
For to make known my woful case :
Oh ! I am none of those that a roguing goes,
And maundring shew their drunken blows,
Which they have only got, by banging of the Pot,
And quarrelling to pay the shot.

But I who limp thus, wars have seen,
And in brave Battles have I been ;
Still when the Cannons us'd to roar,
My proper Sphear was ever more ;
Once at a Barricado, in a Bravado,
Tossing of the hand-granado,
Death was very near, for it took away my Ear,
And yet *Jove* be thank'd, I still am here.

I have at least a dozen times,
Been blown up by these Roguishi Mines,
Thrice through the head I have been shot,
My brains have boyl'd up like a pot,
And being left for dead, when all were fled,
They sent me back again to bed ;
Those dangers I have past, from first to last,
Would make your Worship sore agast.

At push of Pike I lost this Eye,
At *Bergen* Siege I broke my thigh :
At *Brussels* (though a very Lad)
I laid about as I were mad.
Oh ! little would you ween, that I have been,
Such an old Soldier of the Queen ;
But if Sir *Francis Vere*, were living now and here,
He'd tell you how I slash'd them there.

The *Zealanders* my fury know,
I oft with them have chang'd a blow,
From whence we led a war-like dance,
Out of *Spain*, and into *France*,

Where-

Where we have spent a flood of very noble blood,
 And did but very little good ;
 And now I am come home, with rags about my bum,
 To beg of you for this small Sum.

And now my case you understand,
 Good Sir lend me your helping hand ;
 A little thing would pleasure me,
 To keep in ure your charity :
 Oh ! 'tis not Bread and Cheese, or barley leese,
 Or any such like scraps as these,
 That I do ask of yon, but shilling one or two,
 Therefore your purse-strings streight undo.

Song 282.

Sweet ! let me now this Evening die !
 Oh smile not to prevent it ;
 But use this opportunity,
 Lest that we both repent it ;
 Frown quickly then and break my heart,
 That so my way of dying,
 May (though my life be full of smart)
 Be worth the Worlds envying.

Some striving knowledge to refine,
 Consume themselves with thinking,
 Others who friendship seal in wine,
 Are kindly kill'd by drinking,
 And some are wreck'd on th' *Indian Coast*,
 Thither by gain invited,
 Others in smoak of Battle lost,
 Whom, Drums not Lutes delighted.

Alas ! how poorly these depart ,
 Their Graves still unattended,
 Who die not with a broken hears,
 Are not in Love commended ;

His

His Memory is ever sweet,
All praise and pity moving,
Who bravely at his Mistres feet,
Can die with over loving.

And now thou frown'st and now I dye,
My Corps by Lovers follow'd,
Which streight shall by dead Lovers lye,
For that grounds only hallow'd.
If Priests tak't ill I have a Grave,
My death not well approving,
The Poets mine Estate shall have,
To teach the art of loving.

Then ev'ry where they'l ring the Bells,
For thy poor youth departed,
Who every other else excels,
That is not broken hearted :
Virgins on me their Flowers shall strew,
But if thy Tears fall near them,
They'l so excel in scent and show,
Thy self will shortly wear them.

Such Flowers how much will *Flora* prize,
Which near a Lover growing,
Will watered be by Mystrilles Eyes,
With pity overflowing?
A Grave thus deck't will, (though thou art,
Yet fearful to come nigh me.)
Invite thee strait to break thine heart,
And lye down boldly by me.

Then every where the Bells shall ring,
Whilst all to black is turning,
And every where all Quires shall sing,
As Natures self were mourning.
Yet we hereafter shall be found,
By destinyes night placing,

Making (like Flowers) Love underground,
Whose Roots are still embracing.

Song 283.

Love is a Bauble ; No man is able,
To say, it is this, or 'tis that ;
An idle passion, of such a fashion,
'Tis like I cannot tell what.

Fair in the Cradle, foul in the Saddle,
Always too cold or too hot ;
An errant Liar, fed by desire ;
It is, and yet it is not.

Love is a fellow, clad all in yellow,
The Canker-worm of the mind ;
A privy mischief, and such a sly thief,
No man knows where him to find.

Love is a wonder, 'tis here, and 'tis yonder,
'Tis common to all men we know ;
A very cheater, ev'ry ones better,
Then hang him and let him go.

Song 284.

I Am a cunning Constable,
And a Bag of Warrants I have here,
To press sufficient men and able,
At *Horn-Castle* to appear ;
But now a-days they'r grown so cunning,
That hearing of this Martial strife,
They all away from hence are running,
Where I miss the man I'll press the wife.

Ho ! Who's at home ? lo ! here am I ;
Good morrow neighbour. *Wellcome, Sir,*
Where's your Husband ? *Why truly*
He's gone abroad a Journey far.

Do you not know when he comes back?
See how these Cowards fly for life!
The King for Soldiers must not lack,
If I miss the man I'll take the wife.

*Shew me by what Authority
You do it? Pray Sir let me know.*

It is sufficient for to see,
The Warrant hangs in Bag below:
Then pull it out if it be strong,
With you I will not stand at strife;
My Warrant is as broad as long,
If I miss the man I'll press the wife.

Now you have prest me and are gone,
Please you but let me know your name,
That when my Husband he comes home,
I may declare to him the same.

My name is Captain Ward I say,
I ne're fear'd man in all my life:
The King for Soldiers must not stay,
Missing the man I'll press the wife.

Song 285.

THere was a London Gentlewoman,
That lov'd a Country-man a;
And she desir'd his company,
A little now and than-a, Fa, la, &c.
This man he was a Hemp-dresser,
And dressing was his Trade-a;
And he doth kiss the Mistress Sir,
And now and then the Maid-a, Fa, la, &c.
He took up her Petty coat,
And would rake up her Smock-a;
And went unto the Parlor-door,
That he her hemp might knock-a, Fa, la, &c.

He held up his Boitle then,
 And she set down the Block-a ;
 And there he fell to work indeed,
 With knick, a knack, knick a knack, knock a.

Song 286.

You cruel Goddesses, that woods and fields possess,
 Assist me with your skill, that may direct my
 More jocundly to express, (Quill,
 The mirth and delight, both morning and night,
 On Mountain, or in Dale,
 Of them who choose this Trade to use,
 And through cold Dews, do never refuse,
 To carry the milking pale.
 The bravest Lasses they, live not so merry as they,
 In honest civil sort, they make each other sport,
 As they trudge on the way :
 Come fair or foul weather, they'r fearful of neither,
 Their courages never quail,
 In wet or dry, though winds be high,
 And dark the Sky, they ne're deny
 To carry the milking-pale.
 Their hearts are free from care, they never do despair,
 Whatever do befall, they bravely bear out all,
 And Fortunes frowns out-dare,
 They pleasantly sing, to wellcome the Spring,
 'Gainst Heaven they never rail,
 If Grass will grow, their thanks to show,
 In Frost and Snow they merrily go
 Along with the milking-pale.
 Base idleness they scorn, they rise up in the morn,
 And walk into the fields, where pretty Birds do yield
 Brave Musick on every Thorn ;
 The Linet and the Thrush, do sing on each Bush,
 And the dulcid Nightingale

Her

Her Note doth strain in a jocund vein,
To entertain, that worthy Train,
Which carry the milking-pale.

Their labour doth health preserve, no Doctors rules
While others too nice, in taking advice, (they observe
Look always as if they would starve ;
Their meat is digested, they ne're are molested,
No sickness doth them assail ;
Their time is spent in merriment,
While Limbs are lent, they are content,
To carry the milking-pale.

Those Lasses nice and strange, that keeps shop in the
Sit pricking of clouts, and giving of flouts, (Change,
They seildome abroad do range ;
Then comes the Green-sickness, and changes their
All this is for want of good sale ; (likeness,
But 'tis not so, as proof doth show,
By them that go, in Frost and Snow,
To carry the milking pale.

If they any Sweet have that their affections crave,
Their priviledge is this, which many others miss,
They can give them welloom brave ;
With them they walk, and pleasantly talk,
With a Bottle of Wine or Ale ;
The gentle Cow doth them allow,
As they know how, God speed the Plow,
And bless the milking-pale.

Upon the first of May, with Garlands fresh and gay,
With Mirth & musick sweet, for such a Season meet,
They pass their time away,
They dance away sorrow, and all the day thorow,
Their Legs do never fail ;
Yet they nimbly their feet do ply,
And bravely try the victory,
In honour o'th milking-pale.

If any think that I do practice Flattery,
 In seeking thus to raise, the merry Milk-maids praise,
 I'll to them thus reply,
 It is their desert, inviteth my art,
 To study this pleasant Tale,
 In their defence whose innocence,
 And providence, gets honest pence,
 Out of the milking-pale.

Song 287.

IN *January* last on *Monday* i'th morn, (Corn ;
 As along the Fields I pass'd to view the Winters
 I leaked me behind, and saw come o're the Slough,
 One glenting in an Apron with a bonny bent brow.

(teously,
 I bid good morrow fair Maid, and she right cour-
 Bow'd low, and then kind Sir, she said good day agen
 (to ye ;

Speard a her, fair Maid quoth I, how far intend you
 qu' she, I mean a mile or twa, to yonder brow. (now?

Fair maid I am contented to have such company,
 For I am ganging out the gate that you intend to be.
 When we had walked a mile or twa, I said to her my
 (Dow,

May I not light you'r Apron, and kifs your bonny brow?

No good Sir your mistaken for I am none of those,
 I hope you have more breeding than to light a womans
 For I have better chosen than any such as you, (cloths,
 Who boldly may my Apron light, and kifs my bonny
 (brow.

Nay if you are contracted I have no more to say,
 Rather than be rejected, I will give o're the play,
 And I will chose one of my own, that shall not o're
 (me rue,

But I'll boldly light her Apron, and kifs her bonny
 brow. Sir

Sir I see you are proud hearted, & loth to be said nay
 You need not to have started for ought that I did say,
 Women you know for modesty, don't at the first time
 (bow,
 But if we like your company; we are as kind as you.

Song 288.

Dear *Jockey's* gone to the Wood,
 And Dame *Fenny's* gone twa ;
 Dear *Jockey* would court a good,
 But Dame *Fenny* says nay :
 Dame *Fenny* my dearest love,
 Prithee *Fenny* fancy me ;
 Thou art the blithest bonniest Girl,
 And the fairest Lads,
 Tha e're *Jockey's* Eyn see.

When *Jockey* had wooed her thus,
 She said prithee forbear ;
 Thou *Jockey* art false I fear,
 And would *Fenny* insnare.
 Dear *Fenny* believe it not,
 That thy *Jockey* is untrue,
 For I do swear by all that's good
 In this pleasant Wood,
 And by Bonnet that's blew.

Why sud I not now believe,
 When dear *Jockey* does swear,
 By Bonnet and awe that's good,
 That e're *Jockey* shall wear ?
 Then lets gang heam my Dear,
 And be merry there a while ;
 I love thee heartily my Joy,
 Thou art the only boy.
 On whom *Fenny* shall smile.

Song 289.

John, **C**ome dearest joy, lets go to bed,
 It is no sin since we are wed ;

For

For when I am near thee by desire,
I burn like any Coal of Fire.

Jug. To quench thy flames I'll soon agree,
Thou art the Sun, and I the Sea;
All night within my Arms shalt be,
And rise each morn as fresh as he.

Chorus.

Come on then, and Couple together, Come all,
The old and the young, the short and the tall;
The richer than *Cræsus*, and poorer than *Job*;
For 'tis Wedding and Bedding that Peoples the Globe

John. My heart, and all's at thy Command;
Although I've never a Foot of Land,
I've six fat Ews, and one milch Cow,
I think my *Jug* is Wealth enow.

Jug. A Wheel, six Platters and a Spoon,
And a Jacket edg'd with blew Galoon;
My Coat, my Smock is thine, and shall
Have something under it, best of all.

Chorus.

Come on then, and Couple together, Come all,
The old and the young, the short and the tall;
The richer than *Cræsus*, and poorer than *Job*,
For 'tis Wedding and Bedding that Peoples the Globe.

Song 290.

Quoth *John* to *Joan*, wilt thou have me?
I prethee now wilt thou; I'll marry with thee,
My Cow, my Cow, my House and Rents,
All my Lands and Tenements:

Say my *Joan*, say my *Joaney*, will not that do?

I cannot, I cannot, come every, every day to woo.

I have Corn and Hay in the Earn hard by,
And three fat hogs pent up in the Sty;

I have a Mare, and she's Coal black,
I ride on her Tail to save her back :

Say, my Joan, &c.

I have a Cheese upon the Shelf,
I cannot eat it all my self ;
I have three good marks that lye in a rag,
In the nook of the Chimney instead of a bag ;

Say my Joan, &c.

To marry I wou'd have thy consent,
But Faith I never could Complement ;
I can say nought but hoy gee hoa,
Terms that belong to Cart and Plough.

Say my Joan, &c.

I love thee *Joan* with all my heart,
Come quickly consent, and we will not part ;
My Shirt, my Skirt, and eke my Band,
All I have is at thy Command :

Say my Joan, &c.

Then more to thy Comfort *Joan* I have,
For think not I pray, thy *Jonny* a Slave ;
I was free born I'll make it appear,
My Father left me five Marks a year :

Say my Joan, will this not do ?

I cannot, I cannot come every, every day to woe.

Song 291.

Will you go by Water Sir ?

I am the next Sculler :

Go with my Fair up Westward Sir,

My Boat shall be no fuller :

Next Oar's Sir, next Oar's,

Whither is't you go ?

To *Faux-hall* or *Westminster*,

Or through Bridge hoe ?

Pray Master trim the Boat,

N s

And

And sit a little higher,
 Sir, you've a handsome Lady by ye,
 Methinks you might sit nigher :
 Come Boy, lay the Stretcher,
 And sit down to the Oar,
 You Sir will you change
 A Rogue for a Whore ?
 You Sculler look before you,
 With a Pox to you hold Water,
 Look, look, the Rogue runs foul on us,
 Remember this hereafter ;
 Come Land us here at *Kings Bridge*,
 I Sir, if you are willing ;
 Here Water-man here's Six-pence,
 Good Faith 'tis worth a shilling.

Song 292.

When first *Amintor* sued for a Kiss,
 My innocent heart was so tender,
 That though I pusht him away from the Bliss,
 My Eyes declar'd my Heart was won,
 I fain an artful Coynefs would use,
 Before I the Fort did surrender :
 But Love would suffer no more such abuse,
 And soon alas, my Cheat was known :
 He'd sit all day, and laugh and play,
 A thousand pretty things would say :
 My Hand he'd squeeze, and press my Knees,
 Till further on he got by degrees.

My Heart just like a Vessel at Sea,
 Was toss'd when *Amintor* was near me ;
 But, ah ! so cunning a Pilot was he ;
 Through doubts and fears he still Sail'd on,
 I thought in him no danger could be,
 So wisely he knew how to steer me,
 And thus was easily brought to agree,

To taste of Joys before unknown.
Well might he boast,
His pains not lost,
For soon he found the golden Coast ;
Enjoy'd the Oar, and touch'd a-shore,
Where never Merchant went before.

Song 293.

BLush not redder than the morning,
Though the Virgins give you warning ;
Sigh not at the chance befell you,
Though they Smile and dare not tell you.
Sigh not at, &c.

Maids like Turtles love the cooing,
Bill and murmur in their Wooing:
Thus like you, they start and tremble,
And their troubled joys dissemble :
Thus like you, &c.

Grasp the pleasure while 'tis coming,
Though your Beauty's now a blooming,
Lest Old time your Joys should sever,
Ah! Ah! they part, they part for ever.
Lest Old Time, &c.

Song 294.

OH, how I abhor
The Noise and the Smoke of the Town ;
The Clamours of War,
The glittering Sword and the fraudulent Gown!
The Suburbs Debauches
The Cheats of the City,
The ratling of Coaches,
And the noise of the men they call witty!
But give me the man from all Jealousie free,
That has good store of Lands
And in Country Commands,

Who

Who honest dares be,
 And Justice dares do,
 His Nation to serve,
 And not from his good Country Principles swerve,
 This, this is the man for me.
 Who looks to's Village, and sometimes to's Plow,
 And from his own House hears his Fat Oxen low,
 And his own Sheep bleat,
 This, this, is the man that is truly call'd great.

Song 295.

Give me the Lass that's true Country bred,
 A Paragon Gown, and Straw-hat on her head;
 Feeding upon good Bacon and Beans,
 But never knew what Jilting means.
 What though her Skin be Tawny and Course,
 Flocks she lyes on, she'l Kifs ne're the worse;
 Clap she ne're had like miss of the Town,
 That's painted and patch'd, and lyes up and down.

What though her Speech be simple and plain?
 She knows not what flattering Compliments mean.
 If Bawdy you speak, she blushes and smiles,
 Such innocent Charms instead of Beauty beguils.
 Free from Distempers in every part,
 Wherever she likes she loves from her heart:
 She's not for a minute like those of the Trade,
 For pleasing Enjoyment for ever she's made.

She has not the trick of forcing delight,
 But acts with like pleasures each day and each night,
 Each moment she's dying, so hot is her fire,
 And never does kifs but with perfect desire.
 Her Nature is sound, she's always in health,
 Her Kisses are sweet, which she gives me by stealth;
 When e're I am dull, and sit sighing alone,
 She'l sing me a Song of young Tommy and Jone.

Song

Song 296.

All the Town so lewd is grown,
Hereafter you must excuse me ;
If when you discover your self a Lover,
I think it is all a lie ;
Oaths, and Sighs, and melting Eyes,
You'll sacrifice to seduce me :
Thus silly poor Women are oft undone,
And happily warn'd am I.
Excuse me for flying,
And for my denying,
For Faith Sir I must refuse ye ;
Excuse me knowing,
The Cheats of your Wooing,
And for your request excuse me ;
Excuse me if when you Vow'd, and Swore,
I thought you design'd to deceive me more ;
For now who makes Love till his Eyes run o're,
Shall ne're the sooner abuse me.

Youth and Wit did once invade
My heart, e're I scarce was twenty,
And I silly Creature, through mere good nature,
Believ'd him what e're he Swore :
Young unpractis'd, in the Trade,
Of favours I was not scanty ;
But he whom my innocent Love betray'd
Shall never deceive me more ;
For now though he flatter,
And cackle, and chatter ;
And still in the Dance does choose me,
Nay argue the case too,
And look like an Ass too ;
He after all this shall lose me :
For now I will Female-cunning use,
And all our stock of Revenge produce,

One Rebel to Honour has broke the Truce,
And all mankind shall excuse me.

Song 297.

WHEN a Woman that's buxom a dotard does wed;
'Tis a madness to think she'll be tyed to his Bed;
For who can resist a Gallant that's young,
And a man A-la-mode in his Garb and his Tongue?
His Looks have such Charms, & Words have such Force
That the drowsie Mechanick's a Cuckold of course.
He brings her acquainted with Dons of the Court,
That are persons of Worth, and of Civil Report:
Thus she cannot a kind opportunity want,
For he'll trust her with no man, except her Gallant.
Yet the confident Fop for her Honesty swears,
So he grafts on himself the Horns that he wears.
Thus happy are we who are yok'd to a Cit,
For whenever we teach him he pays for his Wit;
By his Duck that appear'd to be faithful and chaste,
He finds himself Cuckold, and beggar'd at last:
And the credulous Fool having drudg'd all his life,
Proves a Thief to himself, and a Pimp to his Wife.

Song 298.

I Am so deep in love, I cannot hide it,
It breaks me of my rest, and of my quiet;
For when I see his Face it so inflames me,
That I must love him still, tho the World blames me.

O fie upon this Love, it will undo me,
I'll ne're love man again, should the gods woe me;
For if that once I can shake off this Passion,
I'll ne're love man again, only for fashion.

There's no belief in men though they seem Civil,
For when they sit like Saints, they think most Evil.
Therefore be rul'd by me, never trust no man,
But if you needs must love, pray love a woman.

I wish blind *Cupid* had been soundly sleeping,
When like a Crafty lad, he came so creeping,
To wound my tender heart, and pierce my marrow,
I felt his fatal dart, to my great sorrow.

Never poor *Virgin* was in such a taking,
I oft look't in my Glass, pleasure forsaking,
My Cheeks are pale and wan, my Lips do tremble,
Eccause I lov'd a man, that did dissemble.

Song 299.

Willy. Canst thou not weave Bone lace ?

Jenny. Ay marry that I can ;

Willy. Canst thou not lisp with a grace ?

Jenny. Yes, better then any ean.

Willy. Canst thou not Card and Spin ?

Jenny. I Birlady that I can ;

Willy. And do another thing ?

Jenny. Wheigh I'll do what I can.

Willy. Come then and be my sweet,
To Bed I'll carry thee ;

Jenny. No, no, gud faith not a bit,
Unless you marry me.

Willy. Marriage is not the mode,

Jenny. Then I must take it Sir,

Willy. Pox o'the Common road ;

Jenny. I'se ne're forsake it Sir,

Willy. Thou shalt in me possess,
All Joys that can be had,
Give me a consenting Kiss ;

Jenny. First fetch the man o god,
Let him but say a short grace,
So dear, I tender ye,
Kiss me or do what you please,
Faith I'se not hinder ye.

Willy.

Willy. We shall both weary grow,
Chains soon will tire ye;

Jenny. Ah never tell me so,
Since I admire ye.

Willy. Still when I touch thy brest,
Thy tempting Charms do fire me,
But yet I hate a Priest.

Jenny. Come then no nigher me :
Though you would tempt me to bed,
I'se no such silly Fool,
But if you'l buckle and wed,
Yous Kifs your Belly full.

Song 300.

Under the Branches of a spreading Tree,
Sylvander sat from Care and Danger free;
And his inconstant roving humour shows
To his dear Nymph, that sung of Marriage-Vows,
But she with flowing graces, charming air,
Cries fie, fie, my dear give o're,
Ah, tempt the powers no more,
But thy offence with penitence repair;
For though Vice in a Beauty seem sweet in thy Arms,
An innocent Beauty has always more Charms.

Ah *Phillida*, the angry Swain reply'd,
Is not a Mistress better than a Bride?
What man that universal Yoke retains,
But meets an hour to sigh and curse his Chains?
She smiling cries, change, change that impious mind,
Without we could prove,
Not half the Joys of Love,
'Tis marriage makes the feeling bliss Divine:
Then all our life long we from scandal remove,
And at last fall the Trophies of honour and love.

Song 301.

HOW unhappy is my Fate,
 Forc'd by honours proud alarms?
 To storm ambition does Create,
 And leave *Dorinda's* softer Charms:
 Instead of days and nights of Love,
 Lull'd upon peaceful Beds of Down;
 Must through a thousand dangers rove,
 And though I Conquer, be o'rethrown;
For when Dorinda I must leave,
For time hath nothing more to give.

Pleasant Groves, and purling Streams,
 Made for Lovers kind repose;
 Songs, and Kisses, and sweet Dreams;
 All these blessings I must lose:
 When Drums and Trumpets ring my knell,
 And e'ry footstep is my Grave;
 Then my *Dorinda*, then farewell,
 And pity him Love could not save,
Tho' Fate oppos'd, his heart was true,
And dy'd, sigh'd, and thought of you.

Song 302.

WHEN first *Amyntas* charm'd my heart,
 My heedless Sheep began to stray,
 The Wolves soon stole the greatest part,
 And all will now be made a prey:
 Ah! let not love your thoughts possess,
 'Tis fatal to a Shepherdess;
 The dangerous passion you must shun,
 Or else like me, be quite undone.

Song 303.

AH how sweet are Loves soft Charms,
 That Virgins freely tender;

When

When the sense of Charming Bliss,
 Has forc'd 'em to surrender?
 For the joys which passion brings,
 The Soul does so endeavour,
 They no longer count them lost,
 But wish they'd last for ever.

Sighs and Smiles are Lover's Food,
 And Eyes the Scenes to languish,
 Tears the precious, chiefest good,
 Though shed with pain and anguish;
 Yet the trilling recompence,
Elizium so discovers,
 None ever felt the joys of Sense,
 But kind immortal Lovers.

Song 304.

Room, room, for a man oth' Town
 That takes delight in roaring,
 That daily rambles up and down,
 And spends his Night in Whoring;
 That for the modish name of Spark,
 Dares his Companions Rally,
 Commits a murder in the dark,
 Then Sneaks into an Alley.

To every Female that he sees,
 He swears he bears Affection,
 Disdains all Laws, Arrests, or Fees,
 By help of a protection;
 At last pretending worser wrongs
 By some resenting Cully,
 Is decently run through the Lungs,
 And there's an end of Bully.

Song 305.

THere was a Lass in London Town,
Both beauteous, fair and witty,
She travel'd England up and down,
Through every Town and City,

*She got mony by't, she got mony by't,
She got mony by th' Bargain ;
She got mony by't, she got mony by't,
Four-pence half-penny Farthing.*

At last she came to Sturbridg Fair,
And there she met a Farmer,
He did desire to know her name,
And swore he would not harm her.

But she got mony, &c.

He took her by the Lilly-White-hand,
And led her into the Garden,
But what they did there you may understand
For four-pence-half-penny-farthing.

For she got money, &c.

She told him then she must be gone,
But first they kifs'd at parting,
And left the man there all alone,
With four-pence-half-penny-farthing.

For she had got money by't, &c.

Song 306.

AS I went forth one morning fair,
Even in the midst of Summer Spring,
I overheard a youth lament,
And to himself he thus did sing:

*It's Nanny, Nanny, Nanny, O,
The Love I bear to Nanny O,
And all the World shall never know,
The Love I bear to Nanny O.*

Her cheeks, her cheeks are lilly white,
 And her Eyes are the chrystal, O,
 She might have been a Lords delight,
 And her name is called *Nanny*, O,

It's Nanny, Nanny, &c.

I had rather have *Nanny* in her Shift,
 She is so blith and bonny O,
 As to marry *Betty* with a Gift,
 If that the world but have me O,

It's Nanny, Nanny, &c.

Come saddle me my milk white Steed,
 The black was ne're so bonny O,
 That I may spur and ride with speed,
 All for to court my *Nanny* O,

It's Nanny, Nanny, &c.

Some take delight in Cards and Dice,
 And other some in dancing O,
 And I delight in a Lass that nice,
 And her name is called *Nanny* O,

It's Nanny, Nanny, Nanny, O, &c.

Song 307.

L Et *Oliver* quite be forgotten,
 His policy shut out of doors,
 Let *Bradshaw* and *Hewson* lie rotten,
 Like Sons of *Phanatical* Whores :
 For *Tony's* grown a Patrician,
 By voting damn'd Sedition,
 For many years fam'd Politician ;
 The mouth of all Presbyter Peers.

Tony a turn-coat at *Worcester*,
 Yet swore he'd maintain the Kings right,
 But *Tony* did swagger and bluster,
 And never drew sword in the Fight ;

For *Tony* like an old Stallion,
Had still the pox of Rebellion,
And never was found,

Like a Camclion,
Still changing his shape and his ground.

Old *Rowley* return'd (Heav'n blefs him)
From Exile and danger set free,
Sly *Tony* made hast to Address him,
And swore none so loyal as he :

The King that knew him a Traytor,
And saw him squint like a Satyr,
Yet with his Grace

Pardon'd the matter,
And since gave him the Purse and the Mace.

And now little Chancellor *Tony*,
With honour has feather'd his wing,
And carefully scrap'd up the Mony,
But never a Groat for the King ;

The Duke soon smok'd him a round-head,
From head to heel,

Tony was founded,
Great *X—k* put a spoke in his wheel.

But *Tony* that frets in his passion,
Like a Boy that has nettled his breech,
Did late in the House take occasion,
To make a most delicate Speech,

He told the King like a Crony,
If e're he hop'd to have Mony,
He must be rul'd,

O fine *Tony*,
Was ever great Monarch so school'd ?

The King issues forth Proclamation,
By learned and loyal advice,
But *Tony* declares to the Nation,
The Council will never be wise :

For

For *Tony* rails at the Papist,
 Yet is himself a great Atheist,
 Though so precise,
 Sneaking and apish,
 Like holy Quack, or Priest in disguise.

But Destiny shortly will cross it,
 For *Tony* grows gouty and sick,
 In spite of his Spigget and Faucet,
 The States-man must go to old *Nick* :
 Yet *Tony's* madder, and madder,
 And *M*——blows like a bladder,
 And others too,

 Who grow gladder,
 That they Great *Y—k* are like to undo.

But now let this Rump of the Law see
 A Maxim, and so we will part,
 Who e're with his Prince is so sawcy,
 'Tis fear'd he's a Traytor in's heart ;
 Then *Tony* cease to be witty,
 By buzzing of Treason i'th City,
 And love the King,

 So ends my ditty,
 Or swing like a Dog in a string.

Song 308.

NOW the Vail is pull'd off, and this pitiful Nation
 Which too late see the Gall, of a Kirk reforma-
 (tion,

Now all things that should be, are turn'd topsie turvy,
 And the freedom we have, is our Prince made a slave,

And the Masters must now turn the waiters,
 The great ones obey, whilst the Rebels do sway,
 And the Loyal to Rebels are Traytors.

The Pulpits are crowded with tongues of their own,
 And the Preachers are Spiritual Committee men
 grown, To

To renounce Sequestration, on Souls of old fashion,
They rail, and they pray, till they quite preach away,
The wealth that was once the wise Cities;

The Courts in the Hall
Where the Lawyers did bawl,
Are turn'd into pious Committees.

Song 309.

Come draw us some Wine,
Let it sparkle and shine,
And make each drop fall from abounding;
Like the heart it makes light,
Let it flow pure and white,
And a pox take all kind of compounding.

Not a thought shall come in,
But what honours our King,
Let Committees be hang'd with their gain,
We'll send by a stealth,
To our hearts the King's health,
And their in despite he shall reign.

Song 310.

Come my Lads lets drink and bouze,
There's nothing like to a brave Carouze;
Let the Sots go droop and pout,
And with their small drinks get the Gout;
We such humours all do scorn,
And hate to get it so forlorn;
But merrily in your Sack we'll sing,
God bless all those who love the King.

Song 311.

L I've long the great *Cæsar*, and long may he reign,
His Throne let the Sword of bright justice sustain;
May *Jehova* protect him with his powerful arm,
And guard him secure from all dangers and harm,

Let

Let Legions of Angels his person surround,
 And let him with Conquests and Glory be crown'd.
 Let Majesty shine with its sparkling Ray
 On his sacred head, let the flourishing Bays,
 Of Triumph and Honour for ever be green,
 And let his proud Foes in confusion be seen ;
 Oh! but let his proud Foes be consum'd in their
 Whilst under his Scepter we safely abide. (pride,

Song 312.

GO perjur'd man, and if thou e're return,
 To see the small remainder of my Urn,
 When thou shalt laugh, shalt laugh,
 And ask where's now
 The colour, form, and trust
 Of womens beauty ;
 And perhaps with rude, rude hands,
 Riffled the flowers which the Virgins strew'd,
 Know I have prayed to pity, that the wind,
 Might blow my Ashes up, and strike thee blind.

Song 313.

HAppy is the man that takes delight,
 In banquetting his senses,
 That drinks all day, and then at night,
 The height of joy commences ;
 With Bottles arm'd, we stand our ground,
 Full bumpers crown our blisses,
 We sing and roar the Streets around,
 In serenading Misses.

Blessings thus free and unconfin'd,
 We prove without reproaches,
 There's no bliss like a frolick mind,
 No pleasure like debauches ;
 Whilst rambling thus new joys we reap,
 In charms of love and drinking ;

Insipid

Inspid Fops lie drown'd in sleep,
While the Cuckold he lies thinking.

Song 314.

AH! how pleasant are the charms of love,
Which like streams are always flowing :
Ah! how pleasant are those lovely charms,
Which are like to over-flowing streams,
So my passions still a growing,
Nothing but *Celia's* Eyes can move ;
And happiness encrease without her knowing ;
Perfect and immortal as the joys above.

When *Celia* did my heart surprize,
Every finew felt a pleasure,
Each kind look from her obliging Eye,
Fill'd my heart with endless treasure ;
Love, O Love is the only treasure?
Joy and blessing from the grave and wife,
Give me love, and life and pleasure,
I shall never envy what the world enjoys.

Ah ! how ravishing is the delight,
How transporting is the treasure,
And what are the charms that do envite,
When each smile's a boundless treasure:
Oh ! it exceeds the *Indian* Ocean,
Or all the riches that the world can give ;
Her Eyes they sparkle in their motion,
Like heavenly fires that do for ever live.

Upon each pleasant Tree her name,
In cool Shades I still am carving,
That for evermore may live her fame,
Though far less than she's deserving ;
Whilst the Nymphs they do sit singing,
And the pleasant Roses on her shed,

Endless joys are ever springing,
And a thousand blessings are around her spread.

Song 315.

Here's a health to the man i'th Moon,
Who Claret drinks all the night long;
And like us must be tipsie at noon,
If his Liquor like ours be strong.
Fill each man his Glass, we lose time,
Come troul about briskly Boys, so,
Each fancy may rise as sublime,
And our wits three times quicker will grow.
Then let the dull Soul who ne're knew
The powerful pleasures of wine,
Base wealth with hard labour pursue,
Whilst by drinking we grow more divine.
We baffle all dangers and cares,
Whilst as merry as Princes we live;
Let us drink each a quart for his share,
Whilst mad men and fools sit and grieve.

Song 316.

Joy to the Bridegroom, fill the Skies,
With pleasing sounds of wellcome joys;
Joy to the Bride, may lasting bliss,
And every day too prove like this.
Joy to the bride, &c.

Never were marriage joys divine,
But where too constant hearts combine;
He that proves false himself does cheat,
Like sick men, tastes and cannot eat:
He that proves false, &c.

What is a Maiden-head? Oh what?
Of which weak fools so often prate?

'Tis the young Virgins pride and boast,
Yet ne're was found but when 'twas lost :
'Tis the &c.

You that enjoy the beauteous fair,
Be true to love, and eke take care;
For that which plagues a woman most,
Is when her expectation's crost,
For that &c.

Fill me a Glass then to the brink,
And it's confusion here i'll drink,
And he that baulks the health I nam'd,
May he die young and then be blam'd.
And he that &c.

Song 317.

Come all, come all,
Merridew and Holly,
Thistle and Colly,
Come all, come all ;
Here grew good Corn, and here grew good Grass,
Here lay my Elbow, and here lay my A—
Last night in this place, well jepped I was.
Come all, come all.

Song 318.

N O more cruel Nymph my passion despise,
Or slight a poor Lover that languishing dies ;
Though Fortune my name with Titles endu'd,
Yet fierce is my passion and warm is my blood :
The love of an Emperor no greater can be,
And enjoyment's the same in every degree.
But vigorous and young I'll fly to thy arms,
Infusing my Soul in Elizium of Charms ;
A Monarch I'll be when I lye by thy side,
And thy pretty white hand my Scepter shall guide ;



Thus charm'd with each other, true rapture we'll prove
Whilst Angels look down and envy our love.

Song 319.

Tom Farthing, Tom Farthing,
Where hast thou been Tom Farthing?
Twelve a Clock e're thou comst in,
Four or five, e're thou begin,
Lie all night, and do nothing,
Wou'd make a woman weary, weary,
Twou'd make a woman weary.

Hadst thou been a lively Lad,
And given me part of what thoud'st had,
Thou woud'st have made my heart full glad,
And have made me wondrous merry, merry,
And have made me wondrous merry.

But Tom thou art a Country Clown,
Sometimes up, and sometimes down,
Sometimes out, and sometimes in,
And a'l thou dost not worth a pin;
Twould make a woman weary, weary,
Twould make a woman weary.

Song 319.

Blow Boreas blow, and let thy furly Winds
Make the Billows foam and roar,
Thou canst no terror breed in valiant minds;
But in spite of thee I'll live and find the shore:
Then chear my hearts, and be not aw'd,
But keep the Gun-room clear;
Though Hell's broke loose, and the Devil roars abroad,
Whilst we have Sea-room here, Boys never fear;
Hey how she tosses up, how far
The Mountain Top-mast touch'd a Star;
The Meteors blaz'd as through the Clouds we came,
And Salamander-like, we live in flame;

But ah we sink, now, now, we go,
 Down to the deepest shades below,
 Alas! where are we now? O who can tell!
 Sure it is the lowest room in Hell,
 Or the apartment where the Sea-God dwells.
 With them we'll live, with them we'll live and reign;
 With them we'll laugh and sing and drink amain;
 But see, we mount, see, see we rise again,
 Though flashes of lightning and tempests of rain,
 Do fiercely contend which shall conquer the Main;
 Though the Captains does swear, instead of a prayer,
 And the Sea is all fir'd by the Demons o'th Air;
 We'll drink and defie the mad Spirits that fly,
 From the deep to the Sky,
 And sing while the Thunder does bellow;
 For Fate still will have,
 A kind fate for the Brave,
 And ne're make his Grave of a salt water Wave;
 To drown, drown, never to drown,
 No never to drown a good fellow.

Song 320.

HAVE you seen the raging stormy Main
 Toss up a Ship, then cast her down again?
 Sometimes she seems to touch the very Skies,
 And then again upon the Sand she lies.
 Or have you seen a Bull when he is jealous,
 How he does tear the ground, and roars and bellows?
 Or have you seen the pretty Turtle Dove,
 When she laments the absence of her Love?
 Or have you seen the Fairies when they sing,
 And dance with Myrth together in a ring?
 Or have you seen our Gallants keep a pudder,
 With fair and grace, and grace and fair Ann Strudder?
 Or have you seen the Daughter of Apollo,
 Pour down their rhyming Liquors in a hollow

Cane? in spongy brain, jongeling into Verse,
If you have seen all this then kifs mine A.—

Song 321.

I Had resolv'd no womans charms,
Should e're my heart subdue ;
But defie the Boy with all his Arms,
To make me love anew.

Resistless was the smallest grace,
Each smile did love inspire ;
And with the wonders of her face,
I set my heart on fire.

Song 322.

Smilng *Phillis* has an art,
So engaging, all men love her ;
But her hidden Beauty's are,
Wonders I dare not discover:
So bewitching that in vain,
I endeavour to forget her ;
Still she brings me back again,
And I daily love her better.

Beauty springs within her Eyes,
And from thence is always flowing ;
Every Minute doth surprife,
With fresh Beauties still allowing ;
Were she but as kind as fair,
Never Earth had such a Creature ;
But I die with jealous care,
And I daily love her better.

Song 323.

I Le love while live, though for love I must die,
When a wound is grown mortal, death needs must
(be night)
Whilft *Phillis* does frown, my smart must encrease,
When Tyrant's do reign, few can hope for a peace ;
Then

Then fair, and, thus sighing i'le pine?
Was Love ever, ever so great as mine.

Song 324.

SHut the Door after me, pull off the Boul,
I'll blow out the Candle the best of you call;
*And all the world shall ne're me perswade,
But that I'me a Maid, and a very good Maid.*

I ne're lay with any, unless it were one,
And yet I dare venture to look at the Sun.
And all the world, &c,

I had but one small one, but what am I the worse?
I ne're gave it suck, but I put it to nurse.
And all the world,

Perhaps 'twas my Master that got it, what then?
My Mistreis ne're knew on't nor none of our men.
And all the world, &c.

Although my Maiden-head, sporting took flight,
Yet in the soft pleasure, I bid it good night.
And all the world, &c.

For I can pass currant and sell it agen,
To some fop or other, that ne're yet was in,
And all the world, &c.

Fer she's a mean strumpet who knows not the ways
To trade with one Maiden-head several days.
And all the world, &c.

Song 325.

HOW happy *Cloris* (were they free)
Might our enjoyments prove?
But you with formal jealousy,
Are still tormenting love.

Let us (since wit instructs us how)
Raise pleasure to the Top,

If Rival Bottle you'll allow,
I'll suffer Rival Fop.

There's not a brisk insipid spark,
That flutters in the Town;
But with your wanton Eyes you mark,
The Coxcomb for your own.

You never think it worth your care,
How empty nor how dull;
The heads of your admirers are,
So that their Bags be full.

All this you freely may confess,
Yet we'll not disagree;
For did you love your pleasure less,
You were not fit for me.

Song 326.

Venus chanc'd to love a Boy,
Young *Adonis* was her joy;
He once leap'd from off her knee,
To hunt and take an humble Bee;
Then the bag to her did bring,
She sigh'd and ask'd him for the sting;
When he look'd and saw her Eye,
Dropt a Tear, he strait did cry,
Oh forgive me! I will bring
A bigger, and a longer sting,
Smiling she cry'd, pretty Lad!
When that comes, I shall be glad.

Song 327.

Think not dear love that I'll reveal,
Those hours of pleasure we two steal;
No Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun,
Descry what thou and I have done,
No Ear shall hear our love but we
Silent as the night will be:

The God of Love himself, whose Dart,
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart;
Shall never know, that we can tell,
What sweets in stoln Embraces dwell.

Song 328.

A Dieu to the joys of good Fellowship quite,
I eat not all day, and I sleep not at night;
My Stomach's disordred, my head's all on fire,
A Julip's my food, and Small-beer my desire;
All Palsie my hand, and all fleck'd is my face,
My Pulse so irregular, keeps a Mad-mans pace;

All this from Claret is,

One o'th *French* rarities,

But I'll drink no more lest I die in the place.

Flint Glasses and Bottles are death in my Eye,
My hair stands an end when I see 'em stand by;
Mackbeth's Mothers witch is a pleasanter sight
To me than a Drawer at Ten in the Night;
Then cease the temptaion, the Courtship's in vain,
I'll darken no Door of a Tavern again,

For my resolution is,

And the conclusion is,

Sweet sleep and sobriety shall cure my brain.

Thus wanton poor sinners, who have had the mist
Of purging, and swetting, and fluxing for Claps; (haply
And women in labour, when tortur'd with pain,
Vows *Thomas* thou ne're more shall tickle my Vein;
But when they're at ease, and forgotten the pain,
They fall to their former embraces again;

Such their good nature is,

And love to the Creature is,

Once more they will venture though lately half slain.

Song 329.

A Stella bright, I saw her sit
By yonder River side;

O s.

Her

Her beauties light adorning it,
 Whilst purling Streams did glide,
 She sigh'd and cry'd made make hast away ;
 'Then morning blushes Rose';
 I'de sooner try'd if known she lay,
 And then a smile did close.

A Shepherd straight his Crook laid by,
 And kindly did resort ;
 No long debate he need to try,
 But soon began the sport ;
 Till tyr'd with blifs, they gave it o're,
 And then to kissing fall ;
 She sigh'd at this and crav'd for more,
 Still, still for more did call.

Not satisfied till Love's sweet stream,
 Was quite exhausted; then
 Forc'd to divide from Love's sweet Dream,
 But soon they met agen :
 And with fresh joys renew the blifs,
 Whilst pleasing Shades are spread ;
 So love decoys with happiness,
 To win a Maiden-head.

Song 330.

THe two noblest Creatures that live on the Land,
 A Woman I mean and a Horse,
 By fair means admit,
 Of the Rider and Bit,
 But disdain to be manag'd by force ;
 He's a slave that marries,
 And great Owls are they,
 Who think any woman
 Can be brought to obey ;
 Slaves in Fetters must lie still ;
 Or they'l feel,
 The cold Steel,
 Corrode the flesh and bone,

Be

Be quiet and make no moan,
And then you shall suffer no ill.
The haughty *Leviathan* King of the Main,
When he sports in his native Soyl,
And throws water so high,
He makes Seas in the Skye,
Is caught by address and not by toyl:
When the spear has got hold, then let him alone,
Though he thinks he is gone, he is surely thy own;
He is not free that drags a Chain,
Give him Rope,
And there's hope,
If you shorten your clew
To the bottom go you,
Or your Dart returns empty again.
Long have I liv'd, and had many wives,
Since I first put my hand to the Plough,
While I tamper'd by force
To rule, they grow worse,
And there rose a hard knob on my brow
We bit and we scratch, and led hellish lives,
Till I found out the way to make excellent wives,
This is the result of my skill,
Give 'em line,
And they are thine,
And you rule them with ease,
Let them do what they please,
And then they shall do what you will.

Song 331.

MY Dear and only Love take heed,
How thou thy self expose,
And let not longing Lovers feed,
Upon such looks as those;
I'll Marble Wall thee round about,
And build without a door;
But if my love doth once break out,
I'll never love thee more.

If thou hast Love that thou refine,
And though thou see'st me not ;
Yet Parallel that heart of thine,
Shall never be forgot :
But if unconstancy admit
A stranger to bear sway ;
My Treasure that proves counterfeit,
And he may gain the day.

I lock my self within a Cell,
And wander under ground ;
For there is no such faith in her,
As there is to be found.
I'll curse the day that e're thy face,
My Soul did so betray ;
And so for ever, evermore,
I'll sing O well-a-day !

Like *Alexander* I will prove,
For I will reign alone ;
I'll have no Partners in my Love,
Nor Rivals in my Throne :
I'll do by thee as *Nero* did,
When *Rome* was set on Fire,
Not only all relief forbid,
But to the Hills retire ;

I'll fold my arms like Ensigns up;
Thy falshood to deplore ;
And after such a bitter Cup,
I'll never love thee more.

Yet for the Love I bore thee once,
And lest that love should die,
A Marble Tomb of Stone I'll write,
The truth to testifie ;
That all the Pilgrims passing by,
May see, and so implore ;

And stay and read the reason why,
Ile never love thee more.

Song 332.

A Lady of great fame,
Beauty surpassing,
Of Natures lineaments
Nothing was missing ;
She vow'd a Vestals life,
She scorned wooing,
All joys of Wedlock strife,
Hated She doing.

Out of a Window fair,
As she lay viewing,
She spy'd a Falk'ner was,
Riding a luring.
I wish I were quoth she,
A Falcon coming,
That of you Falk'ner fair,
I might have pluming.

Cupid heard her request,
And gave her a greeting,
That these two pretty ones,
Should have a meeting ;
If I lure thee, quoth he,
Wilt thou come to me ?
O lure me twice a day,
Else you undo me.

Wilt thou fly at the Brook
Or at the Pheasant?
If you yield water store,
I shall be pleasant ;
If I fly in the Woods,
I'll have a standing,
To rest my weary wings,
At my commanding.

Her beak began to bow,
 With hearts and boaking,
 His Train began to scou,
 With often stroaking ;
 He gave her casting Tow,
 And stones for scowring,
 She thought she had gone to Heaven,
 Being but soaring.

Now Lady fair you well,
 Your are grown cunning,
 I prithee Falk'ner stay,
 My Train wants pluming,
 My imping needle's weak,
 And apt to bending ;
 Sweet Falk'ner for my sake,
 Send it to mending.

Song 333.

SEEK not to know my Love, for she
 Has vow'd her constant faith to me ;
 Her mild Aspects are mine, and thou
 Shalt only find a stormy brow ;
 For if her beauty stir desire,
 In me her kisses quench the fire.

I can unto Love's Fountain go,
 Or dwell upon her Hills of Snow,
 But if thou burst, she shall not spare
 One gentle breath to cool the Air ;
 Thou shalt not climb the Alps, nor spye
 Where the sweet springs of *Venus* lye.

Search hidden nature, and there find,
 A treasure to enrich thy mind ;
 Discover arts not yet reveal'd,
 But let my Mystress be conceal'd ;

Though men by knowledge wiser grow,
Yet here 'tis wisdom not to know.

Say *Cloris* if you cannot love,
Or if I be not he,
That can from you such passions move,
Speak then and set me free;
I hate to court and keep a puther,
To make you gamesom for another.

Some brave young Lovers without doubt,
Such wild-cap Fools may win,
But surely she that keeps me out,
Is better mann'd within;
Yet courage while the Siege endures,
When 'tis not worth taking she'l be yours.

These ten days that I now have lain,
Before your face and eyes,
Have been long time enough to gain,
Much more a nobler prize;
But I'm content, you make your boast,
That I my time and you have have lost.

Then farewell Love that is so rare,
For which I have profer'd free,
Of Trophies so dear bought no share
Will e're belong to me;
Poor I'm contented every day,
To conquer those as chaste as they.

Song 334. *Spring.*

I Cloath the naked Earth with green,
In me fair *Flora's* glory's seen;
The fragrant Air, and purest soyl,
On me the embroider'd World does smile;
The warbling strains o'th winged Quire,
With harmles myrth all things inspire.

Summer.

Summer.

Sweet smelling Chaplets grace my Brows,
Whilst blushing fruits, the tender boughs
Press, and the fragrant Fields still pay
Me homage, and bestrow my way
With balmy Spices, precious Gums,
Incense and Aromaticums.

Autumn.

I With rich swelling clusters chear,
The hearts of men, expelling fear;
Driving those wandring cares away,
That wou'd their Souls to fate betray;
And bring forth natures perfect birth,
Fruit fills the store-house of the Earth.

Winter.

I Like old Age come hurrying on,
With Snow-white hairs and Rhume upon;
My dangling Locks, Mists bind my Brows,
With drizzling Rain my face still weeps
With Frosts decrepid nature bows,
I lock the Fountains of the deep,
By me the Floods as in a Cage,
Are charm'd, and nought withstands my rage.

Poësies for Rings and Bracelets, &c.

DO all I can, I must love *Ann*.
 Let no one blame me, for loving *Amy*.
 'Twas in a trice, I lov'd *Alice*.
 My Love's not small to *Abigail*.
 I will be kind to *Awdrey's* mind.
Agnetas's love, I well approve.
 None is so pretty, as you dear *Betty*.
 It is no folly, for to love *Dolly*.
Deborah 'tis she, is a match for me.
 My heart is kept for dear *Elinor*.
 'Twas love and chances, got thee good *Frances*.
 My love's in chace for honest *Grace*.
Hannah to you, my love is due.
 I will have none, but thee my *Jane*.
 I can't contain, my love to *Jane*.
Judith is free, for none but me.
 I am a mate, for none but *Kate*.
 None is so witty, as modest *Kitty*.
Leah is ever, mine for ever,
 Time ne're shall vary, my Love to *Mary*.
Lucretia's chastity, is my felicity.
Martha is careful, and I am fearful.
 Love still will I, dear *Magery*.
 I'll ne're forget, to love *Margret*.
 My heart and will is, to love sweet *Phillis*.
Priscilla's heart, and mine can't part.
Prudence and care, in love will share.
Rachel I find, were of one mind.
 To tell the truth, I love thee *Ruth*.

Sarah

Sarah is mine, by right divine.
I still muse on, my dear *Susan*.
Sicely is fair, none to compare.
My heart is thine, dear *Thomazine*.
Ursulas affection, is my direction.
A love more true, you never knew.
God above, increase our love.
Good Wives and Health, do gather Wealth.
Health and good wives, do lengthen lives.
Hearts well united, are seldom slighted,
I am content, with your consent.
In thee my choice, I will rejoyce.
I am thine, and thou art mine.
My Tryals, were your denials.
No distance parts, two constant hearts.
No heart more true, than mine to you.
'Tis love alone, make two but one.
The love I owe, to thee I'll show.
This and the giver, is thine for ever.
That love is fast, that always last.
True love will shine, where hearts combine.
The Heavens inspire, our good desire.
To crown our blisses, let's end with kisses.
When I disrespect thee, do thou neglect me.
Cupid has bound me by this band,
To be your Servant at command.
If you love, my love content you,
For all love, all faith is meant you.
I find it true, though you are gone,
That love makes perfect Union.
This gift shall tell you, that I do
Love you alone, and none but you.
Wear this (dear heart) and prove as true
In faith to me, as I to you.

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